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Yours truly
Wm Etty

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45

LIFE

OF

WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

BY ALEXANDER GILCHRIST,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"To Faint or Loiter when only a Little Effort!"—Etty's MSS.

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PREFACE.

In the absence of what is often thought indispensable to a biography,—Incident, it has been solely by the frank courtesy of Etty's friends and relatives, I have been enabled to construct the following narrative.

But for the friendly liberality of Mr. Bodley, Etty's surviving Executor, in unreservedly placing at my disposal the Diaries and Papers under his control, this attempt to render the uneventful days of a great Painter generally interesting, could not have been undertaken. That gentleman's ever-ready kindness and zeal have scarce less materially helped its accomplishment. To R. E. Smithson, Esq., of York, one of Mr. Walter Etty's Executors, I am indebted for the Painter's remaining Papers and Sketch-books, and for much polite willingness to forward my views; —to T. B. Etty, Esq., for similar courtesy, and for a series of letters from the Artist to his brother Walter, which has proved of essential use throughout. From Etty's niece, Mrs. Binnington, I have to acknowledge serviceable information, and the loan of a very numerous series of familiar letters addressed to her during a course of more than twenty years;—from Mr. and Mrs. John Bulmer, personal recollections of their

Friend, and another long series of letters, of which I have frequently availed myself.

A friend of the Painter's latter years, the Rev. Isaac Spencer of York, has laid me under lasting obligations by his cordial sympathy and aid, by an interesting series of reminiscences, and the loan of several characteristic letters. To Mr. Maclise, for his genial and graphic account of the great Colourist's familiar appearances in the *Life*-School,—which was his kind and ready response to the biographer's application,—every one interested in Etty has nearly equal cause for gratitude with myself. A like affectionate reverence for the Subject of my Memoir, has stood my friend with Mr. Frost. I am sorry the latter should have been averse to my making clearly apparent the full extent of my obligations. The nature of the kind services rendered by Mr. Richard Colls is indicated in the Text: also, by Mr. Charles Collins, in his pleasant summary of what he had as a Student seen of the kind-hearted Master. From Edward Harper, Esq., of York, besides the loan of familiar letters, I have gained many interesting particulars: both personal, and bearing on Etty's practice of his Art. Mr. R. P. Walker, a printer in the *Leeds Intelligencer* Office, has allowed me the lengthened use of a volume containing Etty's earliest known Sketches, with a mass of printed and other matter relating to the Painter: a collection honourable to its possessor.

To Mr. Leslie, and to Mr. Dyce, my acknowledgments should be rendered, for the loan of Letters, and for information. My thanks are in an especial manner

due to the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy, and to its Secretary, D. O. Hill, Esq., for copies of Etty's correspondence with that body, and for the communication of various other documents: no solitary instance of the liberal spirit animating the Northern Academy. The Council of the Royal Manchester Institution, and its Honorary Secretary, J. E. Gregory, Esq., claim my gratitude for substantial courtesies of a similar kind: accorded with obliging promptness. By William Wethered, Esq.,—the possessor of more Ettys than I suppose any other ten holders of modern pictures,—I have been intrusted with a numerous series of letters from the Painter, written during the latter period of his life.

To express a due sense of the kind attention received personally, in regard to the subject of my inquiries, during some stay made in Yorkshire, would be difficult. I may perhaps be allowed to recognise, generally, the uniform obligingness of all whom I troubled on the matter; and in particular, the information obtained from Mr. John Etty, and Mr. Thomas Etty, two of the Painter's surviving brothers; from Dr. Simpson of York, at the cost, on his part, of valuable time; and, as elsewhere mentioned, from Mr. Sunter the bookseller.

Among the contributors to my materials, I should be sorry to omit those whose opportunities of observation had been limited, but who frankly met my wishes by communicating what they knew. The service is as real, to a biographer, as the fuller, (yet necessarily incomplete), information of more privileged intimates. I would mention obliging communi-

cations of this kind from two of Etty's medical attendants: William Jones, Esq., of the Strand; and William Reed, Esq., of York.

To almost all whose aid I have at any time asked in the enterprise, I am indebted for courtesy and a willingness to serve me. Before I can have wholly acquitted myself of the pleasant duty of confessing my obligations, many,—for letters confided or information contributed,—still remain to be indicated:—to G. T. Andrews, Esq., Miss Atkinson, Rev. William Bulmer, Mrs. Camidge, Lebbeus Colls, Esq., Robert Davies, Esq., Rev. W. H. Etty, Lady Freeling, Wallace Hargrove, Esq., A. E. Hargrove, Esq., Rev. William Hey, W. Hudson, Esq., W. D. Husband, Esq., George Jones, Esq., R.A., A. Keightley, Esq. (for copies of several early letters to Sir Thomas Lawrence), John Kelk, Esq., Christopher Kemplay, Esq., J. P. Knight, Esq., R.A., Rev. E. P. Owen, George Patten, Esq., A.R.A., Timothy Richardson, Esq., Miss Slice, Mrs. Singleton, H. J. Ware, Esq., Alaric A. Watts, Esq., and the late Henry Vint, Esq.

GUILDFORD,
December 18th, 1854.

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LIFE OF WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

ANTECEDENTS.

Birth-place—Son of a Spice-maker—A Remarkable Mother—Maternal Origin—A Freak of Fortune—Matthew Etty—A Short Pedigree—Matthew and Esther—Turned Adrift—Their Children—A Duplicate William—Family Traits.

York, once a Provincial metropolis, still remained, at the last Century's close, one of the fairest of English cities. After having had twice an era, a Roman and a Mediæval culmination, and after the defection of its commercial fortunes, it retained still, a queenly dowry of æsthetic treasure and Historic meaning. In the heart of its narrow, winding streets of beetling houses,—antique witnesses of a past age, ever fresh in fascination,—gay *then*, with often-renewed ornament and colour: amid such environment, William Etty, the Poetic painter of the human form, was born March 10th, 1787. Baptized, the same 10th of March, according to the Register: a celerity, at that day frequent.

The house of his Birth, in 1818 threatened by the projected course of one of those sweeping Improvements, which, during the last thirty years,

have desolated the once venerable city, stands to this hour: the survivor of more picturesque neighbours. It is situate in a street,—Feasegate, No. 20, Feasegate,—which, with the adjoining straight '*gates*,' or *ways*, Jubbergate, Spurriergate, Davygate, in his boyhood retained an Architectural and domestic guise. The ground, now cumbered by unlovely blocks of sordid brick, was enriched by grey, home-like aspects, erections clothed with character and sentiment. Where, in the present, or past, year, unsightly gaps testify to recent demolitions 'by Act of Parliament,'—and to the failing funds of the iconoclasts,—sixty years since a pleasant company of quaintly-gabled forms laid their peaked heads thoughtfully, (as it were), together. From early days, the embryo painter might feed his quickening eyes with many a carved conceit and graceful outline, or the shifting play of light and shadow on those time-worn fronts;—there, smiling brightly in the upper sun-light, here, dusky in the lower gloom.

The Ettys' house was not itself distinguished by those attributes the great Painter, whose childhood it sheltered, learned to love so well. It was one of a few, in the central and wider part of the sinuous street, rebuilt,—as a foil to the others, perhaps,—about the middle of the Eighteenth Century: precisely at an epoch, when Character of any kind had finally ceased to linger in Domestic, and all other, architecture. Amid the extinguished fortunes of the street, it has grown dingy, out-at-elbows, irretrievably squalid and forlorn. An association is powerless to make it interesting. A Century's flight has not made it more

venerable, only less respectable. Here was never a text for Time's ennobling Hand to set its imprimatur on.

Etty takes an artist's pride in informing us, that, 'like Rembrandt and Constable,' he, too, had a Miller for his father. Miller and gingerbread-baker, he was. The mill, a windmill of the old fashion, whereof the baker was at one time part-owner, stood,—it stands no longer,—on 'The Mount,' a little without the City Walls. The gingerbread was manufactured in Feasegate, on a large scale; larger than is often known now-a-days. Deserted as the street is in 1854, a shabby supernumerary, — thanks to municipal 'Improvements;' it was not so, then. Connecting one Market with another, Feasegate was a frequented thoroughfare, favourable for trade. The Ettys' small shop was a thronged one, the most in resort of any of its kind in York; their's, famed gingerbread, in city, and county—whither were daily sent well-laden carts. Many a grey-headed York native remembers investing his pennies, when a boy, in the great bargains of the place:—gingerbread, 'a halfpenny a piece, six for twopence;' or, sheets of 'snap-paper,' (large enough for jackets): paper,—*spice* having been baked thereon, precious in the eyes of Youth. Specially famous was the Etty *gilding*. The glittering lion, 'sweetheart,' coach, or dog executed in Mr. Etty senior's perishable material, were as eagerly contested for, among unbreeched epicures, as in after years and other circles, the glowing forms illumining the canvas of the son;—who may possibly have first tried his 'prentice brush on the paternal gingerbread. Children of a larger growth swelled the numbers of the Spice-

merchant's patrons; Yorkshire feasts being in those days furnished forth with hand-dishes of this more wholesome *bon-bon*. The taste has since declined in gentility. But folks in the North are still large consumers of 'sweet-stuff.' At the weekly market, the stall for such cates is frequent as that loaded with the produce of the Dairy or the Garden; and adult custom as confidently solicited. Confectionary is one of the few Staples remaining to York: whence, exports are yet sent as far as the West Riding. A generation or two back, the *cannier* portion of England was even more emphatically a 'land of cakes;' just, as before that, the taste had been national.

In the conduct of the business, Etty's mother took the more important part. An active, energetic woman was she: who 'managed everything,' drove the bargains, served customers, and kept the money; was at once directing mind and ready hand. To use a more homely expression, Mistress Etty wore the breeches; finding herself equal to the feat, and urged to it. The garments became her. The somewhat exaggerated theory which traces to the Mother the gifts of men of genius, receives its quota of encouragement from the present case. Esther Etty was a really remarkable woman, of superior intellect and much practical *force;* who could cope with the varying exigences of a humble and arduous fortune, and who won the respect of those who knew her,—in the loyal heart of her youngest son an honoured shrine.

In person, as in character, she was distinguished from the common. On her countenance, thought

and resolution had set their seal. Of low stature, she is said, even before advanced age, to have stooped in her gait. As my informant added, she had *worked hard*. Anxiety and toil had left their wonted marks; but had not power to transform her natural mien. Etty's earnest portrait, painted in the decline of her life and the dawn of his genius, records a face, beautiful, in a kind which triumphs over years,—perhaps gains by them. An eagle-faced, sibyl-like woman: in feature,—the aquiline nose, deep-set eyes, compressed lip,—of Roman decision; the expression, piercing, eager, intense, softened by sadness,—perhaps dimmed by care. 'A face for a Madonna,' thought Sir Thomas Lawrence; and Etty also, who painted from memory of it in that character. To me, it recals, rather, the Virgin's mother, the Ste Anna of the Italian painters. Of his mother's physiognomy our artist inherited nothing; of his father's, much.

During the greater part of an active life, Mrs. Etty was engrossed with the daily calls of the business and the household. The years passed in a conflict with sordid cares: no higher triumph for her strong natural parts, than the manufacture of gingerbread, of superior quality, and its brisk sale. But she had been 'educated:' and to a fairer worldly outlook; born an Esquire's sister, though a Ropemaker's daughter. The family-story lacks not incident. Her father, William Calverley, plying his Rope-making craft in the quiet little village of Hayton, some fifteen miles east of York, on the Hull road; was a distant relative of the occupant of

the 'great house,' lady of Hayton,—Elizabeth Cutler, 'relict of Henry Cutler, and daughter of 'Sir Thomas Rudstone, Bart.' The artisan's elder son,—prudently endowed with the Rudstone surname, —was adopted by the childless widow. Her nephew and heir-presumptive, the tradition relates, had irremediably affronted the capriceful dame: *casus belli*, the felling a tree she had with some pertinacity enjoined him to respect. The timing of the offence sorely aggravated it: the lady banished from the scene of action by illness. Costly timber it proved to him. In 1745, Elizabeth Cutler died. And, according to the popular version, influenced by the popular love of strong contrasts, William Calverley, at morn a poor man, making halters and cow-bands for the farmers, is by eve Esquire of Hayton. In sober fact, the property fell to the son, (the Painter's uncle), on condition of his writing the testator's maiden name *after*, as well as before, his own. The new owner of Hayton was at the time a boy. His natural guardian would necessarily participate in his improved fortune. To judge by the Register, the curt entry of death in 1794,—at the ripe age of eighty-four,—'Mr. William Calverley, father of Rudstone 'Calverley Rudstone, Esq.;' the elder Calverley's dignity remained an exclusively reflected one. To his wife Jane, dying seven years later, at the yet riper age of ninety-two, a similar title of honour is accorded. Their unique claim it seems, their only memorableness, lay in authorship of this bright particular ''Squire': being they, 'without whom *he* had never been.'

Esther Calverley, the Painter's mother, youngest of a numerous family, was born more than eight years after the Calverley-Rudstone Epoch. She was reared, therefore, in accordance with the 'Squire's rank, rather than with that of her brother John; who continued to exercise his trade of Joiner in the same village: an unmarried sister living the while, in a humble and ambiguous position at Pocklington. In July, 1771, Esther, when but seventeen, abruptly changed the tenor of her fortunes by marrying Matthew Etty, her senior by nearly eleven years; who rented a small flour-mill on the Manorial stream.

I know not the attractions of the middle-aged Miller in the young girl's eyes, who for him sacrificed so much:—as young girls are wont to do. It was doubtless, fully as much a secret to all but herself, eighty-three years ago. In some respects, he was certainly superior to his position. Report describes him to me as 'educated.' Some education had been picked up from alphabets and grammars,—the one species popularly usurping the title,—no less than from Life. 'A high-learnt man,' according to the notions of his class, he was: who 'knew more 'than people supposed,'—among other things, 'of 'the stars and the heavens;' fond of Books, and of his quiet. Perhaps, in him lurked a germ of faculties, in his son reaching more recognisable development. The power, the energy of the wife also reappeared in the son: in magnified proportions, and higher fields of enterprise. Those who remember Matthew Etty, speak of him as ordinary in intellect; homely, and, in his way, hard-working: a steady, careful

citizen, not a quick or brilliant. Of undecided character and easy temperament, he 'did not trouble 'his head' about affairs. Possessing an efficient helpmate, to her, he yielded all pertaining to practical forethought, or spontaneous activity. Ordinary, too, in person, he is described: a stiff, 'low' (statured), old man; not remarkable. The son's portrait of him, eloquent and truth-like, painted about the same time with that of Mrs. Etty, sets before us the bent form and marked features of Age. It is a characteristic face, but in a lower key than its noble companion: a face shrewd, rather than intelligent,—shrewdness grafted on a rugged breadth of stolidity, of the genuine Yorkshire cast. Add to this, an under-current of latent humour; reappearing in the persons and character of more than one of his sons: noticeably, a family trait.

Matthew Etty, himself a small tradesman, was the son of an artisan. His father, John Etty,—the Painter's grandfather,—had carried on the craft of Wheelwright at Holme, a secluded village on the Wolds, five miles south of Hayton: Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, so-called by distinction from other Holmes. Here, sons were born to him: here, some died. Among the births, Matthew, in 1743; and, in 1710, his elder, and I think, only surviving brother,—William, the 'noble and beloved uncle,' so beneficent a figure in the early years of the Painter's career. With the death of one infant son, probably the eldest, commences, in 1738, the appearance of the Etty surname in the Holme-Register. John and Martha were evidently, immigrants, in the parish:—

whence, I cannot tell. The Ettys' temporary connection with the Village ceased,—saving a sojourn of some tailor-cousin of Matthew's, at the close of the Century,—ceased, seventy-seven years since; and has escaped the memory of Holme's 'oldest inhabitants.' Three octogenarians whom I encountered, on my visit, shook their bald heads at the name; barely calling to mind as boys to have heard such an one. One alone, 'thought he had heard tell of a Matthew Etty.'

The preceding dates do not conclusively negative the possibility of relationship conjectured in *Notes and Queries*, vols. iii. and iv., pages 496, and 27, between the Painter and the John Etty, 'Architect,' alluded to in Drake's *History of York*, as buried in North-street Church: who died in 1709. But no evidence has come to light which supports the hypothesis of our Painter's descent from the Architect—or Master-mason. The name is not in Yorkshire infrequent. Two families bearing it resided in York a few years since: neither, of any discoverable affinity to him, who has, for lovers of Art, made the four letters of the previously undistinguished name inextricably associated with so much glory of hue and form. In the Index to Wills,—wills 'preserved' can I say?—in the office of the Province of York, the name caught my eye eight times between 1731 and 1792: common to as many apparently, as five distinct families, located severally, at York, Buttercramb, Slingsby, Hinderwell, and Horn-hill;—all, in the North-Riding. A John Etty 'of the City and Province of York, clerk;' who, as said Index testifies, made his will in 1739, is much more likely to have been the Master-

mason's son, than John Etty the Wheelwright, of Holme,—inhabitant of Holme in that very year. There is a vague tradition afloat among Etty's kindred: that their 'fore-elders' came originally from Scotland; contradicted by a still more confused one, that they had been traced 'to the 'Danes.' The physique of the Painter, and of his surviving brothers,—the broad build, massive head, sanguine hue, light hair and eyes, clearly point to a Saxon descent: and, I think, a Yorkshire one. Some 'tricks of feature' are wholly York.

The false scent started in *Notes and Queries*, has led me to burrow for Matthew Etty's progenitors more curiously than there was otherwise need. Let us return to Matthew himself, and his Bride.

To the lord of Hayton, Esther's rash *mésalliance* seemed duly heinous. 'Rudstone Calverley Rud-'stone, Esq.,' is in high rage. And his resentment proves enduring. He dismissed her husband from the Mill:—as a wedding-present to the struggling couple. He refused to acknowledge his unnatural sister. A prosperous and friendly brother of the Miller's, the before-mentioned William Etty, made, it is said, the overture of *doubling* whatever the head of the Calverley family might give his sister:—but unsuccessfully. The wronged grandee abridged the Ettys' gain from their presumptuous alliance with the Rope-maker's family to strictly honorary dimensions:—as a set off to losses in the matter of dignity, preserving inviolate his pocket. Thanks to the obdurate fatuity of this inconsiderable person, a great painter was fore-doomed to scantiest culture,

and to a sentence of seven years' barren drudgery in that novel Academy of Arts,—a Printing-office. On Esther's marriage, the connection of the Ettys with the newly-patented Rudstone ceased; miscarrying at the outset. The descendants of Mrs. Cutler's *protégé*, of whom one in the next generation (first cousin to the Painter), acquired a *second* estate on like facile condition of an additional surname,—in that instance Reed,—never evinced any obtrusive eagerness for the acquaintance of the discarded branch: a phenomenon not unprecedented. Nor did the latter claim a relationship which might have been unwillingly recognised. The hereditary separation was not rescinded, when some among the children of the disowned Esther had emerged from the limbo of poverty and obscurity.

Mrs. Etty's brother, the Joiner—a mere Calverley,—with her parents, alone continued to maintain intercourse with her. One of her sons still remembers their having possessed William Calverley, the Ropemaker's box of tools. At the end of his six months' notice to quit, Matthew Etty and his young wife left Hayton:—elsewhere, to try their fortune. He selected the neighbouring little town of Pocklington: there, set up as Baker, with indifferent success; then, in the village of Eastrington, between York and Hull; where, among other sons, was born his second, Walter, the Painter's eldest surviving brother and life-long friend. Finally, he removed to York itself. After six migratory years, a permanent footing was obtained, in 1777. Early in this year, Matthew's mother had died at Holme. Before its close, he brought his aged father,

John, to York. In 1779, the birth of an Etty, Matthew's fourth child, is registered at 'All Saints', Pavement' Church; followed, within a month, by the *death* of an Etty, the aforesaid John, at the age of seventy-four,—of '*Wearing*,' as the record has it.

Seventh, in a family of ten, arrived the William Etty with whom this Biography concerns itself. The ten were cut down to five, by deaths in infancy. I am ignorant of the cause to which this high rate of child-mortality was due: probably, to the legitimate influences of the closely-populated, ill-drained city, in the midst of which these life-buds perished. One would judge so, looking at the naturally robust frames of the survivors. It is always the weaker who fall, propitiatory offerings to the Moloch, Ignorance. Two such infant sacrifices to some forgotten city-scourge immediately preceded the Painter's entry on the world; two,—including an only sister,—immediately followed: on either hand a dismal death-couplet. He also, had had a struggle for his place on the Bills of Life. He is described, while quite a boy, as deeply scarred by the small-pox.

Among his less fortunate predecessors, one lived long enough to show promise greater than ordinary: Esther's eldest-born, also a William, also gifted,—early evincing inclination for Design. Amid the ten, these two were the only to give token of like endowment. At the age of twelve, the first William died; three years later, the birth of a second replacing,—probably, more than replacing,—the loss. Of such promise, withdrawn ere known, the world inevitably takes small heed. No more, than of its 'mute

'inglorious Miltons,'—if such there be; its poets 'lacking the accomplishment of verse,' and gifted souls unmanifested in any abiding language: the men short of but *one* constituent of greatness,—adequate energy or earnestness. No more, than of the premature loss by casualty or constitutional taint, of some of its accredited finer spirits: a Marlowe, Fletcher, Shelley, Keats; a Bonington, Müller. No more, than of the unwritten *Tempests*, *Othellos*, another ten years' lease of its Shakspere dying in his prime, would have secured;—the unpainted Stanze, unconceived Cartoons to have bloomed into fact from another thirty of its Raphael.

Some capacity for Design betrayed itself here and there, on both sides of Etty's house. To his uncle William, the Painter has himself adverted, as a 'beautiful Draftsman in pen and ink, who, if he had 'studied Engraving, would have been in the first rank.' Such of his performances, in the Family's possession, as have come under my notice,—a few drawings, and carefully-executed copies (with pen and Indian ink), of finished engravings,—I can myself speak to, as showing much talent, and, Patience still more remarkable, —*one* of the qualities indispensable to an Engraver. For the latter profession, he had strong predilections; early, however, relinquishing his amateur attempts, in favour of the more lucrative business-pursuits with which inevitably, they clashed.

Etty's *Mother* again, seems to have promised something of the quick eye of an artist. Bearing on which, an instance of her prompt ingenuity is related. The parents were setting up a son in Hull: she taking

the initiative, effecting the purchase of house and business, as well as superintending details. One room needed a Paper. She for the nonce, turned Designer, paper-stainer—and hanger; cutting out the Paper, and 'slap-dashing' it in colour: with a really decorative result.

Here, the practical energy is still more apparent than the artistic. A Mechanical turn has, in fact, unmistakably manifested itself in more than one member of the Painter's family: in his uncle John, the Joiner, on the Mother's side; in his uncle William, among the Wheelwright's descendants,—'the beautiful Draftsman in pen and ink,'—and, still more strongly, in Etty's own brother Charles, of Java.

CHAPTER II.

OBSTACLES.—1787—1805.

Indications of a Painter—The first Pencils—'My First Patrons'—Schooling—Boyish Characteristics—Early Influences—Pocklington—A Printing-office—Self-culture—Golden Dreams—The Apprentice's Sketches—Faithful to Duty—Hull no Athens—Emancipation—London and a New Calling.

THE reader of artists' biographies is familiar with prodigies achieved by Genius in short coats. Aptitude for Design,—or for Music,—depending, as it does, on the perceptive faculties, is notoriously quick to manifest itself: in this, the opposite of a faculty for Thought. It may be doubted, seeing the indistinguishable crowd of delusively 'promising,' at best merely talented youths, ever ready so to signalize themselves, whether more than facility of eye and hand, a technic, mimetic ability, *be* precociously revealed. How can it be otherwise?—The unfledged do not fly. *Insight*, synonyme of Genius, is not to be manifested by eyes unopened or untutored; or before the legitimate field of vision is attained. Not, till long and varied lessons have transformed the apprentice (to Nature) into *Master*, Master of himself and of his endowments, can the gifted man exert his gift,—or approve it to the world. Not till he has attained the spiritual majority of Culture, does he come into inheritance of himself.

Gossip of the stereotype sort does not fail, as to

Etty's childhood. A famous artist's infantile cartoons are the *only* notabilia, reminiscents of his early years can call to mind. An infant Apelles he (fifty years after) turns out to have been. Respecting Etty's juvenile chalkings on floor and wall—'My first panels,' writes the Painter,—chalkings on each available plank of Shop or Mill, or, on the blank windows of some empty house, relatives and friends are copious. As to really important topics,—the deeper indications of character, the influences encircling the child, educing the subsequent man,—no tidings come to hand.

To the incipient Painter, an unscrawled space in fact, suggested but one course of action. At the Dame-school and at the Printing-office, he, as hundreds of his like before and since, slips into endless scrapes, with this invincible turn of his to attempt expressing himself in his appropriate language. 'My first crayon, a farthing's-worth of white 'chalk,' writes Etty. Simpler, less costly crayon still, he found to his hand, in a stray coal,—or stick he had himself charred in the fire. The exercise of these inartificial pencils on alluring whitewashed walls recommended him to unfavourable notice in pedagogic quarters. At the advent of breeches—and pockets, wherein to hoard such 'charred sticks,' with the whole arcana of his art, great was his content.

Honourably remembered by Etty to the last, under the flattering designation of his '*First Patron*,' was a Mr. Hadon, respectable tradesman of eccentric, kindly habits. Purchasing gingerbread at the shop, he had taken notice of the artist in pin-be-fores; would commission 'a horse,' and remunerate the Draftsman

with a penny to invest in art-appointments. Another '*Patron*,' early winning a nook in Etty's retentive heart, was the neighbouring whitesmith, inhabiting one of the most ancient domiciles in ancient Feasegate: the lower part or workshop straying halfway across the street;—as picturesque a feature, as to circumnavigating wayfarers exasperating. Obliging Mr. North would, beside occasional half-pennies for chalk, lend the use of his broad sheets of iron and broader shop-floor. Both worthy men held by their favourite, and in after years learned to pique themselves on their discernment.

To a nearer friend, the boy was indebted for his next step toward the full outward circumstance of a Painter.—'My pleasure amounted to ecstasy, when 'my mother promised me, that next morning if I were 'a good boy, I should use some *Colours* mixed with 'gum-water. I was so pleased, I could scarcely sleep,' —'or breathe,' Etty sometimes added. In the closing year of his life, when, his profession partly relinquished, an afflicting malady stayed his speech after the slightest exertion, he would good-humouredly whisper, as soon as he found words to whisper it: "Breathless I entered the field of art,—with impa- "tience; breathless, I leave it." The first *Box of Water-colours* was a later acquisition. An elder brother (Thomas), at that time sailor in a Whaler, on one of his short furloughs brought the Printer's 'Prentice the long-remembered gift.

A 'classical' or 'liberal education' did not number among the advantages wherewith Destiny,—or the child's parents,—were in the mood to endow him. By

the time he had reached boyhood, these parents were getting somewhat 'overset' by a large and increasing family. Within nine years after *his* first appearance in Feasegate, three more children had been placed to his father's account; of whom, however, only one (Charles) survived. This series had no sooner closed, than in continuation,—a daughter, earnest of another large family, was born to one of the elder sons; a married youth admitted to a share in the business. These were circumstances little favourable to William.' The remark is not new, that younger sons have, in the matter of education and others, to pay with their privation for the privileges of those arriving first. All his brothers, though in after life making incomparably less use of a mental outfit, were indulged with a longer and better education than any the Painter received, from mere 'Scholastic Establishments.' His was brief and meagre. Little more from first to last, was comprised in the curriculum, than reading and writing. The far more important education of HOME was throughout a good one; though also brief, terminating in his twelfth year. Industrious, upright, conscientious, his were parents to foster the sense of Duty in a mind apt to the lesson as Etty's. 'A 'love and fear of Almighty God,' he himself testifies to having had early 'impressed on his mind by his dear parents.' The fact, that thrown on the world early as he was, first in a Hull printing-office, subsequently in London, he walked aright, affords the best commentary on their teaching.

It is not wholly clear what schools the boy *did* attend: the one fact apparent, being, that they were

more numerous than efficient. A Mistress Mason's, in Feasegate, seems to have been the first. Thither, with its twofold recommendation of cheapness and handiness, he was despatched,—to be out of the way,—when perhaps, three or four years old. A Mr. Shepherd was his (probably) *next* instructor,—of Bedern: then, a respectable, old-fashioned court of Schoolmasters; now, one of the most disreputable purlieus of York; where flocks of Irish and others herd, thirty or forty to a room. The once grave and quiet court of solid Seventeenth and Eighteenth-Century houses, where, few years since, the schoolboy loitered, is now enlivened by groups of shameless women yelling and fighting in detachments, to the admiration of bystanders. In Bedern, the instruction was still limited to reading and writing; though Etty was not received under the shadow of the new rod till near his eighth year. He quitted it in his tenth.

One of his few surviving schoolfellows I have met: a working carver and gilder named Binnington, of York; intelligent, and well-spoken; for two years at Shepherd's. He remembers Etty some eight or nine years old:—'still' and timid, 'more like a girl 'or an old man,' than a boy; not associating with the others, and teased by them, (his friend Binnington standing up for him); sketching much in his copy-books, and running home from the uncongenial boy-world as soon as school was over. A 'very still boy,' every account represents him; shy and reserved. Such mists oftenest prelude the dawn of Genius, the awakening of faculties above the ordinary. In his case the 'still' boy grew up into an equally 'still'

man. At home, his brothers found him mild and affectionate.

In person, he was, as schoolboy and apprentice, even less favoured than afterwards: a large head, sandy hair, and plenty of it, 'standing all ways,' above a face which the recent scars of small-pox had done little to embellish. To his old schoolfellow, his face in the very last year of his life seemed but little altered:—'there was the same look.' Respectable citizens, in after years glad to make the acquaintance of 'the Celebrated Painter,' remembered in him, the shock-haired boy who had brought round the baker's basket.

Todd, the Book and Print-seller's shop in ancient Stonegate, outside which he would stand entranced and sketch, not mustering courage to enter; the busts at a 'sculptor's' window in Lendal, whereat he would, while on errands, stop and gaze; the Chinese figures and painted chests of the grocer, whither he was sent for Tea,—a delicacy at that day: such things kindled and fed the boy's love of Art. At home, he copied from memory what he had pored over in the day.

York, as it was *then*, 'unimproved' and homogeneous, a compact and consistent sample of an Ancient City, of times when Architecture was *not* an 'exploded art,' made impressions on the Painter's mind never effaced. Two score of its ancient churches were yet unvictimized by local 'Jobs;' its Gothic Bridge, with the beautiful Norman Chapel adjoining, and antique approaches, still standing. Its Old Houses were not yet condemned to dirt, neglect, and squalor; not yet, (as a consequence), ruthlessly swept away, nor still

more stupidly *refaced*,—with stolid (Architectural) Blanks in whity-brown brick, pleasingly diversified by arrays of holes knocked out for windows. Whole streets, indeed, were *then* so narrow, and the houses so beetling, the inhabitants might, as the phrase goes, 'have shaken hands' with their opposite neighbours, from the top windows. But in those roomy domiciles, substantial citizens had for two or three centuries been content to live; devoting pains and care to maintaining them in comely guise. From their midst, rose the grand Minster, as yet undevastated by Fire or 'Restoration;' surrounded to its very doors, and kept in countenance by, antique forms. Lastly, encircling the whole, stretched a genuine, if somewhat ruinous belt of City-Walls; with its four Bars and Barbicans, and five *Posterns*. Such a city supplied an influence for the imaginative Boy, widely different from that of a common-place modernized town, barren of beauty, character, suggestion; or from any, the present 'Improved' and incoherent York has in its power to exert.

The resplendent stained glass again, mostly of matchless purity of design and colour, abundant, far more than now, in all York churches, and entirely filling the Minster,—still, its peculiar pride, for completeness unrivalled in England,—spake to him a language he was hereafter to use so nobly himself. Doubtless, the nascent Painter assimilated something of that surpassing glory of Colour: so analogous in kind, to that, *he* was subsequently to develop on canvas.

His parents were Methodists, earnest converts to that way of thinking in early life. The Painter, conse-

quently, was sometimes taken, in childish days, to the Methodist chapel; oftener, went of his own accord, to the parish-church ('Pavement'), or the Minster: which latter, was above all, preferred. To the Minster, —and the 'Established Church,' whereto such sumptuous fabrics appertain,—Etty (like his brothers), as a youth, gave in his voluntary adhesion.

The next Academy we hear of to Mr. Shepherd's, is at Pocklington: kept by one Hall. Here, the boy was a weekly boarder, 'finding himself' in food: the cold supply growing tediously familiar towards the week's end; a fact, Etty never forgot. Possibly, a more advanced school,—there being room for improvement,—it was certainly his last. At Pocklington, two miles from Hayton, his mother's birthplace, he was within reach of his still-surviving grandmother Calverley, and of his uncle the Joiner; although ignored by his uncle the 'Squire. The latter's 'Hall,' at Hayton, a fine old place, pulled down some twenty years later by Calverley Rudstone's son,—a great leveller of Old Halls, who pulled down another at Sand-Hutton,—left a lasting image of itself on the boy's mind.

After about two years' experience of the Pocklington school, the boy had to exchange *its* modicum of culture for that still more problematical, of a Printing-house. The anxious bustling mother was fain to provide this child, as the others, with a trade, or handicraft, which should secure him independence; not conjecturing in her son the exceptional phenomenon,—Genius, to which her careful forethought would turn out a barrier and a clog. A neighbour's daughter

had married a Letter-press printer, about to set up in a larger way at Hull. The Apprenticeship was arranged 'between the women;'—'a kind of compact' entered into: Mrs. Etty glad, doubtless, to confide her son to the care of persons in some measure known to her. And October 8th, 1798, William Etty, 'at 'the tender age of eleven and a half years,' 'quitted 'a mother's apron-strings, to swim the sea of life.'

A rough course awaited him at Hull, as Apprenticed Compositor: 'harassing and servile duties, late 'and early, frost and snow, sometimes till twelve at 'night, and up again at five;'—a large part of Sunday included. For Peck published his *Hull Packet* on the Monday. And 'Sunday shone no Sabbath day' to the weary apprentice: the feature of his servitude, against which he cherished the sorest grudge of all, and whereof ever retained a bitter recollection.—Such was now the boy's fate. He had a driving Master, devoted to Business, who worked him hard; who 'read off with his own eyes' all he printed, sparing neither himself nor others; indefatigable to make his (own) fortune: which, in short, he achieved; retiring in middle life,—but only to rest from his busy toils 'in Hull High Church.'

The position of apprentice was in all ways a servile one. Mrs. Peck was 'kind,' it is said, to the youths; 'would spoil any,' alleged my informant,—at that time her servant; instancing in support of the assertion, that she generously allowed *new milk*, and suffered them 'to carve for themselves,' when their turn came in the kitchen:—privileges not, it seems, the universal lot of apprentices in those days. Family-

connections or friends, the hard-worked apprentice had few, or none, in Hull; beyond a married daughter of his uncle William, at whose house he was 'sometimes' admitted to a Sunday dinner.

The boy's natural bent gained him even less favour than of old. "Get away with your drawing!" the servant-maid would cry, as he sat at the dresser, covering his slate;—and would hustle him off. In the workshop, sketching figures on the floor even during the dinner-hour, brought him into trouble. To devote an idle moment to his chalks became a forbidden joy, sedulously concealed. His master thought, as Masters will, any pursuit but the orthodox, however innocent, must encroach on *that*. The lad was scrupulous, however, in *not* trenching on the hours of work; though at casual intervals, his hand would instinctively scrawl a sketch of what he saw or remembered, rather than rest idle. At some odd moment, furtively dashing on the wall a striking likeness of a Printer's *Bodkin*, he would innocently ask a companion to 'reach him that bodkin from the mantel:' who, on putting up his ineffectual hand, was wrath at the hoax. Occasional complaints would be lodged with the Master by a printer, that the apprentice had been 'drawing his likeness' (said printer's):—unfavourably, it is to be presumed.

In the end, his brother Walter came to his rescue. The apprentice's senior by about thirteen years, Walter had left home early, and had already pushed his fortunes in the world. Recognising in these rude sketches indications of talent, he extorted from the Printer a promise the youth should not be checked in

his darling pursuit, when following it at lawful hours. Meanwhile, Etty earned the character of a well-conducted, industrious lad; who did not idlé in the streets, nor stay out at nights, like his fellows. Other recreations claimed him. Self-culture, both in drawing and from books, engrossed his evenings. Opposed to the bent of his genius as was his present lot, matters might have been worse. Education of a kind went on. Printers are, as a class, reputed intelligent. Hourly contact, however superficial, with Letters has its influence. The acquisition and exercise of a craft is itself an education of the most valuable kind:—seldom recognised as such. Few heads are worse furnished than those of men who from boyhood have handled nothing but a brush, faced no wider field of action than a canvas. The *printer* was visited by the impulse to *read*. He now laid the foundation of whatever book-knowledge he possessed in after life. Of such, Etty was not wholly devoid. It was during his apprenticeship, and perhaps, the immediately subsequent years of his early career as an Art-Student, he surmounted the disadvantages of the exceeding slenderness of his regular education; taught himself more than the ordinary run of 'artists' ever know. By such means, he was in after life enabled to Write and Lecture:—often with superior success.

So passed more than a tenth of Etty's life; in close and uncongenial toil, among those who could neither understand, nor sympathize with, his slumbering faculties and hopes:—he picking up stray crumbs of knowledge at his Printing-press, and cherishing the dream of one day being a Painter. For he had by this time

heard of Painters. Long after, when, as a successful and famous one, speaking of these years of exile and disadvantage, to those who wondered how he ever emerged from the limbo, he remembered the gleam which gilded the cloud, and sustained him in the struggle.—He 'always thought to be a Painter;' 'dreamed of nothing else.' 'Everything,' he would add, 'spake to me of the greatness of Art: all that 'passed through my hands as a printer. And I fed 'my soul with the prints in the printsellers' windows.' Means, in fact, were always found 'to keep alive the 'spark smouldering in his bosom:'—one day to be fanned into a steady flame.

A collection of the crude Attempts at Drawing of this period has been religiously preserved, and bound into a volume, by the son of a Journeyman in the same office, named Walker. Some of these sketches, (in pencil), were thrown off on stray scraps of paper; and given by Etty to their present possessor, when a lad,—even then an admirer. Others, done mostly with red chalk, in a fellow-apprentice's ciphering-book,—already covered with sums and rules,—were the product of evenings spent with Walker; and afterwards given to the latter: who 'always thought' his companion would turn out remarkable. An opinion, whereof the sincerity is testified, by his careful preservation of these now interesting memorials of the Painter's struggling youth.

The collection, of very various degrees of merit and subject, shows the ambitious Apprentice busy groping his way; copying, more or less inartificially, whatever came under his eye: whether a rude print of a tiger

pouncing on a traveller, a real bird's-nest with its open-mouthed tenants, the equestrian whose feats he had witnessed at a Circus, the swollen-checked clarionet-player of Hull-Garrison, two chimney-sweeps fighting, a pan of milk spilled by a refractory donkey (its carrier), or, scenes from his printing-office. Careful and successfully executed portraits of Objects,—useful exercises of eye and hand,—are numerous: a pistol, a drum, a palette, a pewter-pot, an open knife or book, a printer's sheers; nay, parts even, of the human figure. An especially interesting class is the latter, betraying a steady endeavour at improvement in the self-tutored lad: foretokenings of that quiet indefatigable energy, so decisive a characteristic of his after-course. We have hapless attempts at 'likenesses' of his acquaintance: one, the latest, far more promising. We have some flights of fancy. One, in water-colours, represents a sailor in vivid blue jacket, and pig-tail, capering on shore, with uplifted hat and cutlass, 'on occasion of the Peace' (of 1801); while another blue-suited tar leans against a tree and looks on. The 'Death of Buonaparte' depicts that hated personage, (in cocked hat), as skewered by the bayonet of two cold-blooded English soldiers. Some sketches are of humorous intent: a Countryman taking his son 'to be made a Bishop of,' 'the Old Suitor;' and other thin boyish jokes.

After attaining a Box of Water-colours, our artist, sighing for promotion, procured a few pieces of bladder, and ground up the water-colours in *Oil*. One of the earliest Oil-pictures from the hand of 'Etty,' was, it seems, 'A Country Church, painted on a piece of

'tin, about six inches square;' another, 'A Soldier on 'Horseback,—on a piece of brown paper about a foot square.' A rude etching dates about the same time, made 'on a bad shilling:' of a little bird the printers had seen at a mechanical exhibition; which started out of a box and whistled a few tunes.

'Seven long years' the apprentice 'patiently bided 'his time,' working steadily at his craft of compositor; notwithstanding 'the busy desire to be a painter,' honestly fulfilling the Indentures to which his parents had pledged him. It is an instance of the patient conscientiousness which thus early animated Etty, that he *did* serve his whole time; though anticipating its termination but as the lawful release from the whole art and mystery of Letter-printing. Then, as later, he would not shirk his duty, nor take the short cut to his goal. Such patience and steady endurance are rare to be combined with equal energy and impetuosity.

The last years 'dragged on heavily.'—'I counted 'the years, weeks, days, and even hours.' Almost half a century later, the grey-haired Painter is at times,—in Dream—'a Captive' again: and waking, 'finds it luckily *but* a dream.'

The scene of his Servitude wore but a dreary aspect in the recollections of after-years. 'Hull, memorable 'for mud and train-oil,' he used to say of it. At that time, the port was frequented by crowds of Greenland Whalers: fifty leaving at a time, instead of the few now faithful to it. The Commercial Town suffered by comparison with the ancient and urbane Cathedral City, in which his boyhood had opened.

On Sundays, the spacious, stately, but somewhat bald High Church, was the only competing attraction with the 'feeling Rev. Mr. Dikes,' at ugly St. John's. The old town, however, of 1798 to 1805, such as he knew it, with its *one* Dock and three Churches, its undemolished, ancient Garrison-tower and walls, its frequent Old gabled Houses, and 'High-street' still tenanted by merchants,—not abandoned to warehouses and wagons,—was a very much more compact and picturesque town, than that, triple its size, which has ingulfed it: a labyrinth of Docks and Warehouses, with a phalanx of masts closing the vista of nearly every street, and forming a feature of singular interest. The whole, set now, as in Etty's time, in a vast expanse of monotonous levels, stretching beside the yellow waters of the Humber.

During the brief annual appearances of Etty among Hull connections, in later life, he would always step out of his way to look at Scale-Lane, which had witnessed his 'Seven years' Captivity,' as he always called it,—and at the plain Eighteenth-Century house, in which so many sordid hours had worn away:—attracted by the spell a familiar place always had for him, whatever its associations. But no other charm lingered round *Hull*. 'THERE, are no Minster, or 'New Walk,' he writes, twenty years after Emancipation,—'no antiquities, no pleasing recollections and 'associations of birth-place, or of pleasures long past, 'to detain me; but remembrances of servitude and all 'unpleasantness. The pleasure *now*' (to the painter of the *Combat*) 'is the comparison of present free-'dom with that state.'—'*Rational* freedom of body,

'mind, and will,' early experiences made Etty value dearly, his whole life through. Orthodox Tory otherwise, he to the last, continued jealous of the slightest encroachment on his personal liberty, or free-will as an artist: even so much as a commission involved.

October 23rd, 1805, the 'golden hour of twelve 'struck at last,'—watched for 'on the dial-plate of Hull 'high Church:'—and his apprenticeship expired. The 'throb of delight' anticipated during many an irksome year of bondage, is felt at last;—and long remembered. 'Anniversary of my Emancipation from Slavery!'—is an entry recurring in Etty's Letters and Diaries, down to within a month of his death. Of all the Testimonials of Honour received, none were valued more than his first,—the forerunner of many successes: Robert Peck's indorsement of his Indentures, apprising the world that they had been 'faithfully ful-'filled to the satisfaction of the Master and the credit 'of the Apprentice.' Of this document, to the last carefully preserved with his Diplomas, he was, with reason, vain. None had been harder earned. To the successful Struggle whereof it was the record, the Painter was wont to attribute the whole success of his after-life. Often, he reiterated, in private speech and public, how if his name had any claim on others, 'a very simple principle had been at the bottom of it;' one, he 'confidently recommends' to youthful aspirants: 'an honest and earnest desire to fulfil my 'Duty, whatever station of life I might fill;—whether 'printer's devil, student,—last, not least, in my esti-'mation, Academician.'

For three weeks after Emancipation, Etty worked

as a Journeyman-printer; 'waiting with anxious ex-'pectation each morning, a summons to London.' He had written to his uncle, the gold-lace merchant (in the firm of Bodley, Etty, and Bodley), earnest prayers to pursue his chosen art. His uncle hesitated. Another and another letter came.—"Another letter "from this boy?" said the uncle to his junior partner: "what shall I do with him?" "Why, Sir, let him "come on a visit to you for a few months. You will "then judge what he is capable of."

The summons came, from those in whose hands the Painter's fate lay. On his bidding adieu to native York, the provident mother would have packed with his other necessaries, the printer's apron. He refused to take it; would follow his true calling, and that only: "if he got but threepence a day at it."

Arrived in London, with 'a few pieces of chalk-'crayons in colours;' which Mr. Bodley 'well remem-'bers his taking out of his waistcoat-pocket, to draw 'a favourite cat pointed out to him:' he achieved this, his first task, 'with surprising facility and spirit, and 'truth to nature.' On its being placed 'against the 'fender in the corner to which the cat resorted,'—a handkerchief over the body to hide the cartridge-'paper,—no one would have taken it for a drawing.' Other crayon-drawings rapidly followed;—of *another* 'favourite cat,' and of one of the same uncle's daughters: which decided the worthy merchant to stand his friend. Encouragement in his darling pursuit succeeded to years of discouragement. His 'dear brother 'Walter,'—who early separated from Home, had to some extent become a stranger to the rest of his family,

—henceforth took William into his care. Another life-long friend, Mr. Bodley, joined in the good work. The youth was 'made at home' at his uncle's, 'furnished with cash' by his brother. Mr. Bodley, he, in after-life, used playfully to call his 'First Master;' in allusion to a hint given by the former in respect to sketching trees. As late as 1834, in a letter to his friend, speaking of 'the kind interest you always do and did take in my success,' Etty fails not to remember 'that memorable lesson in the art of drawing trees, which *you*, my first master, gave me.'

In his nineteenth year, then,—and near its close,—commenced the sanguine youth's enlistment in the Service, for which he had panted from childhood; and also, his tie to London, that 'dear city' (ten years later he wrote), 'in which I first knew a year's happiness: in the exercise of my darling profession. For I may safely say, I never knew a year's happiness before.' The dreams of his apprenticeship begin to be realized:—William Etty calls himself no longer Printer, but PAINTER.

CHAPTER III.

DISCIPLINE: ELEVEN YEARS.—ÆTAT. 18—29.

Student—Comrades—Aspirations—Pupil of Lawrence—Of Nature—A Steep Hill—Defeats—New Struggle—Exhibitor at Last—Wavering Aims—Modifying Influences—Earnest Resolve—'Aphorisms and Remarks'—A Discovery.

A RUGGED path lay before the Enfranchised Apprentice: even after 'the sun of his happiness' had 'begun to shine.' He must begin with the Elements, at an age when most of his profession have advanced to the higher study,—how to apply those elements. He was painfully spelling through his Primer, while others of his years were trying to express their own impressions of Nature: if any they had.

He commenced study with the more zeal by reason of long repression: conscious that he had 'lost seven 'precious years;' that he 'was not starting fairly' in the race. Assuredly, he was not of those dandled into an artist; had to learn to walk without a go-cart. The achievement did not come by inspiration.

One year passed in solitary application; in drawing 'from Prints or Nature,'—according to the Art-union *Autobiography*,—or, from anything he could get hold of:—'My first Academy, a plaster-cast shop, kept by 'Gianelli, in that lane near to Smithfield, immor-'talized by Dr. Johnson's visit to see *The Ghost*.—I 'drew in heat and cold; sometimes, the snow blowing

'into my *studio*, under the door, white as the casts.' In time, a drawing from the Antique (the orthodox touchstone of the tyro), *Cupid and Psyche*, was done, 'well enough' to be taken to Opie. A 'respectable letter,'—according to that old-fashioned mode of approaching, 'by decent and regular steps, the 'sanctum sanctorum of genius,' which Etty, when himself R.A., found cause to lament, as an exploded one;—a letter 'from Mr. Sharp of Mark-lane, member for Hull,' opens to the young aspirant the 'dread 'study' of Opie. With 'palpitating heart and 'admiring feeling,' the modest youth approaches this 'truly great and powerful genius;' whom, one day, he was himself to be among the means of making the world forget,—too utterly, perhaps. Opie forwarded him on his road to the Academy; passing him on to Fuseli, the *Keeper*, '*another* great and 'powerful genius;' who, with 'eagle eye,' and with a 'flannel vest tied round his waist,' received the trembling candidate, 'amid that magic circle of 'unearthly creations peculiarly his own.'

By him, Etty was admitted within the revered precincts of '*dear* Somerset-house,' — admitted *Probationer* of the Academy's Schools; January 15, 1807, (when nearly twenty), was entered on the books '*Student:*'—giddy pinnacle of greatness. Another 'long-looked-for' turning point in his fortunes had arrived. He not only draws;—but in the Academy; has authoritative sanction to draw: there, executes Probation-studies of 'the '*Torso* of Michael Angelo,' of the *Laocoon*. He 'drew the *Laocoon* side by side with' Collins,

admitted Probationer the same week as himself; worked 'side by side with many now' (1848) 'no more,'—and many still living.

A pretty numerous band of afterwards celebrated artists sat at that time as 'Students,' on the benches of the Academy's *Antique* School; all rising to Fame, or Notoriety, long before the slower-paced Etty came to be heard of. Besides Collins, there were Jackson, Haydon, (who, a year older than himself, had entered two years before, and was already painting ambitiously); Hilton, Wilkie,—not two years Etty's senior,—as Academy-student only one, but already painter of the *Village Politicians*, and painting the *Blind Fiddler*; Mulready, who had begun to exhibit pictures of quiet merit; Leslie, Constable, Baily,—and others. Of these, Hilton and Haydon were the two whose aspirations proved the more congenial to his own: by precept and example, encouraging an ambition for the 'Historic,' already latent, and otherwise stimulating him. To Haydon's zeal, more especially, he always confessed himself considerably indebted; would declare, he should 'hardly have per-severed,' but for his persuasion. And in 1848, the veteran Academician has still a kind and grateful word for 'poor Haydon, ardent, mistaken in some 'things, but still glorious in his enthusiasm'—in a Cause, which lay near the quiet Doer's heart also: —Historic Art, and the Public employment of it; though *he* had contrived to achieve noble things without the latter, and without Talk. Fortunately, the puerile notion that Big Canvases and 'High Art' were inseparable, did not form one in the stock

of ideas wherewith Etty entered on, or pursued his career; though he did in the course of it, paint Nine large pictures, the noblest samples in that kind, we have to show, by an English Hand.

At first,—Etty used in private to relate,—while knowing little of Art, or of his own capacities; ere London or Academy had been seen, he had thought to paint *Landscape*:—'The Sky was so beautiful, and 'the effects of Light and Cloud. Afterwards, when I 'found that all the great painters of Antiquity had 'become thus great through painting Great Actions, 'and the Human Form, I resolved to paint nothing 'else. And finding,'—this was later,—'God's most 'glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty 'had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate 'myself to painting—not the Draper's or Milliner's 'work,—but God's most glorious work, more finely 'than ever had been done.'—A resolve, he in the end did much to fulfil. Before, however, *this* guiding-star had dawned, much uncertainty of aim and capacity had to be encountered: as we shall see.

For a time, his own natural aspirations, and the encouragement they received from painters like Hilton and Haydon, were modified by another influence. Sir Thomas Lawrence had, by this date, speedily established himself as the Reigning power in English exhibition-rooms:—in default of a better. He was not only the Fashionable painter: he was even reckoned a *Great* painter. His 'Style,' a seducing novelty in Art, in subsequent effects a pernicious one, had attractions for Etty, in the then dearth of 'styles' among the Oil and Colour-man's

customers: the stagnant dulness of the Beecheys, Biggs, Copleys, Northcotes, Owens. It was an unpromising moment for the English School,—that immediately succeeding its bright Dawn, in Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney. An era, when West was a great Name, and Bourgeois an R.A.; when there was hardly a second painter as honest and manly in his use of the brush as solid Opie; when Howard, (A.R.A., then,) was one of the few Rising men; and when the tedious muster-roll of R.A.'s was only relieved by half a dozen still memorable names: Cosway, Fuseli, Flaxman, Stothard, Smirke (of Arabian Nights' memory), and Turner (already great). From these latter, a genius with Etty's native bent could assimilate little for his own advancement; in technical respects, nothing,—the kind of aliment he then wanted. Thus, little as the Portrait-painter's style possessed in common with that afterwards developed by the greatest of modern Colourists, there was perhaps no alternative for the untutored youth but to 'admire the taste and feeling of Lawrence.' Nor did these qualities ever wholly lose their fascination for Etty: a fact evidenced, by his making a second copy of Lawrence's Diploma picture,—*Girl with a Dove*, in the last year of his life; a duplicate, Death left unfinished.

Fuseli gave the student an introduction to Lawrence. His uncle obtained an interview, brief but important; whereat the Portrait-painter agreed to take Etty as his Pupil, for one year. And July 2nd, 1807, a hundred guineas were paid down, in advance, by the liberal merchant. In return for which sum, a

room was accorded the student, 'chiefly to himself;' with full liberty to copy Lawrence's pictures, and to ask advice at such moments as his Master might chance to be disengaged. 'Whenever he wants an opinion it 'shall readily be given,' promises Lawrence. The Copies are not to be at Etty's own disposal, nor to be taken from the house; except with Lawrence's permission. But 'Copies being often bespoke by my 'Sitters,' writes the latter, 'I may wish him to exe-'cute them for me, if he make sufficient progress:'—at a stipulated price.

In that Greek-street attic, Soho,—'the window of 'which you can yet see,'—Etty was left pretty much to himself: 'to struggle with the difficulties of art,' as best he might. The Master's 'incessant occupa-'tion' allowed him 'little time,' or none, to assist the Pupil. A style of execution, 'playful, yet pre-'cise—elegant, yet free,' uniting 'the extreme of possibilities,' Lawrence's characteristic excellences, such as they were, were not of a kind to reward emulation from a tyro. The hopeless chase has been related in the *Autobiography*.—'I tried, vainly 'enough, for a length of time, till *Despair* almost 'overwhelmed me. I was ready to run away. My 'despondency increased: I was almost *beside* myself. 'Here was the turn of my fate.' To his own exertions, his indomitable energy, it was alone due he was *not* 'swamped:' that he *did* gain dry land. He was 'nearly beaten;' but not quite. 'A voice within 'said, "Persevere!"'—He did so: and triumphed; in the end, contrived to copy Lawrence, something to his own satisfaction. After which, other feats of

copyism, 'even the old Masters,'—seemed 'comparatively easy.' 'Happiness and peace again 'dawned;' after gloom and strife. Rough times had not ceased with his apprenticeship. Nor do they, we shall find, with his struggles in the Greek-street attic.

The twelvemonth came to an end. Etty, now twenty-one, quitted Lawrence with improved powers of handling, but not grounded in even the technic half of his art. On the whole, it may be doubted whether the hundred guineas, liberally disbursed by his generous protector, might not have been more judiciously invested.

However problematic the benefit may have been, derived from Lawrence, it is more certain and more important,—when we consider Lawrence's example has sufficed to degrade and stultify English Portrait-painting,—that his diligent pupil derived little enduring evil. Few thrown so directly under the influence of that skilful Mannerist have suffered less. He may have acquired, as Mr. Leslie says he did, 'a 'tinge of something in the house of Lawrence he 'might better have been without;' though the traces of it be slight in his later works. It was something, however, which only retarded, did not prevent, his attaining the excellences natural to his Genius. Despite Lawrence, he did attain them; though before what was really original in him could show itself, he had to *un*learn as well as to learn.

Once more, having but himself for Master, at his '*en*-'*tire* freedom to do and paint what he liked,' he again rejoiced. He studied, according to his own fancy, but

diligently: at the British Gallery, 'from the Old Mas-'ters, from Nature;—Heads in the day,' the Figure in the evening. In the evening, he never failed at his post in the Academy's *Life-School;* already 'took 'great delight' in an attendance destined to exceed all precedent for constancy.

The '*old*' Life-Academy, at Somerset House, such as elder students still remember it,—spacious and lofty; the gloom of its back-ground deepened by stained and smoky walls, and broken only by dusty casts;—excited his lifelong affection. There, were 'passed many of the pleasantest hours' of that life. 'Somerset House, truly a School of Art,'—the old familiar scene of his long struggles and late success, which as Student he had entered with so much awe, wherein, long after, with so much pride first seated himself Academician,—was always 'dear 'Somerset House' with him. The rooms, noble if few, the Academy occupied in the building of Sir W. Chambers; with their sumptuous air, historical recollections, and original decorations,—showing at all events the right intention,—from the hands of early Academicians; might, in truth, compare advantageously with the 'Unfurnished Apartments' provided in Wilkins' abortion.

His late Master occasionally employed him on Copies:—among others, a copy of Sir Joshua's picture of the Queen; his friend Lukin, 'a student of pro-'mise,' copying the King.—'We copied these in 'Somerset House: and my Master was pleased. I 'afterwards frequently worked for him in my own 'home.' With accomplishing such taskwork to his

patron's satisfaction, he was fain to be content; though 'not liking the servility of imitation,' always jealous of slavery, however disguised; preferring to 'think for himself,'—in Art, at all events.

Blind motions toward Colour stirred within him: ineffectually as yet. The attempts of even later date are remembered as 'black and colourless.' But the impulse, the instinct, were there.—'One night in 'the *Life*, Fuseli was visitor. I threw aside the 'chalk, took up my palette set with oil-colour, and 'began to paint the Figure. "Ah! there," says Fuseli, "you seem at home." And so I truly felt.'—As yet, he *felt* rather than knew his powers. 'Silently and 'secretly,' he is making his way, 'over the difficulties 'and dangers of art:' a long and tedious journey always, in Etty's case longer than ordinary; as often happens to decisively original genius, when allied to an apprehension powerful and tenacious, rather than quick.

By this, (1809), Etty's some-time fellow-student, Wilkie, long since producer of works to bring him Fame and station, works of a class wherein original genius always finds its language promptly, was (at twenty-four), elected *Associate:* a prize not falling to Etty till fifteen years later,—when *he* was thirty-seven. Haydon also, had rushed out of his Studio with his colossal 'DENTATUS;' and was making a clamour in the world. If Etty's, on the other hand, were no sudden burst of maturity or notoriety, there was this compensation: the lesson though long a-learning, was learned once and for all. He did not, like Haydon, remain his whole life, half-taught,

'Painter' only by courtesy. Nor had he, like Wilkie, to alter his style, to go to School again. When,—long hence,—he had come to paint 'Combats' and 'Judiths,' he was *Master* of his art; a Master-painter in a sense, in which no other man since Rubens has been.

In 1809, his kind Uncle, after nearly four years' protection of the immature painter, 'died,—and left' him. 'A lesson of grief and pathos, and yet of con-'solation,' records Etty, of that Death-bed. 'I burst 'into a flood of tears,'—'can never forget its moral 'force.' The worthy man died, before witnessing even the first-fruits of his good deed in performing a father's part by the gifted youth: one, whereof he could have little anticipated the enduring value. The world has reason to be grateful to the Gold-lace merchant. Making an equally humble entrance on life with the Painter's father, but of far superior ability, gifted as we have seen for Design and for Mechanics, this uncle had 'built himself up in life,' as the saying is. A man of memorable honour and integrity, his influence was a noble and salutary one on his children; among whom, the nephew numbered as one. 'With a family of his own,' which he brought up suitably to his acquired fortune, 'he found means and 'time to foster his brother's children, and forward 'their views:' not forgetting them in death. 'Boun-'tiful and benevolent to the last,' he bequeathed his Nephew 'a handsome legacy,' for succour in the deepening struggle: the only legacy, the Painter used to say, he was ever fortunate enough to get paid him. And it was of critical service.

Etty had lost, however, a kind Home, 'a home like a paternal 'one;' must now set up Housekeeping on his own account.—'Came to Mr. Underdown's apart-'ments, August 24, 1809,' is a casual entry in one of his early note-books. And again,—'Took possession 'of Mr. James's apartments, December 11th, 1809.' From which, it would appear, he was not immediately successful in finding settled quarters.

His brother Walter, now a partner in the Gold-lace business, continued to stand by him; and, when it was needed, to lend a helping hand. And *he* continued to work hard for Mastery in his Art, and for Independence: studying Anatomy, 'drawing from the Antique,' *sketching* 'from Prints after the Antique,' copying Pictures, painting 'heads from Nature,'—Academy-models under 'the golden effects of light by night:' a practice destined to exert so important an influence on Etty's Art. 'Light and Colour' are now his 'favourite 'themes' of *Experiment*, as in after years the themes of Triumph.—'I established theories of action of the 'human figure; endeavoured to compose my groups on 'the principles I had drawn from an extended study of 'Nature, not only in the Studio and the Academy, but 'in the streets, fields, rooms,—wherever the spontane-'ous action of the figures presented themselves. For on '*this*, mainly depends their grace, truth, and beauty.'

Success was slow in answering to his call. Medals were competed for, silver and gold; in the *Antique*, the *Life*, the *Painting*-schools: all, fruitlessly. —'And this was not all.' The *Autobiography* must take up the tale:

'I was defeated and foiled, and baffled, in a much

'more vital road to Fame. I had seen, like most others, 'the bad and mediocre things that, more or less, get 'into all modern Exhibitions; and thought I could 'surely do better than they. I boldly set to work, 'therefore, nothing doubting. I got *one, two, three,*— 'perhaps half a dozen pictures of some sort or other 'ready; ordered smart gilt frames, and boldly sent 'them: properly marked, and *list of prices,* I have 'little doubt,—*tout au fait,* as I thought. I slept un- 'conscious of my hard fate, dreaming probably of the 'success that (I supposed) awaited me. ** In due time, 'I went to inquire their fate. Samuel Strowger, the 'R.A. porter and only male Model, brought forth the 'book of fate:—"Four out, Sir, and two doubtful!" 'There was a blow! Well, still there is hope! two no 'doubt will get in.—No, *all* were returned; both at 'the Royal Academy and British Gallery: year after 'year! Can this be?—am I awake? where are all 'my dreams of success? Driven almost to madness, 'the sun shone no sunshine for me. Darkness visible 'encompassed me, and Despair almost marked me for 'her own:'—a *third* time already, in Etty's life; the bitterness of early exile from his natural calling reckoning as the first mortal trial, his despondency under Lawrence as the second.

At this period, it must be borne in mind, the baffled Painter was a student at the expense of others; burning to signalize himself, to win honours which should justify him in the eyes of his supporters. And here was he failing even to get exhibited, or to snatch a stray Medal: the daily achievements of Mediocrity. The over-population, moreover, of the

Picture-world, was then, far from having reached its present climax:—the 'total of articles exhibited' (as an early Catalogue has it), at the Academy, 800, or 900, instead of 2,000; the British Institution accepting previously-exhibited pictures, and *not* as later, 'having 'to regret the necessity of rejecting 400 pictures for 'want of room,'—despite multiplied Societies and Exhibition-rooms, for the relief of exhibitors.

The humiliating brand of demerit seemed stamped by the Hand of Authority on his crude efforts. Instead of *more* memorable, he was showing himself *less* so than his fellows. He feels the power within; cannot bring it to light: a disheartening experience.

The final result on Etty of these repeated stumbles, serious enough to have lamed a weaker man, is characteristic; bespeaks the man of Power the world was afterwards to recognise in him. He accepted his failure for what it was worth,—a salutary, if severe lesson. Success too early and unleavened was not fated to be one of *his* mischances; inducing content with his own performance, hindering patient development of his capacity.—

'Deep was the wound my vanity and self-conceit 'had received. But it was a deep cut in order to cure. 'I began to think I was not *half* the clever fellow I 'had imagined. Indeed, I began to suspect I was no 'clever fellow at all. I thought there must be some 'radical defect. My' (former) 'Master told me the 'truth, in no flattering terms. He said—I had a very 'good eye for Colour; but that I was lamentably 'deficient in all other respects almost. I believed him. 'I girded up my loins, and set to work to cure these

'defects. I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I 'studied the Skeleton, the origin and insertion of the 'muscles. I sketched from Albinus. I drew in the 'morning. I painted in the evening; and after the 'Royal Academy, went and drew from the prints of the 'Antique statues of the Capitolini, the Clementina, Flo- 'rentine and other Galleries; finishing the extremities 'in black-lead pencil with great care. This I did at the 'London Institution in Moorfields. I returned home; 'kept in my fire all night to the great dismay of my 'landlord, that I might get up early next morning 'before daylight, to draw. In short, I worked with 'such energy and perseverance to *conquer* my radical 'defects, that at last, a better state of things began to 'dawn, like the sun through a November fog:'—a response, such steadfast energy of *active* prayer could not fail to win.

In 1811, after nearly six years' regular study, and nearly five within the Academy-schools, Etty beheld a picture of his painting on the walls of the Academy's exhibition,—an 'Ideal' piece: *Telemachus rescues the Princess Antiope from the Wild Boar.* No contemporary critic apprises us of its merits. Mr. Leslie remembers Etty's early pictures generally, only as 'black and colourless attempts at ideal subjects.' *Telemachus* had been preceded in the same year, by a lesser effort at the British Institution, the first picture of his exhibited there, first of his to be exhibited at all:—*Sappho,* purchased by some friendly person at 'twenty-five guineas.'

This first year of Etty's attaining the dignity of Exhibitor was the fifth of his fellow-student Collins's

appearance in that character. More fortunate than Etty—the only member of the distinguished band whose pictures were *not* exhibited at once,—Collins had exhibited a picture the same year (1807), in which they had together entered the Academy as probationers; and by 1811 was rapidly advancing towards excellence in his early *rôle* of the more modest kind of 'Domestic.' Haydon, again, was painting imposing *Macbeths*. And while Etty's unnoticed scene from *Telemachus* was quietly appended to the ceiling or floor, Wilkie was promoted from Associate to Academician, and was finishing his *Village Festival;*—had half completed the first and sounder section of his career as an artist For, if he earlier rose to distinction, he also earlier exhausted his original claim to it.

Meantime, Etty continues busy still, 'laying the 'foundation of that extensive knowledge of the human 'figure, male and female, which the practice of so 'many years of pains and studies must give:' and assuredly *did* in his case. Down to a still later date, however, he painted with as much hesitation and difficulty, as during the last twenty-five years of life, with facility. In early promise, he has been outdone by scores of clever young artists: just as the *early* poems of Wordsworth (those previous in date to the *Lyrical Ballads*), are thrown into the shade by the first-fruits of poets, not ultimately exerting a tithe of his influence on the hearts of men. Genius is slower in its education than Talent. With the latter, education consists in acquiring dexterous accomplishments from without; with Genius, in

the development of creative Power from within. There were other causes to account for the extreme slowness of Etty's progress: slowness, partly constitutional, partly inevitable (in our time) to his range of art; in part, attributable to the late commencement of his elementary training, in part, perhaps, to the false bias it necessarily took under Lawrence. The lesson was begun at the wrong end. Felicities of Touch were caught, before Drawing or even Colour had been mastered. He had had to turn back in search of these.

In 1812, he exhibited at the 'British,' *Cupid Stealing the Ring;* at the Academy, a *Domestic Scene,* and a *Portrait.* The following year's was a still more miscellaneous contribution:—to the 'Gallery,' a small canvas, entitled *Courtship;* to the Academy, an *Indian Warrior,* a *Fireside,* and a *Whisper of Love.* As yet, he seemed hardly sure of the path to which he should adhere. Judges, who have come across some of Etty's early essays in 'Domestic,' describe them as carefully painted, and,—in their way,—cleverly: a 'manner' possessing little in common with that by which admirers of the Painter would recognise him. In the *Fireside,* for instance,—a Group sitting round the Tea-table,—we have the Still-life,—muffins, poker and tongs, etc., imitated with painstaking zeal, and no despicable success.

The Catalogue records a returning reliance on unalloyed Classic, in 1814.—Priam supplicates Achilles *'for the dead body of his son Hector:'*—a subject rarely attempted by Academy-students, virgin and unhackney'd.

During the first five years after losing his uncle's kind home, the Student was as unsettled in his obscure lodgings, as in after life the Academician faithful to one spot. The Exhibition-Catalogues of 1811 give his address as 15, Bridge-street, Blackfriars; of 1812 and 1813, 23, Pavement, Moorfields.—'April 'llth, 1814, came to Surrey-street, Strand,' is an entry in a note-book of the period. The house was the corner one next the River, on the left hand. Henceforth, Etty lived by a river his whole life. To these lodgings, he remained constant some six years, and more:—until Prosperity first began to dawn.

The 'Ideal' as yet proves a soil barren of fruit,—golden, or otherwise. But patrons will undergo the fatigue of sitting for a Portrait, when they will not invest capital in Academic exercises; in a 'black, colourless' *Priam supplicating Achilles*, however meritorious,—and uninteresting. Etty was now twenty-eight; eager to earn his own subsistence, and not lean wholly for support on the Brother who had so long assisted him to sustain the single-handed fight. One is not therefore, surprised, to see in 1815, *Portraits of a Family* accompany a *Study*, and a *Pysche:* the last, a title more promising than we have yet had, suggesting the Successes of a subsequent time. Portrait (of *a Lady*), and *Study* follow in the ensuing year at the Academy. At the British Gallery, the range is more varied and, (in part), ambitious; including the *Offering of the Magi*, the *Discovery of an Unpleasant Secret*, and a piece called *Contemplation:* all, small in size.—3ft. by 2ft. 9; 2ft. by 2ft. 5; and so on, are usual sizes with Etty at this period.

Of course, after the energetic endeavours of the Pupil to succeed in imitating Lawrence, the influence of Etty's quondam Master long remained a cogent one. For years, the Lawrence *Manner*,—there *was* nothing deeper to exert an influence,—imbued mind and hand; and is especially visible in the 'Domestic' subject and Portrait, which at this date alternated with Ideal topics on Etty's canvas. To this year (1816), and down to a much later period,—that of his earlier master-pieces,—are traceable in Etty's Note-books, many rough but spirited, pen and (Indian) ink, or crayon Sketches, in a class of Subject those familiar only with his later works would little anticipate: of very superior merit to the elementary jottings from the Antique, etc., with which they are interspersed;—more artist-like. Studies of Form, attitude, grouping, and costume, in women and children, singly or in groups; 'Domestic' hints idealized, and to some extent mannered: in them, is certainly to be found *much* of that 'mannerism 'in forms and attitudes, of the Lawrence and Westall Schools,' of which Mr. Leslie has complained;—'Schools,' if we may call them such, in 'senti-'ment the same.' The style *is* directly Lawrence, tinged with Westall; sometimes, advancing into Stothard-like grace and feeling, in the grouping and draperies. Whatever he at any time borrowed from Lawrence, is always to some extent transmuted into a higher currency. These sketches of Women and Children are often very naïve and pretty in '*motive*:'—a Mother guiding a child by the hand, or in leading-strings; a girl weeping, or kneeling to

kiss a child; two children carrying a third, or leading one another; etc.

In addition to the influence of Lawrence, of Westall, and, in some degree, of Stothard, Fuseli's must also be remembered, as having been one distinctly traceable in some of Etty's earlier sketches and canvases. For Fuseli, he entertained great admiration. And to him, I believe Mr. Leslie is correct in attributing, strange as it may sound, some of Etty's 'first impressions of harmony,' in the matter of 'negative 'tones;'—the only ones with which Fuseli could safely meddle: tones, out of which Etty was in long subsequent years to extract such noble melody,—in *The Storm*, the *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Sabrina*, *The Hylas*. But I am anticipating. Such achievements linger in the remote distance, as yet. It certainly was not by *means* of these early influences, Etty reached his first sunny triumphs in the *Coral-Finders*, and the *Cleopatra;* after which, they were exchanged for a somewhat nobler influence, that (truly kin), of Venice.

'Honours,' long to be denied Etty, continue to overtake his old comrades: the Associateship falling in 1813 to Hilton, in 1814 to Collins, in 1815 to Jackson and Mulready; swiftly followed, in the last two instances, by R.A. itself. Collins, like Wilkie, and most in the 'Domestic' School, had been early to 'win his spurs;' early saw his way, and took it. He had made himself known and admired by a few simple Scenes from every-day Nature, quickly securing popular recognition,—because their merit lay within popular ken; while the rarer genius still

remained a man unnoticed, devoid of mark or likelihood (as far as the world knew): still, in fact, immature,—still, as to the ultimate scope of the Gift that was in him, without fixed chart or compass.

Not, however, without the impulse and the Resolve to be Great. Eminently characteristic of the spirit in which Etty devoted himself to his Art, during these years, and through Life,—for the effort became the habit of that life,—are such emphatic entries in his Note-book as the following: spurs and reminders to exertion, in the course of determined effort he had chalked out for himself.—

'Be steadfast and firm in pursuit; not idly turning 'to this thing and that, and trifling away your time 'in subjects foreign to the Art.' * *

'The continual dropping of water weareth away stones.' * *

'Study and Labour are the price of Improvement.'—

'Early rising is a shorter path to eminence than Sleep.'—

'Idleness is the mother of all vice; industry the 'parent of Virtue.'—

That which gives the interest and point to these 'wise saws,' is our knowledge that they were reduced to practice by their energetic recorder; were not mere good intentions, or unheeded signposts.

The same applies to the Maxims of a Moral kind, original, or borrowed from 'Standard Authors,' interspersed with the reiterated stimulants to Work and axioms of artistic practice. The very gleanings of Copy-books are warmed into life and meaning by force of sincerity and earnestness. *These* attributes have

the power to make anything interesting.—'Use your-'self to that way of life which is best, and Custom will 'make it delightful,' is a favourite, oft-repeated Apothegm: a re-assuring Truth, proving often, a potent Charm to revive faltering Effort; a maxim, bearing fruit in his life and Habits, and one,—however trite it look,—which, whoever *does* take to heart, will find actually means something. Another refers to the 'Mind's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,' as being 'the offspring of Virtue.' 'Above all things,'—Etty here speaks in words of his own,—'Endeavour to bridle 'the sensual passions. For be assured, their gratifi-'cation in an unlawful way is always attended with 'much more disgust, remorse, and pain, than real 'pleasure.' Which' (*last*), 'I am persuaded, 'is to be 'found only in a generous, upright, and virtuous 'conduct, accompanied by those fascinating charms,' which attend 'intellectual and refined pursuits.'—

The struggle to obtain Technic proficiency, to master a Painter's *Language,* is illustrated by the remaining series of 'Aphorisms and Remarks, made 'and collected in the course of my Life and Practice.' The consciousness of what were then weak points, and the resolution to strengthen them, declare themselves in such mementos as:—'Let your principal attention 'be to the FORM: for without *that,* the best Colouring 'is but a chaos.' * *

'FORM must, above Colour, be attended to.'—

'DRAWING is the soul of art.' * *

Signal excellence of Colour itself was yet far from numbering one of Etty's achievements. His *Aphorisms and Remarks* show, the future Colourist

and unrivalled painter of Flesh earnestly Seeking his Way, making elementary discoveries in the course of his Academy-study from the Living Model. If some of these seem *too* elementary, the reader must remember it is the Painter of the unknown *Priam supplicating Achilles* who is writing,—not of the *Cleopatra,* still less of the *Combat.* Judging by what follows in the Note-book,—from the colour of the ink, the character of the writing as compared with that of known date, and from other evidence,—these memoranda may with tolerable certainty be referred to the years 1814 to 1815, (ætat 27 to 28); some of them, possibly, to preceding years.—

'Paint with one colour at a time, in Flesh, or at 'most with two:—'twill give cleanness and clearness 'of tint. And let each layer of Colour be seen 'through. Or, in other words, manage it so, by *scum-* '*bling,* that the tints underneath appear. It will give 'depth, and a fleshiness of effect, impossible to get 'by *solid* colour.—

'Keep yellow out of the head and extremities: at 'least, till last.' * *

'Effect is produced by *opposition* of light and 'shade, warm and cold colour; etc.'—

'The serpentine line is very obvious in the Venus 'and other statues of the Antique.' * *

'Advantage of drawing with the point of a sable: '—precision, and firmness; saves time and expense; 'gives facility of pencilling; is pleasanter; no cutting, 'or rubbing out; does not —' etc.

A more detailed code of instructions for painting from the *Life* follows, subsequent, I think, in date

to what has gone before: interesting historically,—the light in which all these memoranda must be regarded;—and characteristic of the devotion with which he from the first applied himself to discovering the best mode of rendering the form, colour, glow, of Life. When, in after times, Precept had been exchanged for Attainment, he could, I suspect, have given far less account of his doings, and mode of succeeding, than he does here, when *aiming* to succeed.

'In sketching your Figure, mark in your distance 'from part to part as you proceed, by a dot; and 'then, strike the line true and beautiful at once,—if 'possible; if not, with as few lines as you can. 'Avoid that slovenly and unartist-like method,—of 'scrawling over your paper or canvas with a variety 'of confused and unmeaning lines,—which is too much 'in practice. It will give you a finished outline much 'sooner; provided you take particular care in balancing 'the distance.

'Above all things, in sketching, keep your eye on 'the general lines of the Figure:—whether it be a 'serpentine, or whatever character it takes. You will 'generally find some leading trait: seize that, and 'you have done a great deal. For it is in that, that 'grace——.' [Imperfect.]

'When you have got the outline true, beautiful, 'and faultless, then put it in with Oil-colour, dark,—'or sometimes with a little yellow-ochre and lake. 'This is generally enough, for one sitting.—At the '*next*, set your palette with black and white, and a 'little red, (Indian as good as any). Mix up your 'tints: a little black and red for the shadows,—keep-

'ing them in the first colour warmer than you see 'them, for scumbling over. The next tint is an union 'of the three colours, making a sort of iron-grey; 'which must melt tenderly, at the edges only, into 'the adjoining tints. The next in gradation is black 'and white; the next, lighter still, until you come to the 'Local colour (a little red and white), and next that, 'the high light, which, *he says*,' [Etty's own observa- 'tions are here mixed up with the canons of some 'other authority,] 'you may paint an inch thick if 'you like.—The next thing is, to *lay them in*, begin- 'ning with the shadows: which, put in square and 'decided, yet tenderly melting at the edge; and go 'on carefully to the next,—still melting each tenderly 'at the edge. Keep your half-tints smooth,—Rem- 'brandt's were as smooth as glass,—and load only in 'the lights; taking particular care to make out each 'part distinctly in Form, as if it were a drawing,—for 'in this' method 'every thing depends upon the dead 'colour;'—'keeping in mind to attend only to *one* 'thing at a time, and to do that *well*. By which 'means, you may be enabled to give the highest 'possible perfection to the Outline, Chiaroscuro, and 'Colour.—Not splash away without order or method; 'aiming at all at once, and gaining none to an emi- 'nent degree.—When that is done, let it rest till dry.'

It was not, the reader will perceive, by intuition, Etty became the painter of Nude Form,—in its exhaustless varieties of outline, shifting phases of beauty and splendour,—the translator of glowing Flesh and Blood to canvas, interpreter of Nature's glories in Colour, Art afterwards knew in him. No man

ever lent himself with steadier zeal to educing the power wherewith Nature had endowed him. The good soil was cultivated with sweat and labour. A bad painter for ten years, he, by gigantic Perseverance, made himself a good one,—unlocked the hidden gift. He had reason for assigning, as in after life he used, the '*Want* of Perseverance' as the cause why 'so many' did *not* succeed. His case might of itself countenance the Theory, Reynolds pushed to pernicious extremes,—so as to prop up a baseless ambition:—as to the omnipotence of mere Industry, in Art. Students who *have* genius to educe may well take him as their Model and example, in his constancy and his self-denial:—while Haydon may serve as the Warning.

Later in date than the foregoing memoranda, are the following; certainly attributable to the early part of 1816:—the period still, at which,—an unknown Name, but, (as Mr. Leslie remembers him), even 'more indefatigable student at *dear Somerset House*,' than in later years,—'he was looked on by his com-'panions as a worthy, plodding person, with no chance 'of ever becoming a good Painter.'—

'Copal-varnish, passed over a milled-board figure, 'etc., makes pleasant ground, when oiled out.'—

'Saccharum, turpentine, and raw oil, make a 'pleasant vehicle when your picture is rubbed over 'with it.'

The next is a more notable discovery.—

'*Half Tints*:—It has hitherto been my practice 'to paint over, and consequently lose, those subtile and 'beautiful demi-tints and half-tones, (which give so

'much lustre, beauty, and fleshiness to Colour), that 'result from one coat of colour,—Indian red and 'white, or any other flesh tint,—painted over the 'milled-board:—and which, once lost, cannot be re-'gained. I therefore, in order to impress on my 'mind the vast importance of' the Discovery, 'make 'this Memorandum, and RESOLUTION.' That I should 'think the best way in future would be:—*First* Night, 'correctly *draw and outline* the figure, only; *Second* 'night, carefully *paint-in* the figure, (with black and 'white, and Indian red, for instance); the *next*,—'having secured it with copal,—*glaze*, and then '*scumble* on the bloom; glaze in the shadows, and 'touch on the lights carefully.—And it is done.

'It is a mortifying proof, "how vast is art, how "narrow human wit:"—'to reflect how long I have 'painted, and' that 'I should have neglected this 'very essential part of Good Colouring so long. But 'now, having my eyes open, I trust I shall ever be 'alive to its importance: not go on painting over and 'over again,—every time getting deeper and deeper 'in error;—but endeavour to make every part of my 'work tell; nor do over to-night what I did last 'night.—

'O Father of every good and perfect gift! do Thou 'be pleased to assist my Blindness; and grant that in 'this and all other advances to knowledge, I may be 'ever conscious of Thy goodness; and use them to 'the advantage and Good of Society. For Christ's 'sake. Amen.'—

A prayer so unaffected may fitly close this chapter of Discipline.

CHAPTER IV.

ABORTIVE TRAVEL.—1816.

Ill Auspices—Dieppe—Condemned Goods—Rouen to Paris—Moral Philosophy—Swiss Journal—The Alps—British Sentiments—The Colourist—Florence—Turns Truant—A String of Reasons—A Paris Studio—'Dear London.'

THE uniformity of these early years is varied in 1816, by a fragment of Travel. In the Autumn of that year, Etty,—in accordance with a long-cherished wish,—quitted England, to pay the Debt held due from Painters to the land of Art; proposing a year's stay in Italy: there, to carry his studies a further stage, and thence bring home store of honey. He was by this time, nearly Thirty; had studied his Art eleven years. He had not,—in official eyes,—evinced sufficient promise to be sent out at the Academy's expense. Judged by that infallible criterion, he was not the equal of any among the nameless, noteless throng who *have* been so despatched. Only by a Brother's help can he secure the required Italian finish to his education. It specially behoved him, then, to make good use of his opportunity. In this, also, he was to be unsuccessful. For once, the *will* was wanting.

Shortly before his departure, the fervid Painter had fallen In Love:—'*One* of my prevailing weaknesses,' confesses Etty. The attack figures in a pretty numerous series from 'that miserable Madness:' more

than I can here offer any very strict account of.—He was 'In Love:' and unsuccessfully. His health, too, was indifferent. He had sprained his knee. The two-fold mischance deepened his loneliness, and hindered his deriving either profit or pleasure from his Travels. A Home-sickness seized him the very moment of leaving the English shore; and was only cured by his abrupt return, after an absence of less than three months.—'The wide waste of waters before him,' he writes, (*August 30th*) from Brighton,—where he is 'making a little portrait of Mrs. William Bodley:'—*almost* makes him sea-sick before he is on them.

Further excerpts from his Correspondence will illustrate this unsuccessful Attempt at Travel. These I have duly compressed: always an indispensable process with Etty's Letters. My pen,—never adding a sentence or word,—has sometimes dropped one, or more, without premonitory asterisk.

His route lay through Dieppe and Rouen, to Paris; thence, *viâ* Geneva, to Florence. The first letter dates from Dieppe (*September 4th*), and with the next, (*from Paris*) is addressed to Mrs. Bodley, one of his late uncle's daughters.—

'I am again safely landed on *Terra-firma*, after a 'tedious passage of ten hours: the time they said,—'with the trifling addition of fourteen more. Cooped 'up in a narrow berth, hardly big enough to breathe 'in, all night and part of the next day; I was suf-'ficiently uncomfortable. Morning dawned: I hoped 'Dieppe was *in Sight* at least. Instead of which, I had 'the disappointment to hear we were only twenty-two 'miles from the English Coast. At last, I grew tired

'of my living tomb, and went on deck: where, I con-
'tinued, till the Moon, rising over the very bold
'romantic front of the French Coast, lighted us into
'the harbour of Dieppe. * * Previous to entering,
'we were boarded by a large French Pilot-boat. I
'could not but remark the striking national character-
'istics of the sailors of the two nations: the keen eye,
'and more intelligent physiognomy of the French; the
'hardy indifference of the English. At last, we enter
'smooth water. A busy and interesting scene of a
'Sea-port presents itself. Twenty Frenchmen on the
'high pier are hauling in the Packet. The moon-
'beams dance on the water; while out at Sea, towards
'the English Coast, huge and wild masses of dark
'clouds threaten storms. Numerous lights sparkle on
'the town. After much noise and bustle, we are
'moored. A Commissary takes his stand on the vessel,
'betwixt us and the shore, and demands our passports.
'Numerous Frenchmen contend for my green bag. I
'give it to one, and scramble up the ladder. I am on
'shore again:—thank heaven! We go to the Custom-
'house, to have the green bag examined. One of the
'officers, with a huge cocked hat, seeing me anxiously
'feeling for my gloves, must need think I had some-
'thing concealed; and must be convinced. He is
'so.'— * * *

'I am *very much* better than I was on Monday,
'both in body and mind.'

Then, as later, Etty was an inveterate Drinker,—of Tea. His brother had laid in for these travels a year's supply, and complete tea-apparatus. Frenchmen cannot comprehend but something contraband is in

hand. On concluding his first letter, the writer is summoned to the Custom-house.—

'It was eleven o'clock. My place was taken for 'Rouen at twelve. I went,—it rained;—was shown 'into a house nearly filled with Douaniers searching, 'travellers waiting, porters unpacking. My turn 'came. I unlocked my Trunk: when instantly, all my 'dear Walter had taken so much pains in packing, 'was turned upside down, every way but the right. 'One ran away with my tea-canister. Another ex-'amined the sugar. Another analyzed my tea-kettle. 'It was passed: my tea likewise. Another came, and 'pulled out of the top of my trunk a duplicate kettle, 'Walter thought advisable to take. It was *condemned,* 'as new goods of English manufacture: and my 'kitchen conjuror too. I entreated,—offered to pay the 'duty, if any. All would not do. Condemned it was. 'And I was advised to pack up my trunk quickly, lest '*that* should be condemned too. What was to be 'done?—The landlord of the English hotel where I 'was, (Taylor), exerted himself. And it was restored.'

To this brisk account of the first Landing and the first Adventure, succeed his hasty impressions on the road to Paris:—

'It rained most of the day, and spoiled the pro-'spect of a very pretty country. About six at night, 'arrived at Rouen, got something *à manger;* took a 'moonlight walk to a village called Eauplet, where I 'had a letter to leave my old Landlady's son. Next 'day, to the Cathedral. It is a fine Gothic building; 'but inferior, I think, to York. Some Papal Ceremony 'was performing. And devotees were saying their

'Pater-Nosters and Ave-marias; kneeling before the 'statues of Christ and the Virgin. There are numbers 'of pictures in this Church; mostly mediocre, or worse. 'We went afterwards to the Museum. It contains a 'considerable number of Pictures: many, very tolera- 'ble; some few, fine. I sketched there part of the 'morning. At Tour, I left Rouen in the Cabriolet; and 'enjoyed the prospects, which vary at every step: until 'night closed the scene. The moon soon rose in great 'lustre, and gave me some of *her* quiet landscapes. 'Feeling extremely cold, about one in the morning I 'got into the *Voiture;* but could not sleep, and 'resumed my place in the Cabriolet. The sun rose 'soon after, and displayed a sweet country, by St. 'Germain, Marly, etc. We entered Paris by a most 'imposing entrance,—the Barrier d'Neuilly, Champs 'Elysées, etc.; and were soon after landed at *le Bureau* '*de Diligence,* Rue de Montmartre: where my poor 'trunk was again inspected. I went to the *Hôtel* '*Conti* (where I now am), to the British Ambassador's, 'about my passports,—was too late; must call to- 'morrow. Returned home much fatigued, and very 'low in spirits.'

Neither spirits nor health mend under the pass-port ordeal: the being bandied from hand to hand like a bad shilling,—from Ambassador to 'Bureau of Passports,' thence to Prefecture of Police; from the Clerk 'at the top' of the 'Prefecture,' to Clerk 'at the bottom;'—to the Ambassador's again, and again to the Police.—

'You see, my dear Martha, what a fuss a poor 'traveller has to go through in this country,—and one,

'who is certainly not the best calculated at present for 'it.; nor indeed, at any time. Happy England! could 'she but think so! But discontent and murmurings 'are not confined to your country.'

In lively Paris,—where, (as yet), '*Louvre* and *Luxembourg* are still shut,' it being early in September,—he only realizes the 'temporary snapping' of 'ties 'woven by Nature and cemented by Time,'—those which bind him to his friends; feels isolated 'in the 'midst of a whirling and giddy crowd.' On the reigning gods of 'Pleasure and amusement' he moralizes sagely; finds it 'a system big with the 'seeds of corruption.' He '*grants*' the French 'are an ingenious and clever nation; that France is 'a fine and fruitful country:' 'but would not willingly 'exchange England for it.'—Etc.

'I hope I shall like Italy better than Paris,' he resumes (*September 8th*), 'or I think I shall not feel 'resolution to stop a year. If I don't, I shall content 'myself with seeing what I think worth while; and 'then return. * * Wherever I am, I shall always 'love *you*. * * I am better in health, much, than 'when I left; shall feel still better when I am getting 'on. I know not how it is:—I feel much better when 'I am advancing, worse when I am set down. I am a 'strange mortal; must have either a weaker head or 'stronger feelings than most. Or else, the circum-'stances, under which I left operate on me. But "Enough, no more of that," as *Othello* says. Let me 'hear something of yourself by the first opportunity.— 'I am painting a pretty French child to amuse myself, 'till my Passport is ready. I hope my dear Walter will

'excuse (I know he will), my making you the oracle 'of correspondence, * *. I wish my friend Jay could 'have come with me: I should have enjoyed the tour 'much more. Business disappointed both of us.'—'I have a great regard for him.' * * * * * *

September 12*th*.—'I have not yet been able to 'get away from this place. I like it considerably 'better than I did. Ere you receive this, I shall be 'on my way to Switzerland. The weather is very un-'settled. Such streets! they would not suit your pretty 'little feet. * * May God preserve you, my dear 'Martha, and all my loved friends, till we meet again,' 'is the sincere prayer of your affectionate cousin.'—

Of the journey over the Alps (his first experience of mountain scenery), Etty afterwards drew up a Narrative for his cousin, in a somewhat ambitious strain; very different from the vivid and natural style of his long subsequent Lectures and Autobiography. I must deal summarily with it.

The Story commences with Poligny,—'that plea-'sant town, near the foot of the Jura Alps,'—which our traveller entered 'on the evening of a beautiful 'Summer's day' (*September* 18*th*): an evening, when 'every object around partook of that golden 'hue which Claude so successfully imitated.'—'The 'atmosphere, serene and tranquil, had communicated 'something of that quality to even' *his* bosom. For 'travelling companions' he had, he tells us, 'an old 'French general, a lively Austrian captain, and an 'Italian courier.'—

'By the time we had dined, the golden hues of the 'sky were nearly lost. We set off,—injudiciously

'choosing this time to traverse the most dangerous 'part of the route.'—'I mount the dicky with the 'postilion,—always preferring outside, even all night, 'to the suffocating atmosphere of the inside. We 'are soon enveloped in darkness: scarcely sufficient 'light to distinguish the whiteness of the road; which 'is bad, narrow, and encumbered with stones. We 'ascend, now descend; the postilion stopping almost 'every five minutes to chain and unchain the wheels. 'All is darkness, silence and solitude; save the rushing 'of the waters, deep in the valley below us,—a sound 'incessantly heard in these dreary regions:' which 'at night, has the wildest and most melancholy 'effect imaginable.—

'A glowworm glimmering on the road, by touching 'one of the links of a chain of recollections, trans- 'ported me from the Jura Mountains back to a Valley 'in England, the time, and place, and circumstances 'where I had but lately seen another. * * Another, 'and another yet, are seen: till the road seemed to lie 'through a miniature firmament, so thickly were they 'strown. But yet 'twas dark and horrible. A preci- 'pice frightfully deep,—in most places not the smallest 'defence,—was on our right. We were often within a 'yard,—two feet,—sometimes one,—of the edge.—* *

'Kept hoping every mountain was our last. But as 'we advanced, I had the mortification to find the rocks 'higher, the roads if possible worse, and the precipice 'still more awful: for the waters were heard roaring 'much farther beneath us. Late at night, we stopped 'to change horses, at a dismal-looking village; and take 'up an additional postilion. I descended, and wandered

'on in the dark, in the hopes of getting a little milk 'at some cottage. * * *

'We again proceed: rocks, precipices, torrents, and 'darkness, our constant companions.' In vain I tried 'to sleep;—drowsy, but kept awake by the jolting of the 'vehicle over the stony roads, and the evident danger 'of the route: the postilion continuing his needful 'task of locking and unlocking our wheels. Often, in 'these steep descents, a sudden bend in the road 'required all the exertion and skill of the driver to 'prevent an overthrow.'—

'Passing through ravines, such as Salvator Rosa'—etc.—'Passing thickets and forests whose dark re- 'cesses give shelter to the wolves and bears.'—'A grey 'light breaks in the sky. I hail it as twilight. But ''tis only the Moon. A meagre feeble crescent of the 'moon casts a faint light on the wild scenery around; 'then hides her head in clouds, and leaves us again in 'darkness.—'Shakspere says,'

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

'It is true. Daylight shows itself at last, but "cur- 'tained in with sable clouds." * * We arrive at 'a village, of a bleak, gloomy, and desolate appear- 'ance: immense and sterile rocks overhanging it. 'A broad mountain-stream rushes rapidly, babbling 'through the town. * * We were detained some 'hours by the Douaniers. Meantime, we went to a 'wretched inn. Cold, harassed with fatigue and want 'of sleep, we gathered round the smoke and fire of 'a bundle of sticks, just lighted on the hearth of a 'dirty kitchen; talked of the *mauvaise route* passed,

'the *mauvaise route* we had yet to pass, and the 'more *mauvais* accident that had killed two men last 'week, on a part of the road we had passed an hour 'or two before, by the same conveyance. An Alpine 'shower of rain with lightning, (frequent in these 'high latitudes), frightened the horses. They over-'turned the coach, killed the conductor, and a young 'Swiss officer.—I ordered a little warm milk: with 'some warm water and sugar made a substitute for 'tea,—having left that at Poligny by mistake;— 'and with some sour bread and butter made a break-'fast.—

'I am walking on.'—'Silence the most death-like 'prevails; interrupted only by the distant cow-bell 'in the valley, and occasionally, the echo of the 'postilion's whip reverberating from the rocks with a 'sound much louder than you heard the original report; 'which fell faintly on the ear, and afterwards died 'away in the valleys.'—

'Another miserable inn.' Etc.—* * 'We are 'descending.'—'At a sudden turn of the road, "Le 'Sac," hastily pronounced by the Captain, riveted my 'attention to the window: whence, astonished and de-'lighted, I beheld, far-stretched below us, the beautiful 'Vale of Constance, illumined with sunshine, laughing 'with delight and fertility; the vast azure Lake of 'Geneva reflecting in its bosom, tranquil as a mirror, 'the gigantic Chain of Alps that lie beyond,—hiding 'their heads in volumes of clouds, of the grandest 'possible forms.'—* *

Thus much must suffice for sample. The elaborate Narrative grows more and more minute as well as

tumid; until, after *September 23rd*, it fairly breaks down,—in despair of continuing in that Large style.

Against the Douaniers he more than once waxes wrath: finds it 'difficult for an Englishman to re-'strain his indignation at the wretches who annoy him 'everywhere, like mosquitos in a swamp;' exclaims at the 'contemptible mummery which has infatuated 'all these continental slaves.'—'Preyed on by the 'scamps,'—'stopped by the paltry rascals, and have to 'pay for a few pounds of sugar,'—are characteristic entries on this topic.

The reader has had an instance of Etty's simple but unaccommodating tastes, leading him so often in anxious quest of tea or coffee amid Alps and Apennines; or to rejoice over a meal of bread and milk, (if the latter can be got), rather than a Continental breakfast,—of 'soup, meat, omelettes, cheese, sour 'wine, etc.' The Narrative is freely interspersed with details of his troubles on this head: how 'no 'milk is to be had in two towns,'—'no milk, tea, or 'anything genial;'—or how he has to 'bustle about 'in the dirty kitchen,' to make himself 'and the 'Englishwoman a cup of tea.' His 'glittering 'teapot and apparatus "*pour faire le thé*,"' excite much attention from natives 'carousing in the same 'room.' One day, he has 'the mortification to find 'his pewter teapot with a large hole broken in it by 'travelling.'—

The original curt Diary of travel commences from *September 21st*; supplying, like the Narrative, more than sufficient evidence that, notwithstanding dull spirits and various discomforts, our Painter could

relish 'the sublime and beautiful' in Scenery. The 'exquisite combinations' of form and hue among the Swiss valleys are not lost on him; nor the 'asto-'nishing, awful, and sublime country,' as he 'ascends 'above the clouds,' amid 'waterfalls, torrents, light-'ning, and rain;' amid 'snow, glaciers,' and the 'ruins of Nature,—wrecked pine-trees, rocks over-'thrown.' As he 'journeys through cloud and rain,' over the Simplon, a Vista is seen, suggesting a 'Seat 'of the Gods;' and 'scenes of Tartarus, chaos, and 'hell' realize the dreams 'of Dante and Milton.'—'As we descend, Alpine and chaotic terrors soften 'their aspect. Chestnut-trees, the rich scenery of 'Piedmont and luxuriant vales of ITALY burst on 'the view.' * *

To the Narrative, I will return, for two descriptions characteristic of the Colourist.—Between Geneva and Martigny, his eye had been 'caught by an effect, 'novel and beautiful. A partial gleam of sunshine fell 'on the top of a Mountain covered with snow,—white 'and pure as Parian marble,—and illumined it in the 'most charming manner: relieving it from the deli-'cate and sweet azure of the Sky behind; and con-'trasting it with the purple and blue tones that hung 'on the verdant and forest-clad mountains around. In 'the fertile valleys, the trees are bending beneath their 'golden fruit; and flowers enamel the gay carpet of 'Nature.'—On descending into Piedmont, his eye equally rejoiced in Italian '*Vineyards*: with grapes 'dropping in clusters, rich, black, and luxuriant; creep-'ing fantastically over alleys of trellis-work,—forming 'a cool and delicious walk beneath. For in Italy, you

'see the Vine in all the richness of nature, wantonly
'and profusely offering its fruits; while its leaves, in
'Autumn, partake of the most beautiful tints: some
'creamy white, some yellow, some green,—spotted
'with white, gold, light red, dark red, to the deepest
'and finest tones of the painter's palette. Not like
'those of France, which, when I passed, looked like
'large fields of green currant-bushes.' * *

At 'Florence the Fair,' Etty's spirits,—on the journey 'generally below temperate,'—'sunk to the 'freezing point.' His wavering courage fairly broke down. To his Brother, he announces, (*October 5th*), his sudden resolve to run home: in a deprecating tone, as of a schoolboy about to shirk the Day's lessons.—

'The Sea, the Alps and Apennines divide us. They
'will not long so, I hope. After a voyage and journey,
'in which I may safely say the fatigue and difficulties
'far outbalanced its pleasures, I arrived here two days
'ago. It was my full intention to stop and study. I
'understand it is the most agreeable city in Italy.
'But my depression was so extreme as to influence
'my health. And I now feel unequal to the task of
'going to Rome and Naples.—It would only be an
'accession of expense, without any positive advantage.
'I am *certain* it is not in my power to reside abroad;
'and am unequal to the fatigue of running about to
'see all that is to be seen. I have not yet lost the
'effects of my sprained knee. Under all these circum-
'stances, you will, I know, excuse my determination:
'a determination not hastily, but deliberately made;
'and one that has already made me feel another man.

'I am not sorry that I *have* come, for three reasons.—'It has cured me of my passion for roving. It has 'cured me of *another passion*. And it has let me see 'there is no country comparable to my own.

'Independent of other reasons against going farther, 'the roads from hence to Naples are said to be much 'infested by Banditti.—And' (also), 'as the autumnal 'rains have not yet fallen, the exhalations from the 'marshes of the Campagna are very pernicious.—

'This city has a character of gloom about it that 'I cannot bear.—You must not be angry with me. I 'cannot help seeing the inferiority of everything I have 'left, to that which I have come to. I feel so lonely, 'it is impossible for me to be happy. And if not happy, 'I cannot apply vigorously to my studies. I may per-'haps be called fickle. There is one thing, in which I 'shall never change: the affection I bear you and my 'other dear friends. I think there are sufficient fine 'pictures in England, to study from. * * I am sick to 'death of travelling in a country where the accommo-'dations are such as no Englishman can have any idea 'of,—who has not witnessed it: the vermin in the bed, 'the dirt and filth.—But I can't enter into particulars.'

Every shadow is a lion in the path. Every assign-able reason is pressed into the service: 'feverish 'nights,' 'banditti,' bad roads, and worse 'accommoda-'tions.' The home-sick Painter felt conscious of his weakness,—could not escape from it. The *one* obstacle to his stay, lay in himself. His own feelings coloured all he saw. Florence is not generally re-puted a '*gloomy*' city. To him, in lonely exile, mere discomforts become serious miseries. 'Unhappy and

'unwell,' he is not in tune for a foreign land, a foreign language, alien ways, and alien faces; finds he had 'sadly miscalculated' his powers of enduring—then, at all events,—'so sudden and wide 'a separation' from whatever was familiar and dear. All people are in some moods weaker than at others, to contend with strangeness of place.

Even at the easel, his customary energy failed him. At the Florence Gallery, states a later letter (*Paris, October 26th*), he 'began to draw, but could not proceed.' At Milan, he had only 'painted a Head.'—'A 'month in Italy altogether,' hasty glimpses were caught of Lodi, Placentia, Parma, Reggio, Modena, Bologna; as well as of Milan and Florence. But he 'had 'a greater desire to go home the last day than the 'first: finding it impossible he could ever be happy 'about a thousand five hundred miles from all he loves.' And he wonders not 'at that sacred Writer who 'gratefully thanked his God, because "he had dwelt 'among his own people."'—He again deprecates fraternal censure:—'If you think I have sacrificed Duty 'to my feelings, you must forgive me this time, my 'dear Walter.'—'If you have formed high hopes of 'me, they shall not be disappointed: but I must '"dwell among mine own people."' * *

Tautologous and incoherent often, these letters are are none the less characteristic of the writer, and of his feelings at the time.

The 'determination, after much thought,' to 'return,—and letter home announcing it,—instantly 'produced a favourable effect on my maladies: I there-'fore consider this one of the most happy days of my

'tour:' declares Etty, in his Diary (*October 5th*). Which Diary registers,—over and above 'low spirits,' 'and restless nights,'—'oppression of my chest, and 'difficulty of breathing.' The following day, the fourth from his entering Florence, that city was swiftly forsaken for Pisa and Leghorn;—whence, he embarked for Genoa: thence, 'by Voiturier,' to Turin;—'passed the Alps again,—at Mont Cenis; 'from Mont Cenis to Chambery; *par courier*, to 'Lyons; from Lyons, by the late route' (it is 1816) 'of Buonaparte, to Paris.'

In Paris, he arrived October 26th, with thoughts of entering a French Studio for a short time: an idea, which again, as again throwing Home into the background, dispirits him. After a week's study at the Academy, the resolve is come to, much against the grain, of trying the *atelier* of Régnault. That experiment he makes, and 'doesn't much like.'—'A perfect bear-'garden;'—'anarchy during the sitting;'—'rude set;' —'noisy rascals;' are entries in his Diary which do something to explain why. At the Academy also, where *he* and his doings seem 'to please several of the 'students,' he can only exclaim of the latter, "What "a difference from ours!"—

'Régnault thinks the English system a bad one,' records Etty, (*October 6th*): 'recommends finishing 'your studies part by part, putting as you go on, the 'bones and muscles in their proper places.—Will try 'it. But very uncomfortable'—in the *Atelier*: and 'determine,' after three days' experience of it, 'to 'take my departure.' Which accordingly, he does, a few days later; continuing to sketch from the

Antique and paint from the Life till the last; daily, 'too, running 'here and there, after prints.' Of the latter, he brought from Paris a considerable supply; as also, of Dagneaux's celebrated, (artist's) brushes. Sketches from Le Brun's *Battles* had occupied parts of even his Sundays. These, and others of hands, feet, etc., show him busily seeking self-improvement: —by humble means, in default of those more ambitious ones which a few months since he had promised himself.

From Calais, a French vessel lands him on the English coast; after setting foot on which, 'happy and 'pleasant, in a way' he had 'long been a stranger to,' he does not grudge two or three days' delay to get his prints 'passed,' etc. November 23rd, a Deal coach set him down within a dozen paces of home. 'And 'in a few minutes,' writes he, I have the pleasure of 'finding myself and trunk safe in Surrey-street,—ay, 'and in my little old room too:' in the centre of familiar London. Which 'dear city' he had entered, 'with increased affection' for it, and all it contained.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST SUCCESSES.—ÆTAT. 30—35. (1817—1822.)

Finds his Way—Tribute—A Medal Lost and Won—Self-Portraiture—Academic Favour—Infelicitous Subject—Note Books: Self-Reminders—A Painter's Voluminous Admonitions—Schemes—Literary and Moral—Persistent Aims: and their ATTAINMENT—The Critics—The *Coral-Finders*—Richer Blossom: the *Cleopatra*—Nocturnal Study from the Life: Fuseli—Penitence—The Realms of Fancy: Minor Flights—Hanging Committees.

ITALY, the Promised Land of Painters, had been forsaken; not so, Italian range of subject. In 1817, the Ideal blossoms again, in a *Cupid and Euphrosyne*, and a group of *Bacchanalians* ('a sketch'): subjects, which have glow and promise in them. Our Painter is forsaking the sterile, Academic Common,—the 'Classic' pure and simple, for flowery, sunny glades, congenial to his ripening powers. His *Cupid and Euphrosyne* won eulogies from a newspaper-oracle,—the *Literary Gazette:* officiating critic, a Mr. Carey, a gentleman not given to hide his light, however flickering; and who, when the promising Painter had become an established Celebrity, boasted of this prophetic vision of his, and discovery of Genius under a cloud. Sir Thomas Lawrence himself, according to the same authority, spake of the picture as one 'of 'splendid promise,' of Etty as 'every year active, and 'always on the advance:' an 'extraordinary genius.'—Not popularly accredited as such. He works in obscu-

rity still; if not wholly denied his meed of recognition. He had learned to paint ably; though in a style, scarce fully developed as yet, or emphatically his own.

The story of these years of lonely effort occupies small space in the telling. In the enacting they were longer. The morning of contest dull and lonely, which precedes the triumph and the throng of noon, though the most interesting period in a man's life, is precisely that of which we always know least. It might help still-striving combatants to accompany, step by step, the struggles of those who ultimately learned to *solve* their problem. But these steps are unrecorded, because at the time unheeded, not *then* known to be worth notice. The King is not conjectured under his disguise. The flaring torchlight of noisy celebrity, not the hidden fire of silent endeavour, allures moths and men. A Johnson is the recognised Autocrat of Literature, before he is waited on by his Boswell.

In 1818, to the British Gallery, over and above his unsold *Euphrosyne* and *Bacchanalians*,—remainders from the previous year,—Etty sends *Head of a Warrior*: 'study,' in a direction we shall find him more ambitiously cultivating elsewhere. The same year's contribution to the Academy relapses into Portrait, —two pictures,—one, (a group), entitled the *Blue Beetle*:—Portrait, leavened by Historic,—*Ajax Telamon*,—and a *Study*. The Ajax is probably a 'clever piece' of Etty's, Wilkie alludes to in a letter of his, this year, to Haydon. One of the portraits,—of a clergyman and early friend,—inspired the reverend gentleman with a poetic address, carefully preserved

by the flattered painter:—'Lines written on seeing, etc.—

'Etty, 'tis done! the very man breathes now.
'I feel the likeness, and my friends avow:'

the poet bursts forth. The Painter, invoked as

'A child of Nature and of Art;'—

his

'Mind all Taste, and ardour all his heart;'

is apprised that he has done 'what none beside 'could do;'—*himself* surpassed,—and adjured to go on surpassing himself, 'and rise the *Reynolds* of 'our peerless Isle.' Further reference to the painter ceases at an early period of the poem. The remaining forty-eight lines busy themselves with the clergyman and his children: a perspective view of the latter looking up at his 'Shade' in 'days to come;' interspersed with injunctions to this, his 'Type,' to assume a benevolent aspect, to impart sundry sound moral precepts, and say a good word for the defunct original,—to do, in fact, more than a poor picture well can.

While painting about this time, *another* 'portrait of a gentleman' (Mr. Thornton), exhibited the following year, Etty passed some pleasant weeks at that gentleman's hospitable house in Hertfordshire: an unusual incident with the Painter. The rustic enjoyments, the leisure, country strolls, fresh cream and butter, all keenly relished at the time by the obscure London artist who seldom gained a furlough among the fields, were reminiscences which stayed by the famous and prosperous one. During his visit, he made two crayon-sketches of the young

ladies of the house, animated and characteristic: acknowledgments of 'uniform hospitality and kindness' received. The exercise of these virtues never failed to draw recognition from the sensitive Painter.

In the Autumn of 1818, Etty, now thirty-one, and Academy-student of nearly twelve years' standing, came forward once more,—in every previous trial of skill having failed,—candidate for a Medal; in the then recently-established School of Painting. His copy of the *Ganymede* of Titian distanced all competition. Alarmed for the result, his comrades, bethought themselves of indirect measures to defeat him, as it could not be done directly: calling official notice to the remote date of his first admission, as Student; also to the fact, that, in infringement of a by-law intended to secure the genuineness of the competing works, his picture had on one occasion been temporarily removed from the Painting-school. The Academy is a body excelling lawyers in strict adhesion to the letter of its narrow Law. To the Council, Etty's case 'appeared without remedy;' even as regarded the informality of a single night's withdrawal of his picture. It also, and with more reason, decided, 'a Student re-'admitted to the Schools, after a lapse of ten years, 'not having gained a premium in that period, was 'excluded from becoming a candidate,' for its honours.

The good faith of Etty was not a moment doubtful. A rough draft of an explanatory letter to the Council, throws a clear light on the whole business, and incidentally, on other points,—his mode of preparing a canvas at that period for instance; above all, on the man himself, as he was then,—the same in

substance as afterwards: single-minded and fervent, already devoted to the 'Life'-School, already pursuing his aim with fixed intensity of purpose.

After regretting his inadvertence, and the 'unpleasantness' attaching to it; and glancing at his opponents,—towards whom he evidently, for the moment, feels a little venial bitterness;—saying he does *not* intend commenting on transactions which 'can 'be viewed by every liberal mind only in one point of 'view;' he tells his story. In relating which, no 'hope of gaining the Medal, were it a diadem,' should persuade him to swerve from the truth.—'I was 'induced to become a candidate by several considera-'tions: conceiving' (as a preliminary), 'that the pri-'vileges of a Student were conferred on me by the 'grant of the Council for this year. One *principal* 'consideration was this passage in the Laws:—"those who shall obtain premiums, shall *retain* the 'privileges of a student for Life." As attending my 'studies in the Royal Academy constitutes one of 'my greatest, most beloved sources of improvement, 'I should have been glad to have secured so import-'ant a pass to that line of art which is my object, 'and of gratifying that thirst for improvement which 'shall cease only with my life.—Another considera-'tion was, perhaps, a latent desire of gratifying 'those friends under whose kind auspices I have 'been enabled to pursue my studies.'

'And *another* motive was, that I conceived it my 'duty, in the then extremely unattended state of the 'School, to give it as much of my time as I could.

'With these views, and a wish to possess a copy of

'the picture, in August I began the *Ganymede* of 'Titian. A highly-respectable member of the Academy 'having suggested that a piece of raw floor-cloth would 'be a good texture, I procured a piece. But unfortu- 'nately, that, which properly prepared, would have 'proved an excellent ground, by not being sufficiently 'so, proved much otherwise. Another member thought 'it would cost me too much trouble to re-cover it. 'I determined to begin on an entirely new ticken. 'After the outline had been put in at home, it was 'corrected and inked-in at the Royal Academy. It 'was then taken home. And after the evening-Aca- 'demy,—nay, I believe after eleven at night,—an 'hour or two were spent in covering more than six 'feet square of canvas with that sort of dark ground- 'colour with which I generally prepare my Academic 'figures: namely, raw umber; with the exception of 'the Sky, which was one flat tint of blue, and the 'Drapery,—Indian-red and white: all forming only a 'ground-colour to work over.—Mr. Stephens asserts 'the eagle was black. This I solemnly declare is 'not true. It was what the whole canvas,—save the 'sky and drapery,—was; raw umber.'—The rest is wanting.

A very strong impulse to exertion, doubtless, was the 'latent desire of gratifying those friends' to whom he owed that he was a Painter; on whose aid he even then relied partly,—for years to come must still rely, as occasion presses. Hitherto, he had not triumphantly shown himself a more than ordinary deserver of their faith. He had won no public testimony of merit; had conspicuously missed such. He had

failed of a Medal,—still more, of a travelling Scholarship: for tedious years failing of a place among Exhibitors; during years yet more tedious, of notice, when he *was* exhibited. Recently, he had even failed to turn his Italian journey to account. He was not longer to disappoint expectation. This last defeat was a virtual success: forerunning a series of successes. Peculiar *éclat*,—more, far, than if without protest he had received a routine Medal in the routine way,—was for him, that contest's result. The protests did but draw the more attention to the performance, from emulation of which rivals shrank. And to *it*, more intrinsic honour attached, than any Medal has within its gift.

The Academy's adverse decision, on formal grounds, was softened by Academic compliments:—unwonted fruit from that tree. Secretary Howard informs Etty that the Council considered his picture 'the 'best yet produced in the Painting-school:' a large admission from official lips. The President (West) 'is so pleased with it, he wishes you to call on him;' himself tells the rising painter his Copy will some day 'be sold for a Titian.' The ORIGINAL,—one might have fancied,—must first be lost from the Angerstein Collection, since absorbed in our National Gallery. Now that he puts forth his late blossom, the Academy delights to honour its *élève*,—one of the first (of value); of its own entire rearing; always its faithful Squire, devoted to the Academy's Schools and to the Academy's good fame, as few have been. It patteth on the head its promising Youth (of Thirty-one), with quite fatherly unction.—'Taking into consideration

'the distinguished merit of his copy,' also 'his general 'good conduct and assiduity as a Student,' the Council requests the President, on the distribution of Premiums, to express its 'high approbation.' Which request, Orator Shee, acting for the absent West, fulfils:—with due 'eloquence.'

A few months after this first triumph, the more precious as so long delayed, died Etty's father, (December 24th, 1818): in a small house of his own on York's outskirts, to which he had some years previously retired. The old man had contrived to amass some little substance, and build a house or two; leaving his second son in a prosperous way of business, —the Etty gingerbread still 'noted,' its sale even larger;—and his third son in a good business of the same kind at Hull. Property to the amount of some £900 remained at his widow's disposal.—

'The first truly heavy blow,' writes Etty, twenty-nine years later, 'my heart ever felt.—No! not the '*first*, now I recollect dates more accurately,'—his Uncle's death had long preceded it,—'nor the *last*. 'Walter and I went to Clapton the day he was buried. 'The sun shone: but *my* heart was darkened.'

Of pictures exhibited in 1819, three Portraits,—*of a Child and favourite Dog;—of Miss Say;—of a Gentleman*;—show our Historical painter fain to glean stray guineas from the field most readily yielding such return. *Genii of the Spring;—Morning;*—and *Penitence* ('a Sketch'); suggest a graceful class of subject, in which he had begun to excel. At the British Gallery, *Manlius hurled from the Rock*, represents the 'Historic' aspiration: moderate in size, like

all his pictures of this period; ambitious in aim. He did not paint 'colossal' pictures till later: then, only as the exception. A work of power it is: grandly conceived, vigorously, if also, carefully painted; and in colour, deep and harmonious. With the Artist himself, it was a favourite, even in later years: 'Probably, the best picture, *of its kind*, from my hands, 'and the most neglected by the great world;' writes the painter of the *Judith*, in 1835. 'You always 'appreciated and extolled it,' he adds, addressing Mr. Owen, its ultimate purchaser, (long after it had left the Painter's hands).

Etty had not yet learned to choose his subject felicitously:—seldom an early accomplishment. Afterwards, unerring in eye for the incident or moment really *picturesque*,—or fit for picture,—he had yet to add this constituent of success to his other credentials:—and soon did add it. Thus far, he seemed content when he had stumbled on a theme for the display of able drawing, well-harmonized colour, a just apprehension: over and above mere Academic virtues. The difficulty experienced in realizing those fundamentals, confined his attention to them; even after the limitation of aim had ceased to be advantageous.

The very restricted intrinsic interest hitherto, of Etty's more ambitious themes, doubtless contributed to hinder recognition of their merit. For such displays of 'Physical Force' as an *Ajax Telamon*, or *Manlius hurled from the Rock*, signal mastery, (as in the *Benaiah* of later date), a 'large' style,—perhaps also, in this particular case, a large Canvas,—

can alone secure attention, much more, popularity, or patronage: which latter, the *Benaiah* itself failed to augment. Many causes must conspire to make the picture from an unknown Hand a decided Success. And the promise shown during the years 1817 to 1819 was by tacit consent overlooked. Etty had still to see fellow-students, younger than himself, 'often with far less of merit,' outstrip him on 'the 'road to fame:'—pass by into notice and patronage, 'while he was working in obscurity.' But, adds Mr. Leslie, 'no murmur escaped him, no expression of 'envy:' a freedom from 'jealousy, or other unworthy 'feeling towards brother artists,' the observation of all who knew him unanimously confirms. While an apprentice to his art, rather than a master, he was wont to look for the reason of non-success within himself; trying to put matters on a better footing there.—

'The first object is the classical, Historic line of Art,' is an axiom with which I find the unknown Etty of 1819 stimulating his courage, despite all discouragements.—'Seest thou a man diligent in 'his calling, he shall stand before kings!' is another proposition reiterated in the Sketch-books.—'EARLY 'RISING!—EARLY RISING!' is a more special, and still more frequent watchword.

In the Note-book last quoted from—one of the few remaining records of this era (1818 to 1820), —graceful outlines of children and women, in the style to which I have already referred, still abound: shading off ultimately, into that pretty, fanciful class,—*Cupid sheltering his Darling,—Cupid and*

Psyche: a class, which comprises some of his earliest successes; and one, he never wholly abandoned. Lists occur too, of 'Subjects to Paint:' witnessing his ambition in what he calls, (in French of his own), '*La grande Historique;*' and also, some little unsettlement of aim. Which, amid the whole number, were the subjects really favourable to his genius, had not yet been proved experimentally. In the few italicised, the reader will alone recognise subjects ever executed by his hand:—executed long subsequently, and from conceptions very different probably, to those floating in his head, in 1818 or 1819.

As 'SUBJECTS OF GRANDEUR,' are enumerated: 'Christ in the Storm,' a 'Roman Triumph,' an 'Army Rushing to Battle.' As 'SUBJECTS OF TERROR OR EMOTION:' the 'Robber's Cave;' a 'Land Storm;' the 'Terrors of the Lion;' '*The Boat,* or the *Shipwrecked Mariners;*' the 'Warrior of Theon.'—'OF POETRY:' '*Adam and Eve;*' 'Milton's Spring;' 'Pyrrha's Golden Hair,' for which really promising subject the sounding and picturesque lines, commencing

'Oft, mid those palace gardens fair,'

are copied out more than once; 'Gray's *Youth at the Helm and Pleasure at the Prow;*' Dryden's 'Fancy's Vigils;' and '*Milton's Comus.*' 'SUBJECTS OF FEELING:' '*Histoire de Psyche,*' (from which Etty painted so often); 'The Children in the Wood.'—OF 'SUNSHINE:'—no instances follow in the written list: on the Painter's subsequent canvases, we all know how many.

For the 'Children in the Wood,' I find a few

pencil-sketches. Many of the above are repeated in other lists of 'Subjects that may be sketched:' lists which, in addition to the previous, sufficiently embarrassing choice of difficulties, embrace an equally varied miscellany: 'the Spanish Monarque;' 'Truth and Innocence;' '*Christ and the Children;*' 'Hesiod's *Pandora,*' (very soon to be executed); 'Cain and Abel;' 'Death of Palamon;' 'Prospero and Miranda when young;' '*Temple of Pleasure;*' 'Raphael and Satan' (Milton); a 'Bather (male),' and a '*Bather (female).*' The *last* was a pledge, to be amply enough redeemed in after years.

As indicated by these projects, the Painter was up to this period, a wider reader than in later years; when his Art,—and his own range of art,—had become his World: though he never wholly lost the faculty. Memoranda are frequent, of Books 'To be read,' as well as consulted: more in fact, than seems to have been achieved. The habit acquired as a Printer's apprentice had not been relinquished by the Academy-student. Not forgetful of the Poets,—from Shakspere, Ariosto, Tasso, Beaumont and Fletcher, downwards,—the lists comprise, also, books of Travel,—in Italy, Greece, &c.; books on his Art,—Fuseli, 'Howard On Clouds,' &c.; together with a miscellaneous assortment of 'Standard authors,' from pregnant Plutarch down to 'moral and instructive' Aikin.

From Moral and 'Improving' writers, the Painter drew notable delight and edification; to judge by the quotations carefully engrossed 'in favour of Religion and Virtue:' colourless and conventional.—Such as, 'To youth it particularly belongs to be gene-

'rous in sentiment,' &c.,—'undesigning in behavi-'our,—open to the most favourable constructions of 'opinion and conduct.' This latter charitable habit of judging, there was little need to inculcate on himself. The tendency came naturally. Because, indeed, tallying with his own convictions, these blank counters, he mistook for golden coin. It is characteristic of the man to see him copying out, with due gusto, encomiums on 'fortitude, Temperance, and 'Self-denial,'—or on the benefits of possessing 'a 'quiet conscience, one's Time one's own, with freedom 'from inordinate Passions;'—or philosophical reflections on 'the trifles from which spring the purest 'pleasures of life,—a prospect, a flower, a song.'—And so on.

The habit still clung to the Painter, and was hardly ever relinquished, of noting down, also Artistic excellences to be kept in view. Among the attributes and attainments continually impressed on his memory, as desiderata, with all the emphasis large writing and capital letters can lend; are 'FORM,'—for which 'the 'Antique and Fine Nature' must be consulted;—'EXECUTION,—DRAWING;' 'DRAPERY,—PROPORTION.'—'Raffaello,' 'the Skeleton,' &c., are to be studied;—'Power and Splendour' to be, if possible, compassed, in forthcoming pictures.

It was in 1820, Etty, now thirty-three, after having exhibited 'nine years to no purpose,' sent to the British Institution 'a small picture, highly finished 'and carefully wrought,' in which the attainment of some of these aims was at length to be recognised; one, in short, which made a 'considerable noise:' the

finished 'Sketch from Hesiod,' of *Pandora, formed by Vulcan and Crowned by the Seasons*. The finished Picture was not executed until his return from Italy. There are rough memoranda of the present date, for this very work:—'Art' is to be consulted for it,—'in the *Mercury*, the *Torso*, *Flora*, perhaps *Niobe*;' 'Nature,'—in 'one male,—*une femme*,—flowers,—a 'wing.' For the 'Drapery,' will be required 'yellow, 'blue, green, and purple,'—'silks,'—and 'a bit of red.'

Of the works accompanying this Sketch, one was a *Magdalen*: 'a small figure on her knees,' states a contemporary critic; 'hung too high' for said critic to hand posterity report thereof. *Hercules killing the Man of Calydo with a Blow of his Fist*, was the other: a theme of small intrinsic interest, whereof good use was made, in the display of careful drawing, carefully-toned colour, and developed powers of handling.

These pictures met with the favour of some Critics, and,—yet surer sign of improving Fame,—the abuse of others. One 'popular publication,' Carey relates, spoke of the *Pandora* as in 'Drawing bad, the Colour-'ing worse, the whole invention contemptible;' and of 'Mr. Etty's egregious vanity' as challenging 'the rod;' concluding with counsel that he should 'take to 'oysters and dead game.'—The writer meant point in this. Such gentleman-like, well-studied criticism was a current staple, thirty-three years' since. It has, I need scarcely add, wholly disappeared in our discerning day. The blind no longer lead the blind. Knavish quackery, vulgar personal enmity, no longer delude a gullible public, under the mask of Arbiters of Opinion,

literary and artistic. The random, or maniacal words of aimless Incompetence,—of men whose business is Speech, whether or not supplied with apprehension, or knowledge, of the matter in hand,—are no longer the Delphic Oracles of Drawing-rooms. We have left off applying for information to Dodona-Oaks—or Talking Wooden-heads. All, now-a-days, know a good picture, or book, when they see it; are not to be led by the nose. 'Like people like Priest'—and Critic.

The same year (1820), in which, at the British Gallery, the first *Pandora* began to draw attention to the name of ETTY, he followed up that 'little venture' by *another*, at the Academy;—the *Coral-Finders:* which 'made a still greater noise;' and deservedly.

On a page of the Sketch-book from which I have recently borrowed, I find the injunction, 'Do some-'thing out of your own head:' Howard and Baily given as its authors. Advice, which suggests to him two compositions '*à la Nature et de l'imagination:*' a happy scheme, whereof I take the *Coral-Finders* to have been the first-fruits.

The first adequate, and wholly free expression of the Painter's original genius, this Picture still holds place among the more poetic and graceful of his compositions: one in that choice, limited number, peculiar for the glow of Fancy inspiring them, whereof the *Youth at the Prow* is the most signal example. As to Colour and handling, the picture is in the clear, careful style, characterizing the first period of excellence in Etty's works. 'The Coral-Finders,—Venus and her 'youthful Satellites arriving at the Isle of Paphos;' so ran the Title;—a poetic suggestion fully borne out.

The unveiled Queen,—her full, half-recumbent form gleaming at the stern of the fancifully-wrought boat,—presides in calm dignity of sovereign loveliness. One arm is laid around the boy Cupid; who nestles at her side, and holds the helm. Two younger Beauties garlanded, sit embracing, at the other end: one, bright-eyed Pleasure herself, the other looking down, in careless *abandon*. A slender youth pushes with his oar. A winged child scatters roses from above. Two loosed-haired sea-nymphs looking back, float before the radiant prow; which glides gently through the calm water, toward the temple-crowned shore. A glimpse of painter's dream-land is the Scene, reviving a long-since vanished belief of human fancy, having still its fascination; revives it, as no 'Scholar,'—only poets,—can.

So creative a work might well have attracted even more notice than it did; might not unjustly have *established* the Painter's reputation. It only advanced it. It at once 'gained the admiration of the painters;' and promptly sold, an equally novel incident to the unknown Painter,—and welcome:—sold to Mr. Tompkinson, piano-forte maker, at the Painter's modest price, of £30. After having often changed hands, the same beautiful little picture commanded at Christie's, in 1819, 370 guineas.

No sooner had the *Coral-Finders* found a purchaser, than it was in request from a second admirer,—Sir Francis Freeling, then Secretary to the Post-office. To the latter, Etty quoted Shakspere's description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, as a subject whereof the conception lay floating in his mind; and

of which, declared himself ready to paint an analogous picture. Sir Francis, his first and kindest 'Patron,' straightway commissioned it.

For comrade on the Academy's walls, *Venus and her Youthful Satellites* had a picture, of slightly different calibre,—*Drunken Barnaby:*—in the 'Domestic' vein; with an antique, Village ale-houseas a feature in the scene; and for incident, a suggestion from a noted Old Book, *Barnabæ Itinerarium*,—'Drunken Barnaby's Journeys to the North of England.'—

> 'Mihi mirus affuit status,
> A duobus sum portatus,'

is the text: with what success depicted, the present Biographer has no means of reporting. A Portrait ('Miss Wallace'), painted in this year, not *exhibited* till 1849, shows the influence of Etty's old Master yet surviving. It might almost be taken for a letter Lawrence: chalky, but with something of the growing Colourist's richer glow,—gleams from a golden clime; graceful in manner, and refined. Another Portrait, in the Lawrence manner,—dating from this or the following year,—I have seen: a study of a Child, sweet in feeling, but lacking force.

The *Coral-Finders* was the last picture painted in Surrey-street: whence, he in 1820, removed to Bishop's, — *alias* Lambeth, *alias* Stangate,—Walk, (No. 16), Westminster Bridge. In these modest Lambeth lodgings were painted more than one since-celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*. To them he adhered, until Fortune had fairly begun to smile on him, five years later.

The leading event of the following year, (1821), marking it as memorable among the years, was the

completion of the most important and elaborate work Etty had hitherto attempted,—a further and greater success: the now famous *Cleopatra*, a bolder flight of Fancy than the *Coral-Finders*; tasking far more his powers, both of conception and execution.—'One morning,' says Mr. Leslie, 'he awoke famous:' 'the morning after the opening of the Academy Ex-'hibition,' in which that 'splendid composition' had first revealed to the world the true scope of his genius. Or, as the *Autobiography* modestly puts it: 'it made a great impression in my favour;' attracting crowds, indeed, to the spot in which it hung. Sir Thomas Lawrence 'jocularly said to me, "they,"—'*the public*,—"leave Mark Antony,"—meaning himself,—"whistling in the market-place, and go to gaze "on your *Cleopatra!*" The "old *Times*" even 'deigned to notice me; though as much in the 'shape of a castigation as any other. But still, the '*Times* noticed me! I felt my chariot wheels were 'on the right road to fame and honour. And I now 'drove on like another Jehu.'—As there was need. The hour was late,—getting on to noon. A good deal of time had to be made up.

Cleopatra's 'Arrival in Cilicia' is the moment chosen. The description in Plutarch which formed the basis of Etty's painted poem is itself luxuriant in Picture.—'She sailed along the river Cydnus in a 'magnificent galley. The stern was covered with 'gold. The sails were of purple, and the oars of silver. 'These in their motion kept time to the music of flutes, 'and pipes, and harps. The Queen, in the dress and 'character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered

'with gold; while boys, like painted Cupids, stood 'fanning her, on each side of the sofa. Her maids, 'habited like the Nereides and the Graces, assisted in 'the steerage and conduct of the vessel. The fragrance 'of incense, vast quantities of which were burnt on 'the deck, was diffused along the shores; which 'were covered with multitudes of people.'—A gay vision, well suited to Etty's sunny fancy. And to its embodiment, his special attainment in painting feminine form happily lent itself. Almost an embarrassment of riches is the subject: a subject beset by distraction and difficulty, when its tangible realization is in question. In a scene so amply celebrated by History and Poetry, it is well if the Painter do not knock his shins against vain expectation. In themes like the *Coral-Finders*, where he is Poet on his own account, and sole *Maker*, lies his more favourable opportunity. The wide suggestions of *words* have on such as *Cleopatra* lavished all, and more than all, the pomp and beauty, any Painter—with the brush,—can command. It was Etty's rare success to achieve a picture capable of hanging beside the written ones of Plutarch and of Shakspere; of bearing the test: not to be '*put out*' by *their* vague opulence of colour, and evanescent lights. His is an extension of their Canvas, not a limitation: a free translation of the story into Painter's Language; having its own new interest. A drama, abounding in episode and lyric fancy it is. A gorgeous fulness characterizes the radiant dream,—that golden Argosy.

In this, as in all his pictures, Etty busied himself with more important matters, than mere archæological

accuracy:—the lifeless virtue which in modern art often stands for, certainly benumbs, creative activity. There is plenty of the 'spirit which maketh alive,' little of 'the letter which killeth.' Among the accessories, are introduced *Classic* temples;—with a sprinkling of *Egyptian* ornament. The scene was, in truth, removed from the literal Cilicia of the Chronicle, to the uncertain dream-land of Poetry, to which the Story,—though an Historical one,—may be said to legitimately belong.

Sir Francis Freeling subsequently induced Etty materially to alter the *Cleopatra* from its original state; to drape the Tritons, &c.:—vain doctoring, which he lived to regret.

The price received by the Painter for his second master-piece has been stated to have been 200 guineas; was, I believe, a much smaller sum. At the sale of Sir Francis's pictures, it was bought by Mr. Farrer the dealer: who after refusing double the amount he had himself given, registered his vow it should not escape under the great price of 1,000 guineas. Which sum, was a few years ago paid by Mr. Labouchere. A true story of progress, in the estimation and money-value of Etty's works: not solitary, we shall find!

At the 'British,' in this year, a small picture from a Theme which proved a life-long favourite with Etty, —*Cupid and Psyche*,—has for text, the same lines from *Comus*, which, twenty-three years later, suggested a portion of his ill-fated Fresco, *Hesperus*.—

* * 'far above, in spangled sheen,
'Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd,
'Holds his dear Psyche.' * *

In a Report of 'Keeper' Fuseli's to the Council of the Academy, at the close of 1821, after noticing general improvements in the 'Life'-School,—progress, from 'a total oblivion of *Form*,' towards 'remembrance of its style and beauties, with the 'addition of its real substance and Colour;' and after justifying the practice of painting from Life at Night, by the example of Tintoretto, and by the facilities offered for realizing 'decided masses of chiaroscuro' and 'golden lights;' the veteran takes occasion warmly to commend the indefatigable Etty's devotion to such practice.—'I should think myself guilty of neglect, 'were I not,—among those who pursue this method,—'to mention Mr. Etty; whose unwearied perseverance 'of application, and steady method, well deserve to 'serve as an example to his fellow-students.' The original M.S. of this Report,—in Fuseli's crabbed, almost undecipherable handwriting,—presented by Fuseli's executors to Etty, was carefully preserved by him. Among Etty's papers, I also find, copied from Fuseli's Lectures, an enumeration,—which of course jumped with his own views,—of the advantages of painting from the Life by candle-light:—a light, wherein objects are seen 'in a greater breadth of 'Light and Shadow,' as well as 'a greater breadth 'and uniformity of Colour;' in which 'Nature ap-'pears in a higher style, and even the Flesh to take 'a higher and richer tone of colour:' facts, on which Etty's long series of nocturnal studies was to prove an eloquent commentary.

To about this date, belongs a private Confession of contrition for some temporary, moral backsliding:

a Confession, exceedingly characteristic of the writer, and which expressively illustrates the Simplicity of Heart, and loyalty to Conscience, at the root of that purity, unquestionably the Habit of his Life. The reader must bear in mind that in Etty's case, there was what ninety-nine out of a hundred (men) would, among themselves, reckon little or nothing to confess. Whatever casual or solitary transgression may be here alluded to, the general tenor of Etty's life was chaste and blameless; notoriously to all his friends, such. 'In Morals, a model man,' declare all who knew him:—his, an 'exemplary career."

'Having now,' he soliloquizes (on paper), 'fully 'ascertained and proved the inadequacy of Immoral 'pursuits to the giving Happiness or pleasure; and felt 'keenly their destructive effect to all peaceable, pure, 'good, and true enjoyment of God's Works: it is my 'firm determination to resume my self-denying princi-'ples. And I desire ardently to make myself accept-'able to Him who made me. Which determination, 'I pray God assist me to keep: knowing that without 'His assistance I am truly weak, and unable "to fight 'the good fight." Let me therefore say in my heart,— 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto 'him, *Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and 'before Thee, And am no more worthy to be called Thy 'son: Make me as one of thy hired servants.*"— 'And may God please to incline His ear to my 'Prayer, and strengthen my weakness! So that, I 'fail not in running this important Race, which He 'has set before me. Teach me, I pray Thee, O God! 'ever to conquer and command those passions which

'war against our peace, and corrupt the purity and 'innocence of the soul. And teach me, ever to look 'up to Thee as my Father and Strength. For Thy 'ways are surely "Ways of Pleasantness, and all Thy 'paths are Peace."'

Thoughts of his Art, in Etty's mind never separable from others, are witnessed by the ejaculations:—LINE! TOUCH! which, in characters of print, follow.—'Intel-'lectual joys:—pure unmixed delight' is a further entry. Then, further good resolutions.—'It will 'be right:—That you attend some place of worship 'every Sunday; that you avoid every tendency to 'the vice of swearing, and giving way to petty pas-'sions, which ruffle the surface of life, and sour the 'disposition.'—

The *Cleopatra* must reckon as a second step in the track so happily indicated by the *Coral-Finders*. Most of the productions finished the ensuing year (1822), are minor flowers from the same smiling garden of Fancy.—*Venus and Cupid Descending;—Cupid and Psyche Descending;—Cupid sheltering his Darling from the approaching Storm;—Venus at the Bath*, (*not* exhibited, wherein figure, again, the favourite *Dramatis Personæ*, Psyche and her Lover): these, together form a bright and graceful Posy;—all, in the fanciful and Pretty, rather than Imaginative strain; all, small, in size, also. Etty's leaning at this period was more and more, to brevity of Canvas. The *Cleopatra* itself was small; considering the elaborate-ness of the composition and number of figures intro-duced.

In addition, at the British Institution, appeared a

first sketch for *Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm*, (1-ft. 9, by 1-ft. 6), materially varying, I believe, in Composition, from the celebrated Picture of ten years' later date; also, *Young St. Catherine*,—'a Study.' At the Academy, *Cupid and his Darling* was accompanied by a lingering essay in the 'Domestic,'—*Maternal Affection.*

The *Cupid and Psyche* pieces belong to a very attractive class of Etty's works: gems of light, sportive feeling; in execution, pearl-like, and clear. The *Venus Descending* is not in idea—or 'Motive,' so naïve and interesting; but in the expression of it, the Painter's art that is,—general treatment, Colour, Design,—equally fascinating; notwithstanding some faulty heaviness of form in the principal figure. A stipple Engraving, by Sevier,—the only engraving from a work of his own wherein Etty himself ever took much content,—appeared two years later: recommended at the foot, by a jigging quatrain of Nonsense-Verses, 'sweet' and silly, about 'Eyes beaming bright,' 'regions of light,' &c. Of being Accessory to the admission whereof, our Painter cannot well be acquitted, I fear.

From *Cupid and Psyche Descending*, painted for Sir Francis Freeling, a small engraving was executed for Alaric Watts's *Lyrics of the Heart*. And one has since appeared in Hall's *Book of Gems*.

These Pictures are all characterized by a careful and cautious style of Finish,—the only method as yet appropriate. For still, it was with care, he painted at his best.—A Style, at this date carried to great perfection, it conspicuously distinguishes works of the

period from those of subsequent execution; when, even greater facility and power, of Hand, had been acquired. With *them*, ceases Etty's first successful 'Manner.' New influences are about radically to modify it. And the firmly-painted pictures of his next period,—also one of Finish, but of *swift* finish,—are in a bolder and larger manner as well as size.

The sun-rise of Success was in this year streaked with Cloud. His crosses at the Exhibitions had not ceased. Though an Exhibitor of eleven years' standing, his works do not command honourable places. The *Coral-Finders* and *Cleopatra* themselves had made their way to notice by intrinsic merit, not by favour of Hanging Committees. Of the pictures last particularized, that sent to the Academy, *Cupid sheltering his Darling*,—now in Mr. Sheepshank's Collection,—met with a 'decidedly worse place' than its predecessor, the *Cleopatra*. Etty set much store by this small picture; and with cause. It is a flawless piece of Painter's-work, inimitably lovely; in sentiment, fresh, and captivating, as a Fancy of Drayton's or Herrick's. *He* even imagined, 'though 'not so extensive a Composition, it was perhaps a more 'complete Picture than the *Cleopatra*.'—'I took at 'least more pains with the parts.' And reasonably, he feels it 'mortifying,' (writing subsequently to Sir Thomas Lawrence), 'after having studied so many 'years, and with such application: a Picture I had spent 'three months about,—and carefully studied each part 'from Nature,—should be judged worthy no better 'place than the Floor: to be hid by the legs of the 'spectators of a neighbouring and celebrated picture,

'and reflect its colour on their Boots.' He is 'con-'vinced,' 'more than half' the crowd surrounding it 'would have no idea such a picture existed.'—

The impression made the previous year had not been followed up. The *Cleopatra* had been succeeded by a few beautiful gems; by no work approaching it in obvious claim: which should *command* a good place, and rivet public attention. Here and there, however, a sagacious Critic was predicting he would one day turn out an Historical painter of mark. The *Cleopatra* had not it seems *proved* him one.

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CHAPTER VI.

TO ITALY AGAIN.—1822.

Pictures in Germ—The Dover Road—Paris—The Louvre: Life-long Impressions—Paris to Rome—Signal Heroism—A Torrid Summer—The Eternal City in August—Enduring Reminiscences: St. Peter's—The Vatican—A Piece of 'Effect'—Hears from a Patron: Notable Encouragement—More Self-Reminders.

In the previous year, a friend had visited Italy. His report, and promised Companionship, with some natural desire to repair former *lâches*, were doubtless, persuasions to the resolve Etty formed, amid dawning Reputation, of hazarding a second attempt to see the wonders of Italian Art,—and profit by them; so, perhaps, add the last stroke to his tardy Success. This time, his Heart did *not* fail him,—though hardly in good case at the period of starting. His stay abroad lasted nearly Two Years, instead of the Six Months once contemplated.

In the company of this same friend, Evans, an old fellow-student under Lawrence, he exchanged Lambeth for the Dover-road, June 24th, 1822. Towards the close of the first 'hot and dusty' ride, almost within sight of Dover, an oversight rose to mind; which, referring to a subsequently finished Picture of great beauty, has its interest even now.—'I recol-'lected,'—he acquaints his Brother,—'I wished much 'to take a tracing (in ink, on silver-paper, varnished,)

'of the group, *Hylas and the Nymphs*. You have seen 'the *design* on canvas. It is a *tracing of that design*, '—of the principal Group. If you could take a walk 'to-night or to-morrow, you will find it on the third 'shelf from the top of my Print-closet,—or it may 'be the fourth. There is another sheet,' adds the methodic Etty, 'on the same shelf: with *these* two 'little figures and some trees traced; which might be useful.'—

This latter, was, to judge by Etty's rough diagram, a *Cupid and Psyche*. The *Hylas* was evidently a first conception of the picture painted in 1833,—eleven years later. The Sketch again, for a still more important work, the *Temple of Vice*, (of 1832), was among those thrown off before he quitted England. One, for the *Youth at the Prow* (also, of 1832), had, we have seen, been already exhibited. A Pen-and-ink sketch, in an early Note-book, of *Phædria and Cymochles*, I trace to about 1820;—and to about the same date, rough plans of the Composition of the *Combat*, and of *Benaiah*. His head would seem to have been teeming with Things of Beauty—and of Fair destiny, eventually. No wonder!—he was already Thirty-five: in the prime of Life, though not of his Career,—of his physical, though not quite of his artistic powers. The Italian expedition was, to some extent, an interruption of schemes germinating in his opening Fancy, and of the course prosperously struck out in the *Coral-Finders*, the *Cleopatra*, and their graceful satellites. But his powers of Execution were to be enlarged. And during the whole period of Absence the concep. ns of many an after-work

continued to mature in his mind. The frequently-repeated, rough scrawls, for the Second *Pandora*, for the *Combat*, *Benaiah*,—and others,—mingling in his Italian Sketch-books with jottings from Sculpture and Pictures seen, show his mind busily occupied, amid all engagements, on the Composition and other elements of those works:—more especially of the *Pandora* and the *Combat*. It was from these causes,—and Etty *always* ruminated long on his conceptions,—and from the perfected power and facility, acquired by a course of Technical study unparalleled for long duration, his subsequent works were executed so swiftly: weeks and months sufficing for achievements, which might, in other hands, have taken years. The basis was settled, before he began a picture.

Even before forsaking English soil, the Marvels of Travel commence. On the way from Lambeth, he caught sight of a phenomenon,—not so familiar in 1822 as in 1853,—'a *Steam-boat*, smoking away down 'the River;' also, 'near Dover, on the brow of a hill, 'a Sloop, apparently sailing: which, we understood, 'was an experiment of making Vessels sail on dry 'land. It had wheels, and when on the right tack, 'seemed to get on very well.'—This feat of 'making 'vessels sail on dry land' is not, like the other, still to be seen, 'getting on very well.'

His voyage across the Straits was shorter than the last. The twenty-four hours of the Sailing-vessel were, in the '*Dasher*' Steam-packet, 'carrying His 'Majesty's mails,' commuted to 'three and a half.' After another 'hot and dusty ride,'—this Summer, they will all be 'hot and dusty,'—ride, through

'an unpicturesque country compared with England,' of 'two days and a night from Calais,' Paris, *viâ* Amiens, was reached. There, he stayed nearly three weeks, visiting his old friend Dagneaux,—Maker of Artists' brushes,—sketching in the Academy, and painting 'a little;' paying, of course, the orthodox dues to Louvre, Luxembourg, Tuilleries, and other Galleries; to the Jardin des Plantes, to 'splendid and 'extensive Versailles,' and such stock shows.—'We 'were yesterday,' he reports, (*June 28th, to his brother Walter*), 'seeing the Historic pictures of the French 'School in the Luxembourg.' There, he accounts 'Guérin, Régnault, &c., the best.'—'At night, to the '*Théâtre Feydeau*, a sort of Opera; after that, had 'some tea in the *Palais Royal*. We agreed to go 'where we could hear Music: as is frequently the 'case in the *Cafés*. After wandering about some 'time, heard music near, and looking up, saw a 'transparent sign, or lantern,—'*Café d'Harmonie;*'—'where we were promised to be waited on by "*Les* '*Nymphes de Calypse.*" Who could resist Tea,—'when they are thirsty,—Harmony, and the Nymphs 'of Calypso? We went,—I think on the second-'floor; where, in a gay Saloon, (with Concert of 'music,—an Organ, &c.), four or five Nymphs, dressed 'in white and blue and silver, brought punch, *café*, and tea. * * *

'To day' (Sunday), 'the French Exhibition,'—the Biennial exhibition of the French School at the Louvre,' is open: 'its last day; crowded, and 'hot to excess.'—He admits there are 'really some 'clever things.' Of the Portraits 'the less said, God

'knows! the better.' But the Historical efforts, he reckons, 'highly creditable to them;'—many, 'highly 'respectable' even. 'Large, immensely large' are some. To Etty, himself 'Historical'-minded, the 'mere attempt' and nothing more, seem well:—as 'Example,'—*not* as Warning. And it 'does his heart 'good, to see Painting and Sculpture made so much of, 'and run after as it is here.'

The general effect of the Louvre is, to him, as to most people, 'magnificent: Saloon after Saloon filled 'with ancient and modern pictures and statues; and 'those saloons laid out in the most splendid manner.'—'Amongst the Old Masters, Rubens' Luxembourg 'Pictures look more splendid than ever,' he thinks. 'And with all its losses, the Louvre is yet a fine and 'splendid National Gallery.—I wish we had anything 'like it in England.' Six years had passed since his first acquaintance with the famous Gallery, in the autumn of 1816.—'I wish,' exclaims Etty in a long subsequent York Lecture, (1839),—'I wish I could im-'part even a faint recollection of the impression made 'on my mind by' that 'First Sight of the Louvre, 'many years ago.—After entering its portal, and 'being accosted by the *portier*, you are struck with the 'magnificent *Escalier*;—its columns of marble, its 'lofty painted Ceiling, peopled with gods and god-'desses, and allegorical pictures,—its carved work and 'cornices of white and gold:—the Crowds pouring in 'and out, without money and without price. You feel 'almost overpowered, at first. But led on, through 'an ante-room full of pictures, to the grand expanse 'of the Great Room, containing the *Marriage in Cana*,

'by Paul Veronese, and other great works; you cast 'your eyes to the right, up the almost interminable 'Vista of its Long Gallery: filled with the spoils of 'Rome, Florence, Venice, Antwerp, and Holland,— 'the *chef-d'œuvres* of Art for many Centuries;— 'peopled with busts of the Master-Spirits who pro- 'duced them,'—Spirits, 'enshrined in a temple worthy 'of them. This, indeed, was a Triumph of Art. Its 'impression can never be forgotten. Then below, 'were the noble Halls of Grecian sculpture: Gods 'severe in majesty, and Goddesses smiling in 'Beauty,—in ancient Parian marble, hallowed by 'Time; the ceilings enriched with paintings, the 'floors, of coloured marbles, the walls lined with '*bassi-relievi*. From open doors, into the garden, 'you caught a glimpse of verdure, freshness, and 'Sunshine.'

Ever, 'among the most pleasurable and spirit- 'stirring moments of my existence,' date the 'times 'when, in the upper part of the Long Gallery of 'the Louvre, I was riveted in contemplating the '*chef-d'œuvres* of Raffaello, Titian, Correggio, Salva- 'tor Rosa, Paolo Veronese, and other Great Masters 'of the Italian and Venetian Schools; and hearing 'the military Music,—in tones by distance made more 'sweet,—play before the Palace of the Tuileries.'

In the Louvre, he had met 'two fellow-students,— 'Elton a painter, and Bonomi the sculptor, on their 'way to Rome:' who 'started a day before us;' but have had 'such a taste of the heat and dust,' they talk of 'returning.'—An omen of the writer's after-troubles.

* * 'The rest of my time in Paris, going to the 'Academy in the morning, early, then breakfasting 'with Bonomi:'—reports the Diary, (*July* 1*st*). Until entering Rome, Etty kept a meagre Journal,—again, for a few days, in Naples, and, a few weeks, in Venice:—like all his Diaries, mere disjunct Notes, suggestive to himself, only. It shows him, however, though no traveller born, not insensible,—any more than on his first acquaintance with the route, six years before,—to the characteristics of the famous Scenery through which he passed:—the 'delicious Colour of 'the distant Mountains,'—'beautiful and tremen-'dous aspects of Light and Shade,'—or 'grand effect 'of Masses,' to be encountered among the Swiss Valleys. Nor, again,—said Journal with copious incoherence testifies,—to the 'Tartarean savageness and 'horror' of that 'stupendous Barrier,' the Simplon;—of those 'awful chasms and tremendous depths,' above and amid which, he journeys: while the 'thunder of cataracts,' 'scream of the young eagles,' 'sighing of the blasts,' alone break 'the silence of 'the vast Solitude.'

From Paris to Rome, time was not squandered by the way. He stopped a day at Geneva,—'taking leave 'of its azure Lake with regret;'—another at Milan; glanced admiringly at the Correggios of Parma, at the Guidos and Caracci of Bologna; and, in Florence, made a two days' halt: sketching in the Academy,—which he thinks 'a very nice' one, and paying 'his 'respects at the tomb of Michæl Angelo;' for whom, of all Italian Painters, next to the Venetians, he professed most veneration, and really felt an unfeigned

sympathy. Of what he saw at the Pitti Palace, the Colourist longest remembered the Rubens and Venetian pictures; one 'lovely portrait,' by Titian, in particular, 'of a Lady,—of the most divine colour: 'the dress, of a laky hue, slashed with blue, and 'embroidered with gold delicately; her hair "flowing 'gold;" a gold chain on her neck.'—A Picture, *not* unknown to Fame.

On the route from Florence, five long days' acquaintance with the Apennines had to be endured: our travellers courageously taking 'the most hilly 'road,—shorter by about a day.' In an 'immense 'Forest, *said* to be twenty *miles* in *depth!*' by the Lago Bolsena, 'and flanking part of the road,' they descried ominous precautions: men burning the trees to 'prevent the Banditti having *too great a* 'chance over travellers.'—The Painter congratulates himself and friends, on having escaped 'unmolested' from these 'strange scenes:'—uncaptured, unstiletto'd.

At home, among humbler and familiar scenes, his perceptions of beauty and of Nature were lively and intense. But these intervals of Continental travel,—between Gallery and Gallery, Academy and Academy,—however alluring the scene, or suggestive, were to him, as to many else, a Business: so much difficulty and discomfort, to be 'got through;' rather than novel and fertile experience, worth living and enjoying. From an Italian Summer and Italian '*Alberghi*,' the Englishman suffered much. Such Troubles, however inconsiderable a figure they make on paper, assume, when they come to be experienced, greater

consequence with us all. The 'Accommodations' of the sweet South find no more favour in his eyes, than in 1816. The Inns,—'after Florence,' he pronounces 'wretched, to a degree unthought of'—in decent England. To his English Tea and English comforts, Etty, we have before seen, was fondly devoted. He now tells a pathetic tale of martyrdom† of heroic Journeys along stony mountain-roads, forced marches at early dawn; of fasting stomach and sore bones; daily Privation—of butter and of milk.—'It was some-'times, almost more than I could stand: to rise at 'three in the morning, day after day, and travel till 'twelve or one, under a burning sun; without Break-'fast, or a cup of coffee. * * We both, however, bore 'it with considerable fortitude?' Brave travellers!—'At Noon, you arrive: not to be ushered into a clean 'parlour as in England,—with your meal ready. But 'the fowls and pigeons are to catch, to kill, to pick, 'to boil, and roast; and perhaps, the fire to make. This 'is for those who take *déjeûners à la fourchette.*'—Even though it be deferred till noon, Etty must Breakfast orthodoxly; *must* 'necessarily take some-'thing a little like a cup of coffee or tea, to keep up 'in travelling health. Then, how happy for the 'moment, we were, if we could find a spoonful of milk, 'or a morsel of butter as big as a walnut. But no! 'we were too often answered,—"*Ah! non c'è latte,*" '*non c'è butiro.*" Well! we set our kettle,'—Etty had not forgotten to bring his Tea and tea-kettle,—'set our tea-kettle on the fire, if no coffee and milk 'could be had: and found it a useful friend. We 'used an egg for milk; with a little sour bread

'without butter, and some tea, managed to allay for 'the moment our burning thirst:—and all was right 'again. I was ready to start, ere the others had 'well eaten their soup,—*their* first dish. On the 'road, we often, like the soldiers of Gideon, stooped 'our heads to the Lake or Mountain-stream.'—

'Oh! what a way it is!' exclaims the thirsty adventurer: 'roads that seem without end, o'er mountains, 'valleys, rocks; by lakes and streams.'—And it is the Sultriest of Summers. The 'oldest Italians scarcely 'remember its equal. Most of the rivers have not 'a drop of water in them. The country is burnt up 'in many places, till it is like an arid desert.' The sun smites sore on our panting wayfarers; leaving an enduringly 'warm impression' on their minds. 'Such 'a penetrating power,' it has, they are fain to alight and 'cut down branches of trees,' to pile on the top of their cabriolet as a Refrigerator.—'One might almost 'have said with Satan, "O sun! to tell thee how I ''hate thy beams."' The wind itself 'feels often like 'the breath of an oven,' keeping them 'in a cloud of 'dust,' and sending them to their journey's end, 'as 'dusty as millers, and hot as gas-men.'—Ever and anon, in these Letters, Etty breaks out into iterations as to the Heat; and stories of travellers,—nay, Indian 'military officers,' who 'have had such a sickening,' their hearts fail them, and they return Home.—'Hot 'and thirsty!' the recurrent exclamation of his Diary, and Chronic experience, apparently might serve as Motto for the Summer's travel.

After a three weeks' journey, under a July sun, from sultry Paris through sultry Lombardy and Tus-

cany, our Travellers,—who subsequently to Siena, find '*La bella Italia*' a 'most mountainous, arid, and 'desolate country,'—on the evening of August 10th, conquer 'the brow of a Hill:' beyond which, 'ROME 'spreads its towers on the barren Plain, backed by 'noble Mountains, now of a hot purple and rosy 'hue:'—the surrounding country 'the colour of dust.' —'To a man of *your* splendid imagination,' (he is writing to Sir Thomas Lawrence), Etty fears 'the 'first impression of Rome,'—a name which vaguely fills so large a place in all minds,—'would scarcely accord with those

"Sights such as youthful Poets dream."'

For himself, he 'had lately heard some tolerably 'correct descriptions;'—had 'consequently, lowered 'somewhat' his old anticipations.—'And I don't 'know that I was disappointed.'

He had been warned, it was 'as much as his Life 'was worth' to 'enter Rome at this season.' The malaria raging, the city was deserted by English persons;—by all who could get away.—'But I had vowed 'in my heart, ere I left my Country, I would reach 'Rome, should it cost me my Life:' more already, having been guilty of so notable a failure, in the attempt to do so.

Arrived within the *Porta del Popolo*, 'I could not 'do less than take off my cap, and salute the ground 'of Rome.' The 'lofty Obelisk of Egyptian granite,' the fountains, and 'two noble Churches' flanking the Corso's entrance, are hastily admired. The passports surrendered, and the Douanier-ordeal well over, a 'good cup of tea, and a bit of beef-steak,' refresh the

hearts of famished Englishmen. After a relishing British meal or two, they find themselves in trim to explore and adequately marvel at the 'most magni-'ficent Temple the world offers to the Deity,'—it and its appurtenances: the imposing approach of colonnade, obelisk, and fountain, 'the immense Flight of Steps;' Statues and Mosaics 'of colossal proportions,' and columns 'of astonishing magnitude.'—St. Peter's is, every feature of it, in the Superlative degree,—as to size.—

'Those who have crossed the Bridge of St. Angelo, 'peopled with statues,—when the hot sun is shining,'. Etty, writing seventeen years later, forgets not to mention,—'will know, as I do, that it was no joke; 'and' will have hailed 'with pleasure the sight of 'the noble Fountains throwing up in the sunshine 'their copious volumes of water, glittering 'like 'silver; spreading freshness and coolness around.'—The 'three flights of steps to its Portal' ascended,—'lift the massive leathern Curtain:—and you are 'approaching the sanctuary and Tomb of St. Peter; 'round which a thousand golden lamps burn, like 'the Vestal Fires, eternally. * * A glorious 'Temple.'—And when the music of the Mass swells 'the Dome and mighty aisles; when Italian sunshine 'lights up its golden glories: you confess its effect 'unrivalled, and overpowering.'

The *Capella Sistina* of Michael Angelo,—on whom our discerning Painter delays not to 'confer that 'palm of superiority,' he, 'in expectation, had already' conferred,—the Raphaels of the Vatican, and other World-Wonders, were, under the skilful guidance

of his friend, swiftly inspected;—'twice as much as 'I should have done alone:'—seen, at the cost of some exhaustion, and much 'running about,'—'at 'this season no' sinecure.

Returning to his reminiscences of these things in 1839, we get a summary of his First Impressions, as corrected by later ones, and matured by Memory.—

'Let us leave St. Peter's, and go up that *Scala* on 'the right, so sunny, light, and golden. You reach 'the open Corridor, painted by Raffaello and his 'Scholars, in beautiful Arabesque. Above, in the 'coloured ceilings, are subjects from the Bible by 'Raphael. And there are others, of a moral tendency; 'of which I have only a slight recollection. They are 'allegorical. Man is represented. In some, naked: 'tigers, lionesses, and beasts of prey,—his passions and 'appetites,—are fawning on him; while he, (like Mr. 'Van Amburgh of our time), keeps them in subjection. 'And he sits in peace, like Adam in Paradise, under 'the vine and fig-tree. In others, the sad reverse is 'portrayed. They no longer are subject to him, but 'he to them: and they tear him in pieces.—Let us 'knock at that door. "*Entrate, Signor!*" says the '*Custode:* and you are in the temple of the genius of 'Raffaello. There, are his celebrated works:—the '*School of Athens*,—the Philosophers disputing and 'promulgating their Doctrines;—*Heliodorus*, driven 'from the Temple;—the *Incendio del Borgo*;—Paul 'and Peter stopping the Army of *Attila*, and saving 'Rome. Over the window behind, is the glorious 'picture of the *Angel* delivering *Peter from Prison*.—'See with what awe he is following his celestial guide,

'who leads him by the hand; stepping over the guards 'that sleep in their path. In the centre-part, the 'awakening St. Peter from a deep sleep. On the right, 'he leads him forth: On the left, the soldiers watching 'on the outside, under the dim and cloudy light of 'the half moon, have been disturbed by the passing 'of the angel into the prison. One has been dazzled 'by the effulgence flashing on his armour, and is, for 'a moment, blinded, and puts his arm before his 'eyes; but, alarmed, is rousing his fellows. Such, the 'dramatic invention and power of Raphael. * *

'Let us pass on to the galleries of Statues, lit by 'the light of Italian skies,—that golden hue, peculiar 'to her happy climate. There, are Figures, in marble 'of all colours, from the Parian white to the deepest 'black; from the lowest animal up to the *Apollo* '*Belvidere*. And there he stands in his sanctuary,— 'every inch a God. Majestic he moves! What 'nobleness in his gait; what godlike proportion of 'limb; beauty of countenance! in his nostril, 'prowess and disdain.' * * 'There, the *Laocoon* 'and his sons, struggling with serpents. There, 'another silver fountain cools the air.—From yon 'open balcony, the eye steals from the wonders of 'Art to the beauties of Nature:—the Alban moun- 'tains, the hills of Apennine. How balmy, genial, 'the air! how calm, how dignified the scene: Gal- 'leries thronged with statues, walls rich in bassi- 'relievi, ceilings glowing with painting. You listen 'to the dash of fountains and the distant bells.— 'Such are some of the many wonders of the 'Vatican.'

In one of Etty's rambles round the famous City, a telling little scene, accidentally lighted on, made an appeal to the Painter's Fancy, such as failed not to be noted. * * 'At the close of an Italian Summer's 'day, as Evans and I were wandering in a remote 'quarter of Rome, on the other side the Tiber, we 'strolled, about twilight, into a Church: not a very 'large or frequented one, seemingly. As there is 'generally something in a Painter's way in Italian 'churches, we walked up, nearly to the High Altar. 'Turning my eyes to the left, they were there riveted. 'In a recess, a gleam of departing light came from an 'unseen source, and illumined a Group of Figures in 'white Marble. Below, in the shade, one of the 'Monks of the adjoining Convent, in brown Capuchin 'habit, was seated; watching an ever-burning lamp 'that glimmered—in the dark sarcophagus below,— 'in a crystal of the shape of a heart. The silence, 'the gloom, the gleam of Twilight,—with here and 'there at a distance, a solitary Devotee or two kneel- 'ing and whispering their vespers:—all, combined to 'turn our attention to the Group; one of the most 'impressive we had ever seen.—A beautiful female, 'faint, on the bed of Death, her pure hands laid on 'her pure heart, seems breathing out her soul to her 'Creator. A group of Seraphim hovering round, are 'waiting to conduct it to His presence. * * It was 'one of those things that sink into the heart.'—

In Rome, Etty was overtaken by a Commission, from one of the few Patrons,—'Patron' and amateur,—he had left behind. Commission to paint, '*While in the transparent atmosphere of Italy,*'

(potent specific), 'a finished Sketch, or finished Pic-'ture.' The subject,—of course 'Historic,'—to be one which had taken strongest hold of the Painter, since his environment by the 'Classic beauties of the 'South;' and such as will 'require the addition of a 'Landscape.' Said Landscape, the honest gentleman would like 'to be some magnificent Scene on a River 'or Lake, with a distant shore,—and a celebrated Ruin 'in the middle distance.' In size, the picture is to match one already commenced:—and to be 'similar 'in shape at top.'

The Painter's scale of remuneration at this period looks *now* fabulous. The maximum to which intelligent Patron's 'Pocket' limits his proposed encouragement of our Painter's 'high talents,' on 'this occa-'sion'—of the 'finished sketch,' *or Picture*, one of considerable size, and to comprise many figures over and above the 'classic Landscape':—is £25. A Fortune is scarcely to be realized at that rate;—nor a Livelihood. The Patron in question was, however, an admirer and buyer, when buyers and admirers were scarce. Two other Commissions,—subject uncertain,—he wishes his 'name down' for, at the same time. So promising and obscure a genius might be advantageously worked, before Fame and a fair price arrive. This munificent encouragement puts Etty 'in good spirits,' he writes home. An order from another quarter 'for a small Copy,' he, under auspices so favourable, can afford to turn over to another; does not find 'worth his while.'

Whether anything ever came of these Commissions does not transpire. One received from the same

Patron before Etty left England, for which a first conception had been sketched, was not executed till his genius was better known, and commanded a better price. The proposed reward did not, perhaps, on consideration, prove inspiriting. The 'Patronage' which smiled on Etty during the earlier part of his career, was, assuredly, of no hot-house temperature, designed to 'force' the tender blossom of an artist's Fancy,—in the sequel enervating it. Amid this polar sunshine, as before, in the bracing air of Neglect, a less hardy plant would scarcely have thriven. Circumstance, on which a strong genius thrives, kills off the weakly blossoms out of hand.

On the fly-leaves of the Diary kept from London to Rome, occur memoranda, evidently entered at the outset, of Habits to be adhered to during absence. They are in the customary spirit: self-reminders, such as he never wearied of iterating.—

'Lose no opportunity of drawing, painting, or 'Improvement.'

'Sir Joshua says, "Always have your Porte-crayon 'in your hand."'—

Cited apparently, as Example, is the 'Industry 'of young Cockerell,'—the Architect,—a fellow-student, then.

'Avoid, above everything, the loose habits and 'vicious manners of the Italians:' is one earnest admonition. Of a humbler, but useful, class of Ethics, is the maxim, 'Study Economy!' no inappropriate resolution, in one, travelling on advances from a Brother, who was content to accept the Painter's Future as his Security.—Again: 'Don't

'drink too much tea.' Warnings against excess in the latter particular, recur in Etty's Diaries, down to a very late period of life; accompanied often, by resolutions to resort to the more innocent diet of 'bread and milk:' whereon, health fared better.

Among more general Rules of Conduct, recurs many an old favourite.—'Labour always to promote 'the best interests of our nature,' is one precept wherewith he stimulates Aspiration. And he delights to soliloquize emphatically with himself: as to 'the 'utmost excellence at which Humanity can arrive,' being, 'a constant and determinate pursuit of 'Virtue,—without regard to present dangers or 'advantage;—a continual reference of every action 'to the Divine Will; * * and an unvaried straining 'of the eye to that Reward which Perseverance only 'can obtain.'—The principles enjoined on himself in 1822, are in substance, those recommended to others, in the *Autobiography* of 1848.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES; ROME.

Flight: A Contrast—Word-Pictures—An Achievement: Vesuvius—Father Francesco—The Crater—The Entombed Cities—Rome in October—Canova—Work in Earnest—Criticism: Heterodoxy—Guercino—Modern Italian Art—Students in Clover.

After a fortnight's defiance of *Malaria* and homage to Michæl Angelo, in sketching (roughly) from whom, much of his time was spent, Etty,—parting company with his Friend, who cared not 'to risk the Banditti 'a *second* time,'—took flight for Naples: travelling 'two nights and greater part of a day,' over a road 'the most infamous in Italy;'—'sometimes, through 'gloomy Forest Scenes, which would have just suited 'Mary Ann Radcliff. A single lamp in front served 'to show dimly where we went.' An 'accident with 'our wheel' is not, of course, wanting to an Italian journey: stopping them, 'in the middle of the night.' The ill aspect of the route much impresses his imagination.—'The mountains of Terracina come down to 'the road-side,' with, in parts, 'the Sea on the other. '*They* are the celebrated resort of the Brigands. 'And the dress of the Peasants is here the genuine 'Banditti-cut. The courier to Rome travels with 'an escort of Dragoons. Some of the small towns 'are the most villainous holes you can conceive.'—

Leaving Malaria and gloom behind, Etty appreciated the movement and spirit of Naples: its contrast to the 'quiet and desolate solemnity of Rome.' 'Bustling, active, volatile, noisy, cheating,' its streets seem 'whirlpools' of Life. 'All trades are carrying 'on. Punchinello reigns in his glory.' Beyond, spreads the calm Bay. And 'Vesuvius rises in smoky 'majesty, crowned with flame.' During his three weeks' stay, he busied himself in sketching at the Museum, after 'the fine Antiques dug from Pompeii and Herculaneum;'—'drew the *Tauro Farnese* in 'the Gardens by the Sea;' admired the 'famous 'group, in white marble, of *Dirce* tied by her 'Brothers to the horns of a wild Bull: full of action, 'animation, and beauty.' Of the Paintings, few, but good, he long after continued to remember 'Cor-'reggio's *Marriage of St. Catherine with the Infant* '*Saviour*, a sweet little gem, of which there is a 'Print;—a *Madonna*, with Child on her lap, by Cor-'reggio;—and the *Dance* of Titian.' He at the time, singled out, and made a 'Sketch in oil,' of one,—which of the two, I know not,—of these Correggios. By the numerous places of mark within reach, he did his Duty: 'landed in the Elysian fields, sailed across 'the beautiful Bay of Baiæ, and visited various 'remains of Temples on its borders.'

From an Englishman, Mr. Vint, then resident in Naples, he received hospitable treatment; afterwards remembered in the *Autobiography*. At that gentleman's Villa, on the Piazza Falconi, the Painter, 'after 'the labours of the morning in the Museum,' dines; and is regaled with 'red mullets,' '*Lachrymæ*

'*Christi*, and last, not least in my estimation, *Tea*, in the English style.'—'Cheered by his conversation 'and hospitality, I almost forgot my cares and pains. '* * *Vasi et altre Antiqui*' ('I am not sure,' modestly but scarce causelessly, confesses Etty elsewhere, that 'mine is good Italian or Latin, but plain 'English'—he thinks himself competent to):—'cle-'gances of the olden time, decorated his apartments; 'which were in a lofty part of Naples, command-'ing a superb view of the beautiful Bay and coast. 'Here, till the livelong daylight failed, and the sun 'dipped behind the mountains, I sat.'—

A well-painted Picture follows, vivid and harmonious: such as the Painter knew how to throw into Words, at times, no less than upon Canvas.—'Look below! there are the numerous Neapolitan 'fishing-boats, spreading their winged sails, and 'standing out to sea. Hark! what sound is that, 'which sweetly rises on the Evening breeze, wings its 'way on high, rising like an exhalation?' It is the 'Fisherman's song to the Virgin. How like the 'Æolian harp, melodious, mysterious: now swelling 'on the ear, now dying like a dream away. * * All 'is again silent. The Sea-breeze rises and shakes 'the casements. The Night steals on. With her, 'comes the silver moon, shedding her soft light on 'this enchanting scene. And lo! to the left, like 'another Chimera,—Vesuvius, belching forth smoke 'and fire. The mountain is most active to-night.'—

From this same lustrous Night, dates a still more vivid remembrance than that left by the Fishermen's

Vesper-hymn, 'as it rose on the wings of the sea-breeze:'—his ascent of Vesuvius, the capital event of his Neapolitan stay. The task was accomplished on foot, and by himself. 'Alone I did it, boy!' he exultingly acquaints his Brother. It is customary, and safer, to join a party. He had waited for one in vain. An Italian sailor and Italian guide were his sole comrades: one of whom, a few days later, 'started off with a dollar I gave him to change; 'and I never saw him after.' Etty took some credit to himself for this Pedestrian feat:—'by torchlight, at midnight.' His own achievement surprises him. It is more picturesquely told in the Autobiography, than in his Letters of the period. There is a variation of the same favourite Reminiscence, as also of his account of the Fishermen's Vesper-song, in his York Lecture of 1839. Time mellowed the impression. The incidents came to be seen in due perspective, and with due subordination of Detail. For the sake of variety, I will quote from the unprinted, matter-of-fact narrative: (*from Naples, Sept.* 11*th*).—

* * 'About eight o'clock,—soon after dark,—I 'procured two long torches; hired a gig, and set off, 'to Portici:—four or five miles. The night was 'cloudy, and threatened to be stormy.' On the way, the 'curious Neapolitan cabriolet' lost half the iron from one wheel: a hiatus, after some delay made good. Near Torre del Greco a guide was hired.—'A 'mule was offered. But you know,'—writing to his Brother,—'I am neither horseman nor assman, nor 'yet a muleman.' The mule's services are declined:

the Painter foreseeing that, even if he got *on*, he 'should pretty soon be off.' And in 'a pair of stout 'shoes,' the Mountain is attacked.—

'We began to wind up the circuitous Passes, o'er 'beds of lava and stone, of the most rugged descrip- 'tion: paths fit only for mules, or *Il Diavolo*. 'Melting moments! *You* would have stopped to wipe 'your bald pate, pretty often. A Monk had brought 'me oranges that morning, from the garden of his 'Convent. They proved most grateful. A man in a 'vineyard asked if we would have some grapes; and 'for a few halfpence gave me some magnificent 'bunches. * * About eleven or twelve, we arrive 'at the Hermitage, a lone house, about half-way up 'the mountain, kept by a solitary monk;—though, 'by-the-bye, there are now two.'—*One* has, hears the 'Painter, seen the inside of a Prison, 'for something 'in the robbery line, if not worse.' Etty's habitual energy had plunged him into an enterprise of more hazard than he at first conceived. He was braver than he knew; unwittingly adventurous.

'The guide, Salvadore, knocked and called for '"Father Francesco!"—Father Francesco snored. At 'last, the ponderous door grated on its hinges. A 'dark old monk, with glimmering lamp, appeared; 'and led me to a room where two hard couches 'offered themselves. I was dreadfully fatigued; and 'as if I had been dipped in the sea, with profuse 'perspiration. The monk was astonished when told 'I had walked. He scarce knew an instance of a 'traveller having done it. I was not aware of this. '* * A bit of cheese, a few scraps of bacon, a

'bit of bread, some *Lachrymæ Christi* wine, and 'water, were set before us. I drank—ye gods! how 'I drank:—but cautiously. The last monk is ac- 'cused of intoxicating travellers for his own purposes. 'So I took largely of water; threw off my coat, and, 'hard as was the couch, fell asleep; but kept my lamp 'glimmering. It was a curious scene: one I can 'never forget. Figure to yourself, a miserable-looking 'room;—a lamp,—an Italian Sailor, an old Monk 'wrapt up in his brown mantle, a Mountaineer- 'Guide:—the explosions of the Mountain, above, like 'those of Artillery, or the rolling of thunder. I took 'a good stout knife with me, as I had no pistols; and 'thought I would have a dig at some of them, if they 'thought fit to meddle with me. * *

'After resting about two hours, the Guide roused 'me: and again, we start. The road, rugged before, 'was nothing to this. Imagine masses of scoriæ 'from a blacksmith's shop: from the size of a Man 'to that of his Head; and so on, less and less. 'Fancy youself picking your way amongst these 'tender paths, by the light of a torch at midnight:— 'for miles in ascent. * * Here, passing over torrents 'of lava, of different years; now, *one* extinct crater, 'then *another;* always, over ashes, cinders, lava. *It 'has left a warm impression on me.* We arrive at 'the foot of a steep ascent. The fire seems nearer. 'We begin to ascend the last tremendous portion of 'the mountain:—rugged masses of scoriæ, hard as 'granite, of all sizes, thrown at random amongst 'heaps of loose ashes. For every foot you ascend, 'you go back, at least six inches.—Sometimes,

'crawling on hands and knees; sometimes tumbling.
'* *

'When we had reached the point intended,'—'approaching as near the Crater as the guide thought 'prudent,'—'the effect was indeed grand and awful. 'Imagine yourself on the top of a mountain at 'night: *It* vomiting flames of fire' and 'shooting 'upwards an awful height in the air' 'showers of 'red-hot stones and cinders, every minute; with 'loud explosions and volumes of smoke:' explosions 'seeming to come from the gulf beneath, and shake 'the mountain under us.'—'Behind this fiery chaos,' the *Moon* 'was quietly shining, shrouded and sur-, rounded by blue and grey clouds.' * * After 'sitting awhile, admiring this extraordinary and 'terrible scene, we began to Descend:—a much easier task.'—'Ere descending, the Guide calls out loudly 'to the D—l, addressing him in a tone of defiance. 'The first eruption,—which probably takes place 'immediately,—is thought expressive of his High-'ness's displeasure, and his answer to the call.'—* * 'We reached the hermitage; broke Father 'Francesco's slumbers once more; dozed on two 'chairs for an hour.—Twilight dawned. We crossed 'once more, those Paths, which deserve to lead to such 'a Tartarean gulf.' And, under 'the grey light of 'early morning,' lay outspread 'far below,—Naples, 'Portici, the Isle of Capri, and the magnificent Bay 'of Naples and of Baiæ, as in a map.'

'About six or seven' o'clock, 'we reach Portici; 'descend into Herculaneum,'—its 'chilly-cold, damp 'caverns.' * * 'The physicians of Naples say Her-

'culaneum is their best friend, Vesuvius their next. 'Our tragedian Macready has had reason to repent 'it.'—To explore 'the Theatre buried under the earth, 'we take wax candles: see the Orchestra and other 'parts that have been dug out. That done, I visit the 'King's palace, built by Murat,—a splendid thing; 'the Museum of Portici,' with its Greek paintings from the Buried Cities;—'drive to Naples, have a 'dip in the sea; go home, and get my Breakfast;—not 'before I wanted' both the one, 'to wash the lava-'dust down my throat,' and the 'blue sea of Naples' to 'take it from my skin.'

A less arduous expedition, made in company with his friend Vint, was that to the 'fairy Greek City 'lifting its head after a sleep of ages;' standing 'in silent majesty as it did,'—before England was a Nation. 'Its temples, gates, roads, its beauti-'ful tombs, its markets;'—'the shops where oil and 'wine were sold;—the Baker's, his ovens, his stone-'mills for grinding:' all, as 'when the lava buried 'them in night.'—'You almost expect to meet its 'inhabitants. But 'tis silent as the grave.'—'Above, 'on the lava and Earth, the sunshine sports gaily with 'its golden rays: so beautiful in Italy.' The excur-sion left lasting traces in Etty's memory: revived in 'the *Autobiography*.—

'We pic-nicked in the Palace-gardens of Pompeii; 'plucked delicious grapes, grown on the ashes of two 'thousand years:—which yet covered two-thirds of 'the interesting city. We rambled over its amphi-'theatres, temples, gardens, streets, its houses, and 'its tombs; and after viewing its statues, pictures,

'various refinements, arrived at nearly the same sage 'conclusion Solomon had come to, some thousand 'years before us: that there is little or nothing *new* 'under the sun.—There, beneath a serene and delicious 'sky, with weather so hot, and roads, so far from 'sloppy we were up to the axletrees in dust: there, 'I say, lifting our admiring eyes to the clear sky, and 'seeing the giant Mountain heave its noble front 'before us in sunshine,—still throwing forth its 'smoke, the evidence of its internal fires;—it seemed 'to say to us, "My fine fellows, if you say there is 'nothing *new* under the sun, you must at least allow 'there is something *old*; and, though old, has not yet 'lost his power to fulfil the mandates of its Maker, 'as it has done before."—Which, sure enough, was 'sufficiently proved about three weeks after, when 'that part of the cone on which I stood the night of 'my ascent, was blown into the air, and the whole 'outline of the upper part of the mountain changed 'by a tremendous eruption; which sent its torrents of 'red-hot lava rolling down the mountain-sides, and 'its ashes into the distant city of Naples itself:'—covering the Streets, 'to the depth of some inches.'

A month having slipped by in salutary absence from Rome, a return to it follows, in October,—'Rome's pleasantest month:' the heavy autumnal rains fallen, the city habitable, the country renovated, and its 'brown vest' exchanged for a green; the days sunny and glad; morning and evening 'cold as in England.' The natives, according to Etty, celebrate the welcome season by rustic merry-makings: getting 'joyously drunk,' and dancing 'in

the shade to the sound of the tambourine.' Turning speculative, he indulges in Hypothesis,—as befits a philosopher;—and has '*no doubt*' these 'are the 'remains of the ancient Feasts of Bacchus.'—

More solid cause than an improved Landscape, the Painter seems to congratulate himself on his recent flitting. He had ascended Vesuvius; and escaped more certain perils. A fellow-student and sculptor, Gott, who had thought of joining company with him to Naples, but had stayed behind to proceed with work then in a forward state, Etty finds recovering from the Fever: only to be seized by a relapse.—'To add to 'his misfortunes,' his 'Group of Venus and Adonis,— 'very beautiful,'—has been 'broken to pieces' in removal, by incompetent delegates. And 'he has it 'all to do over again.' The 'Custode' of the Vatican, who a few weeks before had made the Painter free of the Eden of the *Stanze*,—'a fine tall fellow' then, has received extreme unction; all that can now be done for him:—sorry modicum of help.

Within the same short month, had occurred the loss of Canova,—'Rome's brightest ornament;' at Venice, his native city: whither, he had gone, to die. A man 'no less celebrated,' writes Etty, 'for the 'virtues of his heart than the splendor of his 'talents. * * Numerous pensioners on his bounty, 'studying the Art, have to lament his loss.'—'Peace 'be to his ashes! for surely *his Soul is at Peace.*' Before leaving for Naples, Etty had been introduced to the 'noble Canova,' by a Letter from Lawrence, —who 'cannot resist calling him his Pupil still;'— introduced, and kindly received.—'I little thought

'then,—so active and healthy he seemed,—I should 'see him no more.' The *second* visit paid to the famous Italian's Studio, now for ever empty of its Master, is,—'with Gibson, a very clever English 'sculptor here,'—to see the former's last work: 'a 'model of a group called *Pieta*,—beautiful!'—Finelli, 'it is thought, will take Canova's place. My friend 'Gott, if he recover, will be as clever as any of them. 'He yet is in a critical state.'

Etty had now 'set to work:' which, when *he* is the speaker, means a good deal. He copies a Paolo Veronese in the Borghese Gallery; makes 'a study' of a Titian in the same; another, of a Vandyck,—'a *Crucifixion;*' then, 'a study of two pictures of 'Veronese in the Capitol,'—to give his friend; a 'finished copy' from a 'very celebrated' Titian in the 'Borghese,—'a Naked Female and Cupid,'—of course 'finely coloured,' and after the Copyist's own heart. In the Academy,—to which the English is 'in every 'respect so much superior,' how much 'you have no 'idea,' he assures his brother,—are painted a male figure, a female figure, 'and two original sketches in 'oil,—compositions.' This much was achieved by the 20th of October. He had returned by the beginning. But he is '*not sure*' whether he 'does not get on 'better in England;' is 'inclined to think' he does.

The Roman painters had cause to 'seem astonished' at his facility. Their praise did not prevent his feeling annoyed,—for he is an Englishman,—by their standing over and watching his work: 'a thing 'that makes me very fidgetty, if I wish to get on 'quickly.' Pleasure less alloyed is his lot on finding

'the Penny trumpet Fame has blown' for him, 'had 'been heard as far as Rome.'—'She shall have a Two-'penny one next time.' By the English artists at Rome, of which numerous body, Severn, Kirkup, and others, numbered among his friends,—Eastlake also, their permanent and well-employed resident,—Etty's presence and example were justly valued; and, on his quitting them, missed still more. Glad they owned themselves to borrow hints from his practice.

Such leisure as industrious hours at the easel left him, was filled up by renewed study in the Sistine Chapel,—a goal 'alone worth the Journey;'—by due homage to the 'various wonders' of the Show-City, and to scenes of Classic note. He 'visited Tivoli, Frescati;'—'worshipped the Apollo Belvidere 'in *his* shrine, and the Laocoon; not last nor least, 'the Cupid and Psyche,—inimitable;'—'lingered in 'the marble halls of the all-glorious Vatican, en-'riched with inspirations from Raphael, grandeur 'from Michæl Angelo.'

In the famous Ceiling of the latter, over and above the generally remembered excellences,—of composition, drawing, light and shade, 'daring defiance of difficulty,'—Etty recognises 'beautiful, almost Venetian Colour.' He thinks the Colour of Michæl Angelo and of Raphael much libelled. It frequently appears to him 'nearly all that it should be:'—as it appears, I believe, to all who see with their own eyes, or have eyes to see, are not mere roters of orthodox misconception, or traditional fatuity.

In his letter from Rome (13, *Piazza Fiammetti*) to Sir Thomas Lawrence, (*Oct.* 12*th*), the ex-Pupil fails

not to bear in mind he is writing 'to the most distinguished Painter in Europe,' and presses into the service his Critical faculty,—on Etty's part, one seldom elicited; talks elaborately of Domenichino and the Caracci,—at that day, yet Reigning gods. Domenichino, he confesses, 'does not touch' him, 'as some do.'—'A fine picture by him you have 'seen, no doubt, in the Borghese: *Nymphs of Diana* '*contending for the Prizes.* It is full of novelty 'and beauty; though not so glorious in Colour as 'such a subject would admit.'—

Of 'a large Guercino in the Capitol,' he discourses to more than one correspondent: the S^ta^ Petronilla. The Heroine of the Scene, a maiden 'of great virtue 'and beauty, was betrothed to a young man of 'noble birth. He went a journey into a far country. 'In his absence, she died. On his return, he would 'not believe Death had robbed him of his dearest 'treasure; until they opened her tomb. Attendants 'raise her to his view,—beautiful in death, crowned 'with flowers. Fatally convinced of his loss, he 'resigns himself to grief. Above, in the clouds, is 'seen the Saviour, with his Angels, seated. She, 'kneeling at his feet, with an air of submission, 'pious and reverential; instead of an earthly, takes 'a heavenly spouse. She is noble and richly clad.'—Etty praises the 'conduct of the story, the grand treatment' noticeable in the picture. And it seems to him, 'the perfection of historic Colour; as much, 'or more so, than that of the Caracci, so well recommended by Sir Joshua. Its tremendous depth 'without sombreness, its richness without gaiety,

'deep-toned shades and golden, subdued lights, re-'minded me of one of the best of Sir Joshua's own 'pictures,—in Colour,—his *Dido:*'—a favourite with Etty. He made more than one copy of the *Death of Dido* for his own use.

To Sir Francis Freeling, (*Oct.* 31*st*), he gives some account of modern Italian artists: among others, of Finelli the sculptor; and of a 'noble work' of his, the *Triumph of Constantine*, in the Pope's palace: a series of bassi-relievi.—'First, enter the Triumphal arch, a 'Troop of Horse in gallant trim, full of fire and 'motion;—next, torch-bearers,—a troop of elephants 'caparisoned, with riders to manage them,—a band 'of martial music, trumpeters, &c.,—cars containing 'the arms and standards of the vanquished. Next, 'drawn by four proud horses, comes the Victor, 'standing aloft in his car, and crowned; attended 'by a Slave. *His* business, I believe, it was, to 'whisper in his ear,—"Remember, thou art but a 'man!" Next, the melancholy Captives,—women 'and children, weeping, bound, their eyes seeking 'the ground, goaded on by the Soldiery; who follow, 'singing. Spoils of various descriptions fill up the 'remainder of the Procession. I think it leaves the '*Triumph of Alexander at Babylon*, by Thorwaldsen, '—a fine work in itself,—far behind. To-morrow, 'I am in hopes to see Finelli's Studio.'

To living Painters he is less laudatory, but lenient.—At Rome, 'Camuccini ranks the first; and Benvenuti 'at Florence: both, men of considerable talent. But 'I doubt whether you would not like their chalk 'Cartoons better than the pictures themselves. They

'are *not Venetians,* I assure you. A rankness, heavi-'ness, opacity,—anything but the right' thing,—'per-'vade most of the modern Continental painters; 'though many possess profound knowledge in Design.'

Himself 'Historic' probationer, and *Believer* in Academies, loyallest of the Liege to the feudal Forty at home, his implicit admiration is awakened by the 'magnificent establishment' the French boast at Rome; 'for finishing the education of their Historical 'painters:' located in a Palace,—that of the Medici, on the Trinità de' Monte. He expatiates on its ample 'collections of statues, bassi-relievi, casts 'from the Antique;'—its 'fine gardens,' commanding Rome and the adjacent country, 'literally, Aca-'demic groves of sweet-smelling laurels:' such, he fancies, as 'the Ancient Philosophers taught in;'—speaks of the 'liberal allowance' to each Student, and separate Study in the quiet garden,—'where nought is 'heard but the dashing of the Fountains, or the 'distant bells of Rome;'—the well-spread Table '*every day,*' in common;—and all things 'requisite 'for their happiness and advancement.' Truly, an Art-student's Utopia realized!—or French Cocagne.—'What a reflection on our, otherwise glorious, 'National feeling, that no Establishment for the 'advancement of Art here, or National Gallery at 'home, has been attempted.' Etty had faith in forcing-houses for genius. The results of the French system of throwing about the people's money, the imposing crop raised annually, of 'large,—immensely 'large pictures,' 'respectable' and 'rank,' encouraged

the faith. Raphaels and Leonardos will be grown in due course.

For his own part, Etty reports Rome,—though of course claiming a Painter's pilgrimage, 'while Michæl 'Angelo, while Raphael, leave a vestige on its walls,'— 'not the place it was before the Revolution of France. '*Then*, it was graced by many fine pictures in the 'palaces, now in England or elsewhere: the *Bacchus* '*and Ariadne* of Titian, and the *Ganymede*, for 'instance. * * The schools of Florence and Milan 'have decided to send no more pupils there. In *our* 'Academy, strong doubts of its expediency have been 'started.'

Despite the persuasions of fellow-students, who profited by his example, and found themselves stimulated by his energy, Etty's stay in Rome proved short. He was ill at ease within: feverish at heart, restless; impatient 'to get Home ere the barrier was sealed with Winter's Seal.' The next Chapter will show Why.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Love.

Personal Disadvantages—False Hopes—Privation of Letters—Neglectful Friends—A Struggle—Fever of Heart—Dejection: A Convent of Capuchins—Slow of Conviction—The Cure—Heart-Whole.

Etty's fortune with 'the fair' was uniformly ill. In temperament vivid and enthusiastic, he was at once shy and precipitate; made premature overtures, and failed to sustain them with due pertinacity. In fact, he had few pretensions to sustain; could in nothing, boast himself 'a lady's man.' Carrying no 'small 'change' with him,—if conversational 'Change' of any kind,—he was, in Society, a cipher. Personal appearance said as little in his behalf as his tongue. Slovenly in attire, short and awkward in body;—large head, large hands, large feet;—a face marked with the small-pox, made still more noticeable by length of jaw, and a quantity of sandy hair, long and wild:—all, conspired to make him 'one of the oddest looking 'creatures,' in a Young Lady's eyes,—what she would call 'a Sight;' one, not redeemed (to her), by the massive brow, its revelation of energy and power, the sign-manual of Genius there legible.

Then, as later, nay still more so,—for Age softened and ameliorated the effect,—those who saw only the insignificant figure, the homely, and uncouth, York-

shire exterior,—in which, as I have said, survived so much of the hard-working, homely Father, with his hard-working, mechanic ancestry, so little of the Mother, — saw little memorable: though character *was* apparent, of a strongly-marked kind.—'No one 'would have guessed,'—was the commonplace and unanimous verdict of commonplace people,—'No one 'would have guessed' him for the creator of works of refined and imaginative beauty.

For the rest, scant, as yet, were the qualifications which might recommend him to the notice of 'Parents 'and Guardians.' A mere 'Artist,' fortuneless, nameless, not courting the lucrative line of Portrait; he had painted one or two Pictures, in the opinion of a few judges, more competent than influential, evincing superior Promise, not to say superior fulfilment.

On this, as on the previous, and a subsequent Journey, Etty was accompanied by his Love-sorrows. A few days' stay in the family of a gentle cousin, whose Portrait he had painted,—a task which often kindled or fanned love in the Painter,—had, on the very eve of departure, set his heart a-flame. His ordinary fortune attended him. The abrupt discovery of his plight was, to all concerned, a surprise. Neither the lady,—to whom he was almost a stranger,—nor her Family, 'had ever dreamed' of such overtures as impending.

During his present exile from Mistress and Country, he had a Friend's society to mitigate the aggravated loneliness. But in his very first letter from Italy, he reports himself (to his Brother), as having been 'at 'times, from certain causes, which I suppose you

'know, very unhappy.' Love, superadded to separation from home, the hardships of Travel, and his 'not 'being very well,' had at first made it almost as difficult for the Painter to proceed, as on his last visit to Italy. Such ejaculations in the Diary, amidst pencil-sketches of mountain, town, and costume, as, '*Cannot be laughed at!*'—'MUST reach 'Rome!'—'When I have reached ROME, All is done!'—sufficiently indicate the struggle which had to be encountered.—Again,—in verse and prose:

> '*Beauteous, gentle, good, and kind:*
> *Angelic form, an angel's mind!*'—

'I could not wish her to have me if she does not like 'me!'—are rhapsodies, which need no explanation.

Of his many 'Attachments,' this was the deepest. At the date of his ascending Vesuvius, thus 'deeply, 'desperately, almost hopelessly in love,'—his heart within 'a Volcano of itself;' he was struggling, not yet with Despair, but 'uncertainty,'—though little ground really existed for doubt:—an 'Uncertainty of 'what to expect,' which costs him 'many a painful 'hour.' The lady for whose favour he sighed, had softened the repulse by so obliging a gentleness of *manner*, she left her suitor,—no adept in these affairs,—confused as to her real meaning. Hope found room to spring in a lover's elastic mind. Amid the favouring influences of separation and solitude, he began to question whether the repulse need count for more than a merely verbal one; such as the sex have the reputation of affecting. Courage was lacking, to follow up the chase in person.—

'She is a charming girl,' he confidentially exclaims to his Brother.—'I always thought her so. My being 'with her ten days played the d—l with me. I told 'her what she had done to me. She seemed to deny 'me at first: but, the morning of my departure, 'during a momentary absence of her mother, all at 'once said, "Well, I am sure we are all very much 'obliged to you;" and offered me her hand. *What 'am I to conclude from this?* I would give any-'thing to know.'—He will not find the knowledge worth any extravagant price.

The dearth of Letters from Home,—his brother's miscarrying,—encouraged our Lover's suspense; allowed the small chink of light to become, to the eye of Hope, a wide and promising one. Swayed by alternate courage and despair, his passion grew, for the while, to tropical heat; and anxiety for letters to relieve his doubt, 'more' than he 'could bear.' Suspense was always the greatest trial of all to Etty. A frantic lover for the time, 'able to think of nothing 'else, to do nothing,' he early determined to write and 'know his fate.' A step, which only 'astonishes' the lady's friends.

His ill-luck as to Letters, the daily sickness of hope deferred, are distresses, wherewith *travellers* can sympathize; if they cannot with that of ill-requited love.—

'How my feelings have been played with!' he subsequently complains. 'At Naples, every day hoping, 'every day disappointed. A friend tells me a letter is 'sent to my house. I lose no time, set off home 'pretty quickly.—*Where 's the letter?* "No letter

'come."—Back I go, through the burning sun and 'bustling streets of Naples, till I find him who told 'me: fearful it should be lost.—The servant went 'to another place first: in my absence, the letter is 'brought. I hear *another* is come, and a *double* one; 'in another part of the town. Away I start, get it; 'and arrive home in a glorious heat. *One* of these, 'my heart says, must be *the* letter, that is to give me 'some information. * * I look, and tremble 'while I look. What is my disappointment on 'finding the first from Evans, telling me *there was no* '*letter!*—the next, enclosing one, but *not* in answer to 'mine!'

Friends and post-masters conspire to keep our Lover in the Dark:—where he had placed himself by dint of baseless fancies. When, however, the salutary information *does* arrive,—nearly half a year belated,—it was not without some show of reason, he maintained, that 'common kindness and candour' had not been apparent in the unnecessary delay. The sins of omission of one fair friend and correspondent, he took especially to heart.—'I am not 'aware,' he writes, in the following summer, 'what 'good reason can exist for neglecting one's friends in 'their distress, bodily or mental, real or imaginary. 'Imaginary evils are often the most fatal. The duty 'is still equally imperative to soothe, console, and 'advise. It is in moments of affliction, the beauty,— 'I will even say the sublimity of Friendship,—displays 'itself. I am sorry that M— has yet this lesson to 'learn, or, if she know, does not practise it, with 'me: with *me*, who have always looked upon her as

'the very perfection of the female character,—warm, 'generous, sincere. She has *much* disappointed me. 'I entreated an answer, with all the eloquence I 'was master of. I had such an opinion of her, a 'word would have dissipated the bubble, and saved 'me an age of pain. But that poor request was 'denied till four tedious months had rolled over my 'head.'

For a moment, he even contemplated a retreat homeward: *so* to decide his fate.—'Stung with dis-'appointment and neglect, I vowed I would ascertain, 'myself, by going to England directly. However, I 'again struggled.'

On returning to Rome, still a lover, and a perplexed one,—to find still no letters,—or none to the purpose; 'at last, our landlord told us there *were*' such, 'to the amount of *seven paoli and a half*. My 'heart throbbed.—*Where are they?* "You shall 'have them to-morrow." *Bene!*—To-morrow came. 'We are told the clerk who had the care of them had 'gone to Albano, had locked them up in his desk: '*would be back in a week!* Great God! this is the 'Italian mode of doing official business. It seemed 'strange. We went to the secretary.—*Non in casa!* 'Again, at night; see him; find the letters had been 'forwarded to Rome, and, nobody being at home to 'pay the money, they judged it prudent to send them 'back! Well: we are promised them in a week. 'They come!—two for me. I confess, for some days 'I *durst not* open them.'

He found it 'as well' he did not; was enabled to finish the Pictures in hand. '*That* would have

'finished them,' in another sense. Ill repaying his anxiety, the letters leave him still a supplicant for '*information*, be it bad or good.'—Though little express, however, be said on the subject, enough is dropped to let him see 'how the stream ran.' In reply, he details the sorry case to which the tender passion had reduced him: with Lover's emphasis, and characteristic *naïveté*. Vehement ever, in joy, in sorrow, Love did not make Etty *less* so.

'I thank you,' (*to his Brother, Oct. 20th, from Rome*), 'for writing;—began to think all had for-'gotten me. I have just been reading your kind, 'though unsatisfactory letter. It is the first of 'yours that has given me pain! Do not conclude, 'because I wrote apparently in health and spirits, 'my heart has forgotten its pangs, or my mind 'recovered its tranquillity. I wish it had! For 'six months past, I have scarcely known Happiness, 'but by name; even now, could almost exchange 'life with a dog, or resign it altogether, did not Hope 'whisper brighter days may yet dawn. I have only 'found existence tolerable by applying vigorously to 'my Art: the strongest remedy mythoug hts could 'suggest. Even *that* was insufficient. Advice is 'easily given in such cases: 'tis hard to put in 'practice.'

Under this particular regimen of good Counsel, the patient waxes pardonably restive: finds it unseasonable; more than once interrupts his narrative, to comment on its futility, with, for him, unusual soreness. He 'can imagine what may be said on that 'head;' can give *himself* advice, '*wholesome* advice,'

as you say.—'But is my intellectual stomach in a 'state to digest such? There lies the rub.'—

'I have struggled much to accomplish what I came 'for; have run into difficulty, and even danger. * * 'But no one knows what anxiety and anguish I have 'borne on a certain subject. I fear I may have done 'wrong. I fear I may have erred against propriety,— 'perhaps delicacy. Yet I know not. If I have, it is 'an error of the understanding, not of the heart. 'My other loves were scratches: this, a wound. But 'write to me! Tell me, I pray, candidly, all you 'know. Tell me if I have done wrong: I will try to 'remedy it. Write, as near as you can, the substance 'of the letter of the 17th of August, which I have never 'received. * * I wish this time, notwithstanding 'all things, to fulfil my previous determination:—be 'absent six months, and see the fine works in Rome, 'Naples, Venice. Believe me, *as I am*, it requires 'not a little firmness. I trust I have seen objects, 'both in Art and Nature, that will materially benefit 'my future works.'

Continuous Toil, such as Etty had by this time set himself, is a sovereign remedy for the heartache:—give it time enough. It was insufficient for an immediate cure. 'Through all' he carried with him 'that which imbittered enjoyment, and made life 'hardly tolerable:'—as we have already heard, copiously enough. But consolations remain.—'I have 'yet *you*, my dear Walter, and why should I repine? 'You are worth a host of friends, such as live in 'these days.'

His spirit was naturally roused by the worldly

objections, fatal to his suit. The Painter's Future was not *then* counted worth the trusting. Had men known how legitimate an heir to Fame—*and Fortune,*—they were slighting, matters might have gone differently. But 'practical' people believe in what they can touch bodily; must *hear* the guineas rattle.—

* * 'The world, I begin to see, is not what a 'young imagination (tinged with the romantic), 'pictures it. The dull reality, its duller disappoint-'ments, as he advances, stare him in the face.'— 'Prudence is an excellent thing; but *may* be carried 'too far. * * The "exchange" is so much against '*me,* often. My pride is hurt to think I am thought 'so worthless. Well! no matter! * * Though 'bruised, I trust I am not yet broken. I bear a 'consciousness of something yet,' bidding 'me not 'despair of doing that which After-Ages shall not let 'die.'—

* * 'To calm me, let me quote a beautiful thing 'I met with the other day, translated, I believe, from 'the Persian, by your Indian friend, Sir William 'Jones. It is a poetic gem, as polished in execution, 'as exquisite in sentiment:

> "On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
> Weeping, thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled.
> So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
> Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep!"

'Isn't it beautiful?'—

A cloud of despondence overcasting for a while the Painter's sky, Dejection lays as strong hold on him as every other emotion; is as thorough-going while it lasts.

'Depressed and low beyond measure,' he visits 'the Convent of Capuchins,'—he is in Rome,—'to 'see a fine Guido: the *Archangel Michæl* binding 'the Devil for a thousand years. Evans took me 'through the Convent to its expansive gardens, com- 'manding fine views of Rome and the mountains 'around. The sun was declining in the west, and 'shed a flood of liquid gold o'er the whole. The 'lofty palm-trees and dark cypress,—the shady walks 'of the Ludovisi Gardens;—above all, the deep silence 'that reigned around, broken only by the wild and 'melancholy cadence of an Italian air a gardener 'was singing, while at work in the orange-groves of 'a villa near;—were extremely impressive. I shall 'never forget it. The calm, tranquil life of a Recluse, '—"*The world forgetting, by the world forgot*,"— 'seemed to have in it something very delightful. I 'said to Evans, "I have a good mind to turn Friar, 'and leave that World which gives me nought but dis- 'appointment." We, in the cloisters, met an elderly 'Brother whom Evans knew. He jokingly said, I 'liked their life, and thought of becoming a *Fratello*. 'The old man caught my hand through his brown 'cloak, pressed it warmly; looked in my face, and 'asked if I would put on their habit.—I have seen 'situations in the world far more uninviting. The 'holy calm o'er all the scene, the order and peace 'within the Convent, seemed a pleasant stepping- 'stone to heaven.'

Though cast down, he does not quite renounce Hope yet;—is not quick or willing to see clearly: again asks, if he 'have done any improper thing.'—

'Tell me, too,—if you know,—whether there is any 'reciprocal feeling. It was so ambiguous: I know 'not what to think. She seemed to say *No!*—to 'act *Yes!* The sea of conjecture in which I am 'tossed, almost drowns me. *You* must give me a 'hand, and help me out: whether to set me on a 'barren rock without hope, or a pleasant island. * * 'I have that confidence in her disposition, and in my 'own acquirements and industry, I should have no 'fears for the result, were neither of the obstacles 'in the way there may be: that she is too near, or 'has some other attachment.—

'Farewell! When we meet, I shall have *one* 'blessing in store: a faithful Friend, the sheet-anchor 'of my life. Without that stay, without *you*, what 'a wilderness would this world be to me! Having 'it, I have always a treasure. Beyond, I *fear* 'nothing awaits my arrival but disappointed hope,— 'my affections wasted, like waters on a desert.—If 'any but yourself love and regard me, give them 'my love.'

These passages were penned in October. He quitted Rome, still feverish at heart and restless; impatient to 'get home.' By December, his Art,—and Venice,—had wrought a cure. No longer in a haze as to the true posture of affairs, or the inclinations of his Mistress, his heart is no longer sore; has gradually resumed its gaiety. His fate once known, he could make up his mind to it. In high spirits, he, six months after leaving England, apprises his Brother, (I will here anticipate), that he has 'burst his fetters:'—and, 'Richard is himself again.'—He has 'de-

'termined to *postpone* turning Capuchin Friar: how-'ever seducing their quiet life; and notwithstanding 'the exclusion of that prime promoter and disturber 'of our happiness,—Woman.'—'I have not quite 'done with the World, though I thoroughly hate 'what is generally understood by the term. While '*you* are in it; while Painting, poetry, music, sculp-'ture, remain; while I can gaze on the fair face of 'Nature,—and perhaps Nature's daughters:—there 'is yet enough to interest and charm; and to raise 'our gratitude to Him, who has opened to us so 'many sources of purest delight.'—

By the Spring, he is in condition to accept the consolations of sage Counsel; and thanks his Brother for fraternal explanations 'of the difficulties and cares 'of a Married Life, and the necessary articles you 'ought to be possessed of beforehand.' All, 'too 'just to be controverted,' he is 'sorry to say;' is 'clear-headed enough to see the force' of such considerations, *now* that he is 'cooled down by Winter;' indeed, was 'always open to conviction and candid 'advice, when in the worst state of the disease.' But, —though so cool, and no longer visited by 'hopes 'of being able to Marry,—if such an impossibility '*should* come to pass, Mary, or just such another, in 'mild, sweet disposition, and in person, is the Lass 'for me! I trust, so far from doing anything to 'make you unhappy, I shall always do that which 'will contribute to it. So, *if you wish*, let Love and 'Anger, and everything that gives pain, be buried 'for ever "in the tomb of all the Capulets."'

The light ultimately thrown on his case, had 'cost

'him some emotion, at the time; and a few pangs of 'regret.' But the latter have,—in April,—he 'thanks 'God,' 'passed away like a Summer's Cloud' from the 'brow of the Apennines, and left me my accustomed 'tranquillity. If *she* is happy, I am satisfied. I 'wish not to bless myself at the expense of her affec- 'tions. Farewell!—a long farewell to thee, Mary!'—

Later still, (to his friend Bodley), I find him reporting, from personal observation, 'the race of 'Juliets not yet extinct,' in these Venetian States, whereof Verona,—the Verona of Shakspere's Juliet,—forms part. Himself knows 'a fair Venetian of 'respectable family,' of the name: 'who is, besides, 'a very fine girl.'—But he has fortified his heart.

'I have been so often and unprofitably in love,' he frankly remarks, 'I have serious thoughts of pay- 'ing my addresses to—my *Tea-kettle*. I have found 'her a very warm Friend. She sings, too. And you 'know, how fond I am of Music:—I have heard a 'thousand times more unpleasant than hers. On a 'winter's night, after a well-spent day, with a volume 'of old Poetry,—Shakspere, Milton, Spenser,—a 'volume of Dr. Johnson, or a new Scottish Novel; 'when the wind is blowing, and pattering the rain 'against one's window: then, sweet is the Song of 'the Kettle;—sweeter to a studious man than a 'crying child or scolding wife. However, I must 'consider seriously before I offer her my hand:— 'lest she should burn it.'—

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE: SEVEN MONTHS' STUDY.—1822—23.

Adieu to Rome: Frail Vows—The Apennines—Gaiety of Heart—An Italian Winter—Congenial Teachers—Friends in Need—A Model *Accademia*—Pursuit of Art under Difficulties—Astonishes the Venetians—Honorary Academician—Studies *vice* Originals—Correspondence: Familiar Details—Venice *versus* Rome—Criticism—Harvest Time—Walter Etty.

EARLY in November, Etty had bidden a second and final farewell to Rome; setting forth for Venice, that 'other goal' and dearer, he 'burned with desire to 'see:' contemplating a speedy exit from Italy itself.—'Direct, *Poste Restante*, Paris,' he had written. In which City, he hoped to arrive, by 'the latter end 'of November; and in London, about the 9th of 'December.' * * 'I shall be obliged to draw on you 'for £20, fifteen days after sight: as I do not like the 'apprehension of wanting money on the road.'—'The 'Italians bleed one at every pore. * * Could Hope 'have whispered in my ear anything pleasant, I might 'have stayed. As things are, it is impossible. I 'came from England, as I told you:—"to see Rome, 'Naples, Venice, and be absent six months." That 'determination I will accomplish.'—He accomplished more. The resolves of travellers are brittle;—liable to abrupt and frequent overturns.

Until embarking on 'the Lago Scuro, or Dark

'Lake,'—waters of Forgetfulness they proved, as regarded his first purpose,—the Painter was rapid in his movements: 'anxious,' he had written, 'to com-'mence some great Work, considerable enough in 'size and subject, to give me that rank in my Art I 'feel I deserve; in which I can avail myself of having 'seen and studied some of the finest things in the 'world.'—The endeavour made in the end, and successfully, met with longer postponement, than, on leaving England, he had anticipated.

From Rome, by Courier, and accompanied by 'a 'great deal of *nebia*, or fog,' to Florence,—'in three 'days and two nights:' *viâ* Terni, 'famous for its 'waterfall,' antique Perugia, antique Arezzo. A different route to his previous, (by Siena), it is to his mind a 'preferable;'—supplying him with 'some use-'ful hints in landscape.' To Florence, its Galleries, and resumed worship therein, two days are devoted.

Leaving that city, amid torrents of rain, his 'bag-'gage put on board,—for we certainly went by Water, 'though drawn by mules,—we begin ascending the 'Apennines: lightning and thunder echoing among 'the mountains. As we get up, it is still colder. 'Even in the low countries you would be surprised 'how chilly it is,—quite as cold as we have it in Lon-'don at this time. After dark, we arrive at an Inn,—'solitary, on the top of the Apennines. There is no 'place for us to lay our heads. We are obliged to go 'on, four or five miles. There, though we got supper, 'so full they were, it seemed dubious whether 'should not have to sleep on the ground. A fellow-'traveller said there was a bed in his room,—three i

'all; advised me to take possession.—He had got his 'by kicking up a row. I took his advice.—Had not 'five minutes laid down, ere the woman of the cham- 'ber comes, and says the bed was engaged.—*Bene!* 'I had possession: a little should not move me. 'And, with my Polish friend, and her, and others 'outside the door, there was a deuce of a row.—I 'gained my point. The troubled waves were a long 'time subsiding. By degrees, the storm only growled 'in the distance. At last, Sleep and silence reigned 'o'er all.—

'We started before break of day, and left the bed 'to those who liked it. About ten, on the Apen- 'nines still, we met Evans, returning to Rome from 'Milan. * * For you must know, an arrangement 'has been made that would preclude my staying with 'him.'—'But I must ever feel much obliged to him. 'He has gone about with me, and shown me things 'I should not otherwise have seen.—We jumped out 'of the coach, and he walked back as far as he durst. 'Then, we parted.'

In Bologna—'called Bologna the Fat,' Etty is careful to state,—he halted a few days: 'to see again 'the Gallery and other interesting objects;' days, whereof the 'bitter cold' takes him by surprise. From Bologna to Venice, 'we have the clouds and 'fogs of November,' little modified by Italian sun; 'the ditches crusted with ice, and at Ferrara, *Snow!*'

At the latter 'interesting and melancholy Feudal 'City,'—'its towers, draw-bridges, and prisons, preg- 'nant with recollections' of the Past,—he 'saw, and 'kissed with poetic veneration, the old arm-chair in

'which Ariosto sate, and wrote his *Orlando Furioso;* 'saw the original MS., his inkstand, &c., in the '*Bibliothèque,*—kept with religious care;' visited, of course, 'Tasso's dungeon, "dark, noisome, damp;" 'entered it and shuddered.' * * 'Byron had 'written his name at the entrance. And the *custode* 'told me, he one day spent there three hours:'—in 1822, an anecdote which bore retailing.

'At Fusine, the last town on *terra-firma,* we 'embarked' (*November* 17*th*) 'in a gondola:' whence 'VENICE,—its lofty Towers, its swelling 'Domes,—looked like an oriental city springing from 'the bosom of the ocean. When I heard the bell of 'St. Mark's

> "Swinging slow its sullen roar,
> O'er the wide-watered shore;"

'what a sensation it gave me!—To think, *this evening* 'I shall be in Venice!—the country of Titian, of Tin- 'toret, of Paolo Veronese. * * About three miles' 'rowing brought us into the Port. I looked with in- 'terest peculiar on everything belonging to Venice.'

The very first letter from the Lagunes bespeaks the influence of a new Mistress; is coloured by bright and cheerful tints. We have already borrowed from it, for the *dénouement* to our Love-chapter.—

'Lest you should imagine,' he commences, (*December* 6*th*), 'I have jumped from the Bridge of Sighs 'into the dark Canal beneath, or taken a moonlight 'leap from "the Rialto at twelve," or been swept by 'an avalanche from the Passes of the Alps,'—or, &c.; 'lest these *blue* thoughts should prevent your

'sipping your Fromity on Christmas Eve and eating 'your Roast Beef and Plum-pudding on Christmas-day, 'with accustomed equanimity, I write you this:' reporting better health,—'now I am in my right 'senses.'—Am getting my flesh again,' after being, 'by 'climate, and other causes, much thinned at Rome.'—'The journey did me good: I wanted a change of 'Scene. They say the rattling of wheels is an excel-'lent recipe for the blue-devils. * *

'Yes! I am in Venice, in the *Rio Sta. Agnese*, up 'three or four pair of stairs:'—'*Casa di Antonio Ber-'tuzzi,—in faccia dell' Accademia.*' In Venice, where the eye is caught by 'abundance of Greeks, Turks, 'rich colours, and costumes from the opposite coasts;' and whence, 'a fair wind, in a few days would carry 'one to *Greece!*' In Venice, where 'the Streets are 'Canals, and the hackney-coaches gondolas: a per-'plexing variety of little lanes' connecting the city, however;—a 'thousand little alleys, with a *campo*, or 'square, in parts.' A journey on foot through Venice 'has been not unaptly compared to walking up and 'down stairs. The Bridges with steps, are so nume-'rous, you may go over fifty if you have a long walk.' Moored 'in an immense Raft of a city,' with 'water, 'water! salt water, everywhere, and at present, plenty 'of *fresh* coming down: there is, of course,—no want 'of *damp*.'

* * 'To return to the three pair of stairs. 'Here I am, sitting by my fireside: if a pot of char-'coal is worthy so sacred a title. I will *sketch* it. '* * On this concern, I have just boiled my flat 'kettle, and indulged in a cup or two of tea.' Of

which, as we have seen, Etty brought his own ample supply. In Venice, as in Rome, his was one of the very few houses where Englishmen could safely rely on a cup of tea.—'My butter you must not quarrel 'with, if a little like cheese. You will get worse in 'Rome. I take *caffè al latte* in the morning; and 'can get some tolerable eggs. So, if you have a 'mind to walk so far,—*come!*'

His stories of Italian *Cold* will not be new to those who have wintered in Italy.—'Perhaps you good 'folks on the northern side of the Alps think we on 'this, are basking in sunshine, fanned by genial 'zephyrs, and a thousand other pretty things. * * 'I have no hesitation in saying we have had as bad, 'probably worse, weather, than you in the same time. 'It is pouring to-night. I hear it rattling away with 'a vengeance. * * Authors write, and fools be-'lieve, a variety of stories about the climate of other 'countries.' Etty, a stanch John Bull, never falls in the way of 'anything to compare with our own;' loyally insists,—what few Englishmen gainsay,—that 'England is excelled in nothing that contributes to 'the happiness and comfort of life;' and accounts the 'great preponderance of temperate weather, days 'at all hours of which you can stir out without mate-'rial inconvenience,' a peculiarity of our Island.—

'In this country, Nature does everything in earnest. 'In summer, the heat is *almost* intolerable. Then fol-'lows Rain, in torrents; with thunder and lightning 'plenty,—in earnest too. These subsided, the weather 'gets cold, very cold;—unless in the sun, in the mid-'dle of the day. The houses have no preparation for

'cold; most of the rooms no fireplaces. Or, if they 'have, you can't light a fire' (such as mine now), 'without danger of setting the house on fire,' also. 'Their floors are Stucco, cold as marble;' the rooms, 'generally large and comfortless. *Mine* is rather small 'and snug. On my floor, I have the luxury of a 'carpet of rushes. Seven massy beams, which I can 'reach with my hand, support anything that is over 'me. In yon corner, is my little bed, about the size 'of mine in Stangate Walk.'

This particular Winter of Etty's in Italy was as memorable for severity, as the Summer had been for heat: 'an extraordinary winter,'—'sufficiently cold 'for Siberia.' Since 'the time of the Thames being 'frozen,' he calls to mind 'none more obstinate.' * * 'Plenty of frost, snow, rain, sleet. The oldest mari-'ners do not remember so great a continuance of the '*Borasco*, or north wind;'—'say the Emperor of 'Russia has left them some of *his* climate.' It is 'more unpleasant than in England;' where 'you have 'better means of guarding against it. Venice, on a 'rainy or snowy day, with water above, below, on all 'sides, sometimes coming up in the streets; is,'—to an impartial alien,—'no very comfortable place.'

That 'I shall not see you quite as soon as I thought,' is an early announcement. The city of Titian drove away all thoughts of immediate return.—'Venice 'arrested me! brought me back to a sense of honour 'and duty.' Arriving, with the intention of looking about him 'for ten days,' the first glance at the 'great 'and glorious works' of his favourite Paolo Veronese, and of the 'grand and surprising' Tintoret, revealed

so much 'capable of giving me lessons;' the Winter's stay was swiftly resolved. His hopes are, (now), to find himself in Lambeth by June. The six months of the original plan have expanded into a year: another scheme fated to break down. So far from reaching London, either in December, or June, 1822; he will not by December, 1823. To Rome, he had devoted six weeks (in all); to Naples three. In the Island-City he lingered during the greater part of a year. Venice, 'the Cradle, the birthplace of Colour,—'that quality of a picture to me so interesting, and 'not to me alone;'—Venice, 'the hope and idol of 'my professional life,' holds the enthusiastic Painter by a spell. 'The names of Titian, Tintoret, Paolo 'Veronese, and Giorgione,' always 'struck a chord 'that vibrated home.' He is now,—on 'the spot 'where these great men lived and painted,' and 'where I have knelt at their tombs,'—'detained 'a willing prisoner,' by 'my ardent wishes to profit 'from what I see, and *determination* to *acquire some-thing* by coming to Italy.'

Inevitably, for him, 'the School of Venice has 'charms' more potent than any other: 'the Capella 'Sistina, perhaps, excepted.' It is the most germane to him. *Its* tendencies are his. Its Masters,—the Masters of all that is glowing, vivid, and picturesque in Art,—exert a more direct and lasting influence on the vivid Colourist: on mind and hand, theory and practice. It is from *them* he can learn most:—can acquire and apply. His spirit is fed by the influences of kindred genius. And he assimilates his food:—whatever he sees and copies. It was here, in

short, he effectually studied, and advanced his professional education. His growing powers were stimulated; his aspirations confirmed. This lengthened Stay,—an epoch in his career,—proved one of Development, and of reassurance in the course natural to his genius.

'Venice, dear Venice!'—twenty-five years later, he apostrophizes his favourite city;—'thy pictured glories 'haunt my fancy now! * * Tower and cam-'panile rising like exhalations from the bosom of 'the Lagunes:—the Queen of Isles! I hear the bells 'from the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks. 'The gondola glides, the dark gondola. Stanzas of 'Tasso and Ariosto are sung beneath my window. The 'scene enchants me, even on a dull day in Novem-'ber.'—'The sun of her glories has set,'—he, in 1822, exclaims,—'yet has left a splendor in her firma-'ment, After-Ages must admire. *We* should do well 'to imitate that magnificent spirit, which, with 'similar riches, similar power, caused Palaces to 'rise from a sand-bank; peopled them with statues, 'embellished them with pictures. Ye rich East 'Indians! ye 'Civic and Corporate bodies' (of London), 'do that for the beautiful Muse, the 'Venetians have done before!—and *She* will bid a 'wreath-eternal blossom on your brows.'

He 'felt *at home most in Venice*, though he knew 'not a soul.'—But 'to a mind of sensibility, there 'is something a little appalling in entering a vast 'and foreign city, unknowing and unknown. The 'heart, like the dove from the Ark, finds no resting-'place. Interest and curiosity are mixed with a

'tincture of melancholy. When this has subsided, 'something, I have reason to thank God, where least 'expected, has always occurred to brighten the 'prospect.' And ever, 'I have found a Friend,'—kind 'and helpful.'—'Such was Mr. Vint at Naples: such' 'Harry D'Orville,'—'a name for a Novel,' suggests Etty,—'at Venice.'

'When last I wrote, it was from the house of 'Antonio Bertuzzi, near the Academy. I am' (*Jan. 30th*), 'there, no longer. A letter from an old fellow-'student at Rome' (Eastlake) 'to D'Orville, our *Vice-*'Consul, has been of the greatest use. The charcoal 'I used at my lodgings gave me a violent headache. 'He saw me suffering:—very kindly procured me 'a bedroom in the house he is in; and proposed I 'should live with him. Here I have been, since my 'last letter: which' change 'has been a great comfort. 'Our *Consul* (Mr. Hoppner), lives just by; to whom 'I gave Sir W. Beechey's letter.'—He also stands Etty's friend. 'Christmas Day we dined there; on 'Roast Beef and Plum-pudding,—in Venice.' He 'paints, and is very fond of a little pictorial chat. 'So you see I am under official wings.' If 'tolerable 'before,' he is 'comfortable now, and even happy:— 'considering I am a thousand miles from you all.' The services of Mr. D'Orville he 'can never forget. 'They have been essential.' In the *Autobiography*, it is still remembered, how the latter 'took me to 'his house and hearth, and treated me like a 'brother:—such I must ever esteem him.'

'Cherished by him, I soon began my important 'labours in sucking like a bee,—for I really was

'industrious,—the sweets of Venetian colour: *Nostro 'Paolo,*—divine! *Nostro Tintoretto;—il Tiziano, il 'gran Tiziano Vecellio!*—Bassano;—Bonifazio.' And the 'Beloved city' seemed 'to love and cherish me 'as I loved it.'

Before this,—losing little time in 'seeing the 'principal points,'—he had, after an occasional day's 'low spirits for *want* of working,' vigorously 'Set 'to Work' again: 'making a few studies in the '*Scuola di San Rocco*—Tintoret,'—to begin with.

He had early entered, on the footing of Student, the '*Accademia Imperiale e Reale delle Belle Arte,*'—a 'fine Establishment, the best I have seen on the 'Continent:' comprising 'a school for Beginners, of 'the Elements of the Human Figure;' one, for 'de-'signing Ornaments, architectural and other; for 'Perspective; for Engraving, &c. A Professor of each 'class at the head' of each.—'The Life (*del Nudo*), 'and other Departments,' seem to him 'admirably 'arranged' for 'leading students through all the 'elementary stages of Art.' In 1848, he still bore testimony to the Venetian Academy, as 'one of the 'best appointed, and most complete' in Europe. 'A 'grand and glorious *Accademia,*—it is, in 1823, pro-'nounced:—where, the god-like Statuary after the 'Antique stand in a Circle, and hold their Council;'—in the 'fine *Sala di Gesso,*' lit by a Dome;—a 'novel 'and beautiful' mode of arrangement and lighting. *Both* 'noble Halls,'—this and another, 'of *Casts,*—'arranged in a way so simple and judicious, as to 'call forth the high approbation of our Sir Thomas.'

Rarer treasure,—the Academy's 'fine Gallery of

'pictures of the Venetian and Flemish schools,' he also celebrates to his Brother; tells how, 'in a magni-'ficent Saloon, whose ceiling is fretted gold, and 'pavement polished marble, curiously inlaid, of various 'colours,' hang grand examples 'of the Venetian 'School.—At one extremity, a noble picture of the '*Assumption of the Virgin*, by Titian; *in faccia*—a 'glorious thing of Tintoret's, of which I am now 'making a study. On the sides, are finely coloured pic-'tures of Paolo Veronese, Bonifazio, Paduanino, Bas-'sano, etc.; and a sweet-toned one of Paris Bordone.'

Here, he studied: during the morning, from Pictures in 'the cold marble Halls;' at evening, from *Life*, in the stove-heated and 'comfortable *Scuola del* '*Nudo*.'

Hindrances of various kinds had at first to be encountered. In the city of Titian and Tintoret, the modern Colourist had found it, at first 'unexpectedly 'difficult to get materials fit to be used.—No Canvas to 'be bought, nicely prepared,—*no Colours*, no bladders 'for use, no varnish, no Brown's colour-shop. I shall 'have to make some varnish, I fancy. I luckily 'brought a few colours with me, though not enough; 'have sent to Milan for a few more. God knows 'whether I shall get them. For the Austrians have 'made everything contraband. *Poor Venice!*'

But once more possessing 'two of the first blessings 'of life, a sound mind in a sound body,' he practically asserts himself not the man to 'let trifling difficulties 'prevent his fulfilling 'his object.' Lacking Colours do not divert him from it; nor winter's Cold. By *this*, his energy was no more chilled, than before,

dissolved by summer heats. In 'pursuit of his Pur-'pose,' 'crossing the Grand Canal in a Gondola, 'four times a day,'—as he lives now, some distance 'from the *Accademia*;'—he endures rigours, such as 'astonish' his visitors, 'Consuls and others:'—during 'all this severe weather, stands for six hours a day in 'that vast marble hall' of the Academy 'till almost 'marble' himself,—and his half-petrified fingers ready to drop the pencil. 'Our Consul at Trieste, Colonel 'Devans, with Lord Londonderry, &c.,' came, and wondered; counselled adjournment of such labours till the more auspicious month of July. But the Painter thinks he'll 'e'en make sure work of it,' now he *is* there. At last, he manifests on foreign soil that 'iron Perseverance' whereof his career at home was one long exemplar.—'I have commenced 'to-day' (*Jan.* 13*th*) 'my fourth study after large 'compositions of the Venetian school; having just 'completed a Tintoret, a Paolo, and last, a Titian.'

In the Venetian, as in other Life-Schools, he signalized himself by an assiduous attendance, and by many a glorious study of Feminine Form: studies, which yet survive, scattered through various hands. They may be recognised by the strong Venetian influence they discover, and by the characteristically Italian type of form portrayed: the flesh as lustrous, hues as truthfully gradationed, and *musical*, so to speak, in their deeper-toned harmony, as in the more luxuriant English forms which fill his better-known 'Studies' of later date.

His achievements in the *Scuola del Nudo*, where,—at the very first essay,—'I make the natives stare, and

'the Professors say, I am "*un bravo Pittore,*"' are kept in countenance by the vigour and splendor of his numerous transcripts from the noble heirlooms of the *Accademia,* and of the Ducal Palace. On the walls of which latter, as well as of the Academy, 'Titian, Tintoret, and the splendid Paolo, glow.' And its ceilings, a 'blazing mass' of gold and carving, are 'studded with gems'—far more precious, of Painter's creation.

From the demonstrative and hyperbolic Italians, the rapidity of his execution,—a singular contrast to their own niggling method,—and his masterly manner of translating their great masters, elicit unlimited admiration and astonishment. He paints 'with the fury of a devil, and the sweetness of an angel,' exclaim they. 'Many epithets besides,' he draws down on himself.

'Some I will mention,' writes Etty, in confidence, to a warm sympathizer,—his Brother:—'more to give *you* 'pleasure and amusement than to gratify any vanity 'of mine. The Professor of Painting, Martini,' declares 'I paint more like an Italian than an Englishman.' The same Martini makes 'signs—with the point of 'a knife,'—that 'if he was to prick my painting of 'the Figure, it would bleed:' so like flesh he thinks it. 'The other Professor, San Dominichi, a man of con-'siderable genius, calls me "*Ercole*" (a Hercules), "*Un genio proprio*" (a true genius); and brings people 'to see me paint, saying, "*Quest' è un brav' uomo*" '(this is a fine fellow). Rossini, the great composer, 'was brought to see my works at the Academy; the 'Patriarch of Venice, also, and others. 'One called

'me "*Il Diavolo,*" because I get the sketches like the 'pictures so rapidly;—some, "The English Tintoret:" '—and I do not know what stuff beside.'

As climax to which compliments, and seal of their sincerity, the Venetians ultimately do themselves the credit of making him 'Honorary Academician.'—'Charleston, America, gave me the first Diploma; 'Venice the second.' The 'Imperial and Royal 'Academy,' at the same time it elected 'the English 'Tintoret,' created another Englishman honorary member: Etty's Master, whose name is proposed but to be accepted, 'unanimously,' and 'with acclama-'tions.' The Diplomaa reached Sir Thomas by the hand of his ever-loyal Retainer, some months later: a fresh 'wreath of laurel, grown in the country of 'Titian and Canova,' for brows 'already well and 'justly honoured.' Its value not lessened,—the admiring Pupil suggests,—by being shared with the latter: since 'electing you they honoured their 'own body, by electing me, only myself.'

In reply to inquiries from his Brother,—ever solicitous for the Painter's professional prospects,—as to original compositions, Etty justly pleads prior claims: that legitimate purpose of a painter's presence in Italy at all, he was now so busily fulfilling.—'You 'say it would be easy to send something for the Exhi-'bition. Perhaps it would,—easier than to paint it: 'situate as I have been, engaged, not only in seeing 'the immensity of things to be seen in Art, but in 'making memorials of a few of the best. If one 'spent all the time in painting originals, one might 'as well, nay better, be at home. Eastlake has been

'seven or eight years abroad. I do not know whether 'he would not better have been at home; incline to 'think he would, the greatest part of the time. And 'others think so too. He painted a very clever His-'toric picture, before he left England. He now, has 'got a little out of that path; paints Landscape, 'figures of Costume, Banditti, &c.; and is much 'employed that way: as he paints them very well; 'with a good feeling for Colour, etc.'

At this time, Eastlake is eager to join Etty in Venice, but has commissions on hand, that will tie him to Rome, he reports, for 'much longer' than a year: works 'he cannot so well do elsewhere.'

Etty, meanwhile, absorbed in labours which command no present returns, has more than once, occasion for 'regrets:' that the 'expenses of Travelling, heavy 'as in England, unless one sleep lazily on the road,— 'and the continual contributions levied by *custodi* and '*ciceroni* of all genders, will oblige me to trespass on 'your goodness for a supply of some sort soon.'—'I 'have been buying' (*Jan. 30th, still*) 'a few prints, and 'the Canaletti views for you; have taken up at the 'bankers the last £10, and am now using it. Some-'thing I must have, to put' present plans in execution. And 'my improvement demands that I should 'do so.'

'After that, I shall, with delight in my heart, 'return to my little quiet home in Stangate-Walk:' —trusting to 'find the same *in statu quo*.'—'Tell 'Mrs. Chambers I hope she is taking care of my 'things, and not letting the Lambeth banditti get in

'at the window.' The wish for his familiar lodgings to be retained is often reiterated. 'I like a home, if 'it is only a garret,' he was ever wont to say. The successive delays were not foreseen, which afterwards caused a 'little regret we should have to pay for my 'rooms so long without using them.' But 'probably, 'the idea I had a quiet home to come to when I 'would, has made me more happy here than I might 'otherwise have been.'

* * 'Poor Jay! how unlucky he should have 'come at this time! How we should have enjoyed 'such a renewal of our friendships, and have laughed 'the wintry hours away. But fate denied it. I am a 'little reconciled when I reflect, a second time he 'would be torn away' after having 'again become 'essential to one's happiness.'—'We have had the 'Emperors here; and grand illumination of the 'Piazza, and of San Marco:—over all its swelling 'domes. The effect was fine, but the night bitter 'cold. This is the season of the Carnival. Masques 'parade the piazzas, enter the *cafés*. By the 'ladies puzzling and teasing their friends, much 'mirth is created. Perhaps the best of all,—for 'peculiar to Venice,—was the entry of the Em-'perors from the Lagunes, up the Grand Canal. It 'reminded me something of Cleopatra: the gaily-'dressed gondolas, gondoliers in fanciful costume, 'rich tapestries hung from the palaces, and crowds 'assembled on the shores.' * * 'To you, my 'dear Walter, I cannot better or so well express 'my feelings as our old friend Oliver Goldsmith

'has done:' to the effect, "where'er he roams," 'his "heart untravelled, fondly turns" to '*him*:'

"Still to my brother turns." * *

'P. S.—Past twelve o'clock, and a rainy morning: 'so I must go to bed,—*andare a letto.*'

Such, and a few more gossiping fragments, from familiar Letters to his Brother, will better revive the time than any formal biographic account can. Our next (*March 20th*) turns on Domestic matters, and 'your pleasant letter:' pleasant throughout, 'except- 'ing that part which informs me of my poor little 'Jenny's illness. She was always a favourite of 'mine, though perhaps *a little spoilt.* I look upon 'her and little Thomas Bodley as the most gentle and 'generous natures of your brood of chicks; — trust 'Spring will bring "healing on its wings."—I envy 'you the approach of an English spring. A thousand 'dear delights are entwined around it, unknown in 'Italy. The weather is yet very cold, except in the 'sun: the mountains in the distance, all clad in white 'raiment. My poor friend D'Orville has been, and 'is, seriously indisposed.'—'If it were not for that 'little angel, Hope, sitting, or rather standing on 'tiptoe, at the bottom of this Pandora's box, Life, 'what miserable creatures we should be! * *

'To-day (*25th*) has been a beautiful day,—very 'warm.' Spring, after 'tarrying long, is coming like 'a lusty bridegroom,' to 'caress his earthly spouse;'— 'an ardent Youth, with power, light, and heat efful- 'gent. Poor D'Orville is somewhat better. This is 'a *Fast*-week. The Italians are fond of *fasts* and '*festas.* It favours their natural laziness.'

* * 'Franklin, I was glad you mentioned. Poor 'lad! There is a warmth, a feeling, a cleverness, about 'him, I like much. If he mind, he will do very well. 'Were not letter-writing such a tax on time, I should 'write to him, and Clayton too; whom I like much. 'Houghton I intend writing to.' — 'I have had 'three letters from Rome: from Evans, Eastlake, 'and Kirkup,—another very clever, nice fellow. Sir 'Thomas Lawrence, I heard yesterday, had written to 'Eastlake, and had inquired after me in a very kind 'and flattering way. * * By-the-bye, you do not 'say whether my picture of *Maternal Affection* was in 'the Gallery. I intended it should be.'

Apart from personal predilections, and after sufficient experience of both cities, to Etty, Venice seemed 'the best School of Painting in Italy:' Rome 'the place for a sculptor, Venice for a Painter;—to 'see the power of Colour and Chiaroscuro.' He 'understands from Mr. Hoppner, Sir Thomas Lawrence 'declared when here, if anything could induce him to 'visit Italy again, it would be Venice: that it was 'a mistaken idea in young men to prefer Rome as a 'school of Painting.' And Etty rejoices his own ideas correspond 'with those of so great a man.'

Writing (*March 26th*) to Sir Thomas, himself,—the judge 'so much more competent to decide,' with whose opinion his own has the good fortune to accord,—he remarks it as 'not a little strange, that a place 'abounding in specimens of Venetian Art, with lively 'and interesting remembrances of the School we 'admire so much in England, should be neglected by 'so many travelling students. When we recollect,

'too, the great works here are in the vehicle now in 'use, not Fresco, it seems reasonable they must 'convey more Applicable lessons: in the *Technic*,— 'what is wanted I suppose by copying.'—'I have 'given some of the students at Rome, notice of your 'opinion of Venice. Several talk of coming; but, I 'suppose, not immediately. * * Painting, Colour,— 'that rainbow-vested Dame,—seems to have deserted 'the *Modern* School of Venice. I think she has 'made herself most at home amongst you, in our 'much-abused, cloudy climate; and, of late years, has 'been observed to make some of her most brilliant 'scintillations not far from Russell Square.'

Resuming, to his quondam Master, the critical strain, he speaks of 'Painting on the Continent,'— what he has seen of it:—and is 'sorry' to have to speak of it, as 'more or less dilutions of the French '"*manière*." The *efforts* the French make are indeed 'great. And much that is desirable is mixed up with 'much that is bad. There is an agreeable choice 'of subject, a daring excursion into the regions of 'History and Poetry, a knowledge of Drawing and 'details, and' *occasionally* 'a something in Colour very 'respectable, (not often); that altogether leave an 'impression of power. But when we have seen French 'Art, we have seen the best of Continental Art:'— Etty's experience extending only to French and Italian. 'For the famous Camuccini,' he confesses to no extravagant admiration. The Italian has very considerable 'talent,' but 'not of that stamp,' the English Painter is 'in the habit of looking for:' and 'so, per- 'haps,' the latter is 'a prejudiced judge.' 'There is

'much excellent study in his works, but a want of 'that *vis animi* I like to see.' * *

'*You*, I am sure, must have been much struck with 'the Tintorets here; in the Academy, Ducal Palace, '&c.: his *Last Judgment, Crucifixion*, small *St. Agnes*, — a 'sweet, and carefully painted picture.' 'What 'a glorious Group that is we see at the foot of the 'Cross! Really, for composition, for Pathos, appro- 'priate and harmonious combination of hues, and 'great executive power, I have never seen it excelled, 'rarely equalled. The poetry of his *Last Judgment*, 'the hues, the teeming richness of Composition,— 'figures whirled in all possibilities of action and fore- 'shortening,—excite astonishment at his powers that 'does not easily subside.'

The noble 'assemblage of tones and hues' in Paolo Veronese's *Tent of Darius*, is not forgotten. 'Don't you admire,' he also asks, 'the beautiful Paris Bordone,—*Fishermen presenting the Ring to the Doge?*—the pretty subject of Bonifazio,—the *Ricco Epulone*, or bad rich man? both in the Academy. 'There is a painting by Carpaccio (before Titian), very 'rich in the draperies; from which Titian borrowed, I 'think, something. All these Names, great here, are 'hardly known among us. I have memorials of these, 'as well as of the grand *Assumption* of Titian, and 'others.'

'To the Church of San Sebastiano,' where Vero- nese's 'ashes rest,' and to the Tomb of Titian, I have, 'you may be sure, made a pilgrimage:' and sketched them,—in pencil. 'I don't know where Tintoret 'reposes: must learn. If a *few masses* would do

'their souls any good, I would pay for them. I 'think they must be too well off to need them.' * *

'The Venetians, admirers of Canova, are much 'pleased with your munificent donation to his monu-'ment. I understand it is about three times as 'much as the whole Congress of Verona contributed! 'I hear your picture of the King is so much ad-'mired,—and so numerous the applicants to copy 'from it, to attain the "New Manner,"—they are 'obliged to restrict it to certain regulations. It 'was come, though not opened, when I left Rome.'

Elsewhere, Etty assures the far-famed Portrait-Painter, that 'wherever he goes he hears of his 'fellow-countryman;'—is 'not a little proud' to 'boast of having been your Pupil;' and exults in the 'favourable idea of English Art,' Lawrence's widely scattered works 'have left in every part of Italy. 'They yet talk with rapture of them,' he continues. 'I have met numbers proud to say they knew you, 'or had seen your works. In Venice, particularly, 'admiration, and gratitude for your munificence, go 'hand in hand.

'I suppose,' (*March 26th again*), this 'will reach 'you about the time you are enjoying the *otium cum* '*dignitate*, after your yearly labours. You will have 'sent in your pictures to the Academy. *I* shall not, 'this year, have any mortification on that head.'—'I am not unaware of your kind exertions in my 'behalf. * * And, as I hope I don't retrograde, I 'shall' (hope) 'that my places won't. I could not 'help thinking, when I looked at even some of the '*Members*' pictures, mismanagement existed last year.

'But I am speaking treason, perhaps. So "enough. 'No more of *that*." * * Pray make my kind 'remembrances to Mr. Fuseli, when you see him. I 'hope he is well.—And may *you* long enjoy your 'health, and the elevated station you fill, is the 'sincere wish of your friend and Pupil.'

During the months of Spring, Etty continued to work, as in Winter, 'pretty hard.' The Italians, 'who love hyperbole, say I am carrying away "*all* 'Venice."' He himself contemplates bringing back to his painting-room, sketches of 'most of the best works.'

On *Festas* and Sundays, he varies his exertions: 'running about' through the innumerable narrow alleys, (sometimes losing himself); on foot, and in gondola. For he has 'become very aquatic,'—has 'been 'in a gondola some thousand times.'—'The remotest 'parts of this vast city' are explored. He 'crosses 'a ferry for a farthing,—dives into churches, looks 'at the pictures, hears the music;' or sits down 'on 'the confines of his moated and voluntary prison, 'and sees the sun sinking, pillowed in clouds that 'rest on the vast chain of Tyrolese Alps, separating 'Italy from Germany.'

On one of his rambles, the adventurous Painter slipped into a Canal; whence, among Venetian friends, in addition to more gratifying *sobriquets*, already enumerated, he took the nickname of *Canal-Etti*.

Summer finds him, not in London, according to his latest scheme, but in Venice still: busy 'winding up my studies,' full of longing 'to be with

'you, and at my little quiet home in Stangate Walk;' full of hope 'to sit down THERE,'—'at the close of 'one of these summer-days;' and,—'with you, or 'some other friend in the opposite corner,—to fight 'my battles o'er again, and drown all sorrows, (if I 'have any), in a bumper—of Tea.'

'I have been,' (*to his Brother, June 7th*), 'for some 'weeks alone. Poor D'Orville's health is so bad, he 'is obliged to leave Venice for ever. He has joined 'his family in Switzerland: where I must call and 'see him on my return.'—'Your last liberal remit- 'tance came just in time. I shall go from here, with 'about £28: which, had I come home as at first 'intended, would have been enough. As it is, No!' '—Send me a small remittance to the Bankers,— '*Frères Schelin, a Venezia:*"—say £20. For God's 'sake don't write Vicenza, as you did on the last. * * 'A letter from Jay tells me he trusts *not* to return" (to America): 'a very amusing letter. He seems 'the very man he used to be. I long to see him; '—am glad Edwards called. He is a "*giovane*" '(youth) of very considerable talent, and will shine.'

By June, was completed the number of Copies he had originally 'chalked out' for himself:—completed, despite opposition, in some instances. 'English '*Firmness*,—which this voyage, for the first time, I 'have exerted on the Continent,—was, in all cases, 'more than a match for such illiberality. And the 'other morning, I celebrated my "*Io Trionfo*" over '*Caffè al latte*, toast and butter, and an interesting 'English book; having around me the trophies of my 'victory: viz.,—small and large together,—THIRTY

'Studies in oil after the Venetian School, and 'Twenty in oil of Academic figures.'—A goodly harvest! and a brilliant harvest-home:—the reward of six months and a half's vigorous exertion. Of the thirty (or thirty-two) Reduced Copies, thirteen were from P. Veronese, nine from Tintoret, three from Titian, two from Bonifazio.

These Copies and Studies afford an instance of produce of enduring value,—pecuniary, even, it turned out in the sequel,—Genius may be enabled to realize, by a little friendly help, judiciously lent. All this time, in default of immediate income, Etty, as we have seen, was relying on a Brother's remittances, and on that future Success,—he is in the interim forwarding,—which will enable him to repay them. To the Painter's intermittent applications for Supplies, during eighteen months of Travel, Walter Etty,—anxious as of old, his brother should profit by every opportunity of improvement,—made prompt and substantial replies. Of this fraternal solicitude to help him, Etty was duly sensible; and so, through life, continued.—'Walter,' he writes to 'Mr. Bodley, 'though always most essentially dear, '*more and more* endears himself by that noble and 'liberal spirit' characterizing 'all his actions; that 'kind and watchful solicitude for my welfare, that 'tenderness for my feelings:—by everything that can 'bind him closer.' And the Painter ends by likening this staunch friend to those unchanging 'benign 'planets which cheer by their light, while they 'cherish by their warmth.'

CHAPTER X.

FLORENCE; VENICE AGAIN.

A new Quarry—Padua to Bologna—A *Char-à-banc* for the Mountains—Lost and Found—An Apennine Village: Succour—Titian's Venus: Dragons in the Path—Victory—Recreation—'Poems by' Zumbo—Ill News from Rome—The Siren City—Critical Gold Dust—Discoveries—Story of a Storm—Home-Thoughts.

THE achievement reserved as a Crown to all the others, 'is yet to do;' the 'Corinthian Capital,' of the structure yet to be affixed. While celebrating the triumph recorded in the last chapter, Etty had another expedition in view,—an interpolation on former plans:—'if possible, to get a finished copy' of *the* Venus of Titian, ('of *The Tribune*'); 'the Flower' of the Florentine Gallery. Never yet 'copied 'as it ought to be,' urged friend Evans from afar; who hoped, in Florence, to rejoin company with him.

We next, then, encounter Etty,—first consigning his hard-won studies to 'the care of a respectable 'family,'—with labour infinite returning,' (*in June*), to Florence; after his seven months' sojourn in Venice:—'burning with the desire of copying, large 'as life, the celebrated picture' Buonaparte had once thought worth stealing. During his passing visits of the previous year, when not 'so much himself 'as now,' he had neglected it. After Venetian vic-

tories, he is in better heart for profiting by it,—and its companions;—including 'many of the very first 'things in Italy.'—

'Off I went in a gondola,'—the boat of the Courier,—across the Lagunes to Padua: 'on a Sunday 'evening, at Ave-Maria or sunset;' arriving 'the fol- 'lowing morning at seven.'—To Padua, its churches, its pictures, he devotes a day; making also, 'two 'little sketches of the son of Count Tigno,' 'a hand- 'some little fellow,' whose beauty had caught his eye one day in Venice: 'his hair and features alto- 'gether like some of the fine heads of Angels one 'sees in Titian and Raffaello.' Much parley with *Vetturini* induces an alteration of his route. He turns aside to Vicenza; in whose mountain-convent 'a very capital picture of Paolo Veronese' rewards his pains. Thence, to Verona, where the few avail- able hours are, in part, dedicated to Veronese again, —his *Martyrdom of St. George*; 'the celebrated 'Amphitheatre,' moreover, and the equally authentic 'Tomb of poor Juliet,' not being neglected.

At Mantua, recollecting Sir Thomas's encomiums on Giulio Romano, he spends a day with 'the noble 'Designs from the Poets' of Raphael's pupil: a day, which ends by his endorsing those eulogies as 'amply deserved.' Standing on this other 'real 'scene of *Romeo and Juliet*,' he looks about him and thinks of the 'poor miserable apothecary Romeo recollected.' In the *modern* Amphitheatre of French erection, he "assisted" at the performance of a Play,— 'by daylight, in the open air,' after 'the ancient Greek 'way.' And, though no classic scholar, he cannot

look at 'smooth-gliding Mincius crowned with 'vocal reeds,' without remembering Virgil, and how Mantua was his birthplace. Which calls to mind the actual epitaph he had read with his own eyes on the Poet's (reputed) Tomb at Naples: as he takes care to apprise his correspondents.—

'But I must go. Florence is before me: my 'friend is waiting. * * I must reach Florence 'by Sunday night.' At Modena, a few hours suffice for the Ducal collection, and newly-instituted *Accademia*,—'complete though small.' By Saturday, Bologna '*il grasso*' was gained; and, 'a few hours 'before dark,' a '*char-à-banc* for the mountains' cheapened. In this '*char-à-banc, sedia*, or one-horse 'chair,' the ascent was commenced, at all the speed the 'poor tired horse' could command,—'not very 'great:'—in the forlorn hope of 'overtaking a *vet-'turino* who had a few hours before departed with 'a short complement of passengers.' 'Assured by 'the proprietor' he would certainly do so, 'at Lojano 'or Scaricolasino,—the first twenty, the other twenty-'five miles,'—the assurance precludes not a very reasonable 'presentiment' no such feat will be accomplished.

The story of his Adventures by the way will be best continued by the graphic Sketch, in the *Autobiography*,—slightly compressed,—from which I have begun to borrow: itself an extract, from a draft of letter (to Mr. Bodley), in one of the Italian Sketch-Books. It was Etty's habit to make drafts of his more ambitious letters, careless as the latter seem; from which, these little varied.

'On we went, over one mountain, down another: 'till the man, who, I think, had not been in this 'part before, seeing mountain succeed to mountain, 'began to cry out, "It is quite a *scala!*"—or ladder; 'and seemed out of heart. I stopt at a cottage a 'little off the road, to get a draught of milk, if 'possible; and let the man go on, thinking I could 'easily overtake him. But I had stayed so long,'—over the milk and bread,—'for I was both thirsty 'and hungry, that after running till out of breath, 'no signs appeared of my fellow, or of his horse 'Pistole. I thought it odd, and ran again,—in those 'up-and-down hill roads no joke. I came to a farm-'house. They said he had passed. I followed fast 'as I could. I stopped and listened, heard nothing; 'hallooed,—no answer;—thought it very strange, but 'kept running on: till almost exhausted, I came in 'sight of him. * *

'Over hill, over dale, till the shades of night 'began to fall. Poor Pistole was very tired. We 'got out and walked, to help him; walked a long 'way. Dark night came on. We saw nothing of 'the *Vetturino;* but kept dragging on till eleven 'o'clock. *Then,* on searching the *Sedia,* I found 'my Italian grammar missing; left in the carriage 'when I began to walk. A book useful to me in 'the language; but doubly valuable by my having 'at Rome filled the blank pages with sketches from 'Michæl Angelo in the *Capella Sistina.* Here was 'a loss!—What could I say?—I could not expect 'the poor horse, Pistole, to look behind him, and 'take care of it. He had enough to do, to drag

'himself along. As for the driver, he was much 'the same. * *

'About half-past eleven, we came in sight,—at the 'bottom of a valley before us,—of a light; not a 'Will-o'-the-wisp, but a true light: the Village of 'Lojano, the first of the two. Fatigued as we all 'were, I instantly determined to stay. But the *Vet-'turino* we had come in chase of, had not stopped 'there.—

'Well! I did not like losing my Book. Tired as 'I was, I made known my loss. Search was again 'made about the vehicle:—but *no book*. I soon 'determined; and asked for a candle:—at a miser-'able inn, at a miserable village, in the heart of the 'Apennine Mountains. The landlady had brought 'out a little candle in her hand. She said it was 'too small to last: and she was right. I waited 'and waited: seeing no candle brought, was obliged 'to be more imperative. Some said, "You had better 'send a man." But I, knowing if I hired a man, 'I should lose both book and *scudi*, was resolute '*to go myself*. At last, the lantern and lamp are 'brought. 'Tis now near midnight.—I never shall 'forget it: the miscreants around,'—'angry because 'I had not employed one of them; sneering and 'laughing at my hopeless chase.'—'One says, "Mind 'if you break that lantern, you have five *paoli* to 'pay."—"*Bene!*"' Another 'called out as I was 'starting, "*Vederlo!*"—*See him!* I answered 'ironically in the same spirit, "*Addio, caro!*"—'*Farewell, dear Friend!*

'Off I went; and when I had got some little dis-

'tance, began to examine the road very scrupulously. 'I went over this hill and that, yet saw no signs of 'my Book,—nothing but dust and stones; still kept 'moving on, sometimes stopping to listen. I thought 'it a wild adventure: at midnight, in the midst of 'these vast and lonely mountains, to walk back several 'miles in search of this book. Proceeding onwards and 'onwards, unsuccessful, I began to think somebody 'had picked it up; persevered, however. The awful 'silence of Midnight in these vast regions was 'broken only by the shrill note of the *cicala*. A 'thin crescent of moon was fast dipping towards the 'horizon in a mass of dark clouds. Pacing along, 'I came to something large and dark, in the path-'way; putting my light to it, found it was an 'immense toad. It eyed me with its brilliant dia-'mond eye; and I bade it good night: when sud-'denly, I heard at a distance, men's voices, boiste-'rously singing. They came nearer and nearer. 'They passed. It was a group of mountaineers re-'turning home. By degrees, their voices died away 'in the distance. All was again silent, dark, and 'lonely. Still pressing forward, till I thought there 'was little or no hope of seeing my lost treasure 'again, and was beginning to think of tracing my 'steps back to the distant Lojano: lo! I came all 'at once on a squarish brown mass in the light-'coloured road; and stooped.—*It was my book!* 'That moment repaid all I had suffered. I knelt 'down in thanks. I kissed my book; and know 'not what other extravagance I committed in my 'joy.

'Thus then, I found my lost treasure;' and returned, 'with a much lighter heart.'—The 'mountaineers who had passed me, had bivouacked on the 'road. Some slept. Others, who saw my lamp glide 'by like a Will-o'-the-wisp, turned, and looked at 'me—walking like a ghost at that untimely hour. 'My lamp began to wax very dim and flickering. I 'entered the village. All was silent, but the dogs 'barking as they heard me pass. I knocked at the 'door:—a woman and the driver had sat up for me. 'I showed them My Book: took my lamp, and retired 'to my room. A coarse earthenware jug stood on a 'rude table, with water to wash myself. Almost 'overcome with heat and fatigue, I lifted the jug to 'my lips, and thought' the water 'so delicious, I 'drank it nearly all: then threw myself'—'burning 'with heat and bathed in perspiration,—on a very 'hard and wretched bed;' and 'slept till the Sabbath-'morn awoke me.'

After his 'couple of hours' rest,—the M.S. letter proceeds,—'betwixt three and four, we set off for the 'other village.—The *Vetturino had not stopt there.* 'Here, in the middle of the Apennines,' with 'no 'conveyance: I was in a predicament. The fellow 'thought he would have a good price; wanted 'eight crowns to take me on. I knew four were 'more than enough; preferred taking my chance,—'not very promising: at a wretched village called '*Scaricolasina*—which means "unload your ass." 'Here I did unload him certainly. On a Sunday in 'an Italian village, the men collect in a body in 'the street. A more banditti-looking set than many

'of these herds you can't conceive. They collect, 'like flies round sugar, about any bargain'—or money dispute; 'always taking part with their coun- 'trymen. I would not be imposed on; ordered the 'fellow to put down my trunks, and paid him off: 'with no apparent prospect of getting away. How- 'ever, a boy, contrary to all expectation, came up; 'said he knew a man—*who had a mule* and *Sedia*. * * 'The man said his mule was lame. After waiting 'some time, "there was one he knew, who could 'probably go." *He* was sought,—was out in the 'fields; was willing, but asked seven dollars. I 'offered half. After much parley, I closed for *four*. 'I sought a little milk, sent for *caffè*, and with dry 'bread, made a satisfactory breakfast: delighted at 'the unhoped-for turn in my affairs. After some 'time spent in preparing his mule and vehicle, an 'odd one, off we went down the hill.'—And by that day's close, Florence was entered,—which he had 'hardly expected' to do:—'at the same hour he had 'left Venice the Sunday preceding.' A well-timed arrival: forestalling the departure for Venice in despair, of his friend; whose aid proved needful against the official people.

'Instead of getting to work immediately' on the Copy, as he had hoped to do; 'difficulties were illibe- 'rally started by the Baron Montalvi,' a Director of the Gallery,—second in command, and 'a Jack in 'Office:'—cavils,—in the first instance,—to his 'doing 'it the size of the original.' The President of the *Belle Arte* at Florence, himself 'an amiable man,' to whom Etty had a letter from Count Cicognara,

holding 'a similar office at Venice,' was out of town. But the Painter had judiciously taken care to be 'well-armed' with other 'good letters' introductory: to 'our Secretary of Legation—Mr. Dawkins,' and others.—

'I went to the Secretary of Lord Burghersh; and 'he assured me' the matter should be arranged. And it was: in appearance. But the Italian Baron, a man notorious for enmity to the English, was pertinacious in creating obstacles: as to point of view, &c. Finally,—having been kept 'waiting ten 'days doing nothing,'—'perseverance and fortitude' triumph over official obstructiveness. He accomplishes the object of his journey: a finished Copy of 'Titian's *chef-d'œuvre*,' the size of the original; a copy, 'thought to be the best I have done.' Despatching it homeward by sea, he instructs his Brother to insure it,—with *another* from Rome, after Titian, for £100: a sum, at which he could readily have disposed of it alone, at the time.

Much store as from the first, Etty set by this fine transcript of one of Titian's finest works, a picture of which he of all men who have painted *since* Titian, was best qualified to produce a fac-simile; it gained rather than lost in his estimation, as years went by:—. He would never part with it, though he had many high offers. The most prized feature of his Painting-Room, unto the close of his life, it remained. It has recently (in 1853), found a fit home with the Royal Scottish Academy, the possessors of so many of his master-pieces: a worthy addition to them. Much it is to be wished more of Etty's Copies

and of his Studies from the *Life*,—the latter more especially, of so rare value, to those who know their use, to artists, to all *readers* of Art's language,—were thus appropriately lodged: in Sanctuary as it were; in a position to serve the Cause of Art; themselves permanently safe from injury, caprice, and possible Tricks of the (Dealer's or Restorer's) Trade. The Scottish Academy, which also possesses one of his small Venetian transcripts,—from the *St. John Preaching* of Véronese,—obtained Etty's favourite Copy on easy terms: with that Academy's usual good fortune,—or usual sound judgment rather. At the sale of the Painter's effects in 1850, when, from the multitude of Studies thrown on the market at once, so many sold at half-price, this, undeniably, the most Titianesque duplicate ever executed of the famous picture,—a far more authentic triumph of Venetian Colour and Venetian power than many a so-called *Titian's Venus* which adorns celebrated galleries,—had been *bought-in* for seventy guineas. Etty himself used in later life to insure it for £200 and £300.

His Copies generally, have sold far beneath their intrinsic value: at merely nominal prices, relatively,—£10, £20, £30; prices due to the blind prejudice in favour of original or pseudo-original pictures, *as such*, merely.—But his are no ordinary copies. Those made by a great Painter *must* possess an original *spirit*, placing them far above the tame repetitions by inferior hands. Etty's copies are all from Masters with whom he had special sympathies; and have therefore a special fervour of their own.

They are translations, as it were, from favourite authors,—kindred minds,—tinctured by the medium through which they have passed: Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, interpreted by Etty. In the case of the *Venus of the Tribune*,—and some others,—the great Venetian Colourist rendered at large by the great English Colourist,—the Copy is the very *next* best thing to the Picture itself. Though comparatively few of his copies are the size of the originals,—those executed at Venice very reduced, mostly, in size, often a mere Artist's-*abstract* of Colour, Composition, &c.; —all possess the glow and vitality of originals; all are invaluable as studies of Colour.

His main business in Florence achieved, by the close of July, Etty is, for a while, free to enjoy. Among the life-long impressions stored up during Continental Travel,—Possessions, invisible but sure,—numbered remembrance of many 'a fine Italian 'morning' in 'the Pitti Palace at Florence, the 'residence of her Grand Dukes:—the sun shining on 'the surrounding Apennines, the casements open 'to the breath of Heaven; precious works of the 'Great Masters around the walls, and on the 'ceiling;—the music of the Grand Duke's Military 'Band playing beneath the windows:'—together forming 'a combination, most delightful and in-'spiring.'

Resting on his oars, the Painter dallies with a 'little study of a Vandyck;' and condescends to sight-seeing. He relaxes his mind over the 'celebrated 'Preparations in wax of the Human Body,—very beau-'tiful, very curious, and interesting;' and the 'three

'very extraordinary Historic or Poetic pictures, or 'sculptures, or both;'—for 'they are modelled in wax, 'and coloured to Nature,—by Zumbo, a Sicilian 'monk of a gloomy but poetic imagination: the Hor- 'rors of the Plague, the Vanity of Life, and the Cor- 'ruptions of the Tomb. Wonderful things,' and 'very 'poetic,' Etty thinks them: 'so awful, and horribly 'true, as to *affright and disgust one*,' (the legitimate object of Art), 'though they are only small. * *

'In the first, you have entered by a breach Time 'has made, the last abode of some great ones of the 'earth. Generals who in their day have given thou- 'sands to death, lie in pompous tombs; that mock 'their state. On one sarcophagus is sculptured a 'triumph. Crowned with laurel' is the Victor, 'drawn 'by white horses in a chariot of gold. Trumpets 'sound before him, the harp and the cymbals. His 'victorious soldiers follow; and the enthusiasm of the 'Populace raises him to a Demi-god.—See him now! 'a mass of hideous corruption.' The more particular details of this pleasing composition can perhaps be spared. I suppose none but a Monk,—and an Italian (or Spanish) one, could have had the 'poetic feeling' deliberately, patiently, to work out *such*.

'In the second composition, he has represented the 'horrors of a city depopulated by the Plague. In 'front, the old, the young, the Virgin, and the Mother 'with the infant at the breast, all sunk in death, in 'melancholy groups, cover the ground. A man in 'health rushes from a house; bearing the dead body 'of an old man,—his father perhaps,—to add to the 'heap; a cloth tied over his mouth and nostrils. In

'the middle-distance, a waggon is bearing away the 'Dead to a deep pit. A large fire is burning other 'victims; a survivor tending it: its long column of 'Smoke streaming aloft to the heavens. The very Air 'and Sky breathe calamity, pestilence, and death. 'All tends to the same point of terror and desola- 'tion.

'The third and last seems the Triumph of Death 'and Time over Man and his works. The tomb is 'dilapidated, the column fallen.—Architecture sinks. 'The statue is thrown on its face. The writings of 'renowned philosophers lie unheeded on the ground. The harp is silent; Crown and sceptre vacant,—or in the grave.'—

'I have met here,' he gossips, still from Florence,—('*Via Maggia, July 28th,*') 'several of my *brush* and 'palette friends, as you call 'em; flying from Rome 'as they always do, more or less, at this season. One 'or two who stayed, have had the Fever. There has 'been a noble Church burnt down, that Evans and I 'went to see.'—A noble church indeed; the most ancient and interesting in Rome, almost in Italy: the unique Basilica *San Paolo fuori le Mure,* of the Fourth Century, the august and lonely landmark of earliest Christian Art, encrusted with the added treasures of succeeding centuries. The paltry and stupid accident of an hour undid the work of irrevocable Ages, destroyed what fifteen centuries had spared: a catastrophe the lovers of Human history and human Art have not ceased to mourn.

A 'melancholy accident at Tivoli' he relates. Of 'two young brothers, of the name of Brown, sons of

'a banker in England, one slipped into a pool, very 'deep, within a gloomy grotto,—the grotto of Nep- 'tune. When damp, the earth and rocks are slippery, 'and the path dangerous. *His* foot slipped: he sank. 'Neither brother nor *cicerone* could swim; and, after 'several vain efforts to save him, the poor youth sank 'for ever.'

Towards revisiting Rome,—there as at Florence to put his new energies to use, and robuster mental health, — Etty on quitting Venice, had felt no promptings; irrespectively of the Fatal season's advent. From the 'most celebrated of the Venetian 'School there, I have studied. The great works of 'Michæl Angelo and Raffaello I have contemplated. 'To *copy* they are out of the question: are too exten- 'sive. Their qualities may in a great measure be got 'from prints;—those of Venice only from the pictures 'themselves.'—For 'staying longer in Italy, I do 'not see the necessity. I shall have *copied* as much 'as in the present state of my studies I ought to. 'To paint originals in my own chambers, I might 'just as well—and better, be in England.'

To 'dear Venice,' therefore,—thence to set his face towards 'dearer England,'—he retreats; accompanied by his friend Evans, and 'a Mr. Wallace of Flo- 'rence:'—'travelling all night, to avoid the heat.' There, he proposes making records of 'one or two 'more' Venetian master-pieces. In which favourite employment, August and September slip by unheeded. 'The desire of possessing a memorial of this picture 'and of that,'—to put in his Painting-room, and guide his practice,—seduces him. 'Time glides rapidly,

'almost insensibly away:' despite the 'great heat,' the mosquitos, 'the handsome assortment of flies, 'fleas, centipedes, scorpions, and a variety of other 'pretty things you never see in England.'

During the second stay in Venice dates a letter (*September* 13*th*) to Mr. Bodley. Wherein, the Painter dispenses a few further critical opinions: from Venice as from Rome *not* of any rare order of merit or originality. The Ducal Palace appears to him 'a 'noble building, though built contrary to the general 'rules of Architecture,—the heaviest part upper-'most;'—and 'pleases we know not why:' &c. He glances with a more intelligent eye at its Contents, has received direct, vivid impressions of his own,—not a dull, hearsay one, from the 'noble pictures by Tin-'toret, Paolo, Bassano, and others,' representing facts from Venice's triumphal history, 'all on an immense 'scale, and with immense powers of execution. In 'some, are painted the exploits of the Navy under old 'Dandolo: myriads of men and galleys engaged in 'battle. The crash of oars, the showers of arrows, 'the scaling of walls, the desperation of individual 'combat, the dreadful confusion of the whole, are 'portrayed with an invention and facility extra-'ordinary.'

Concerning Titian's master-piece in *San Giovanni e Paolo*,—the *Peter Martyr*,—he speaks with under-standing; discourses of its well-known attributes:—the 'grand conception of subject, and truth of detail;'—the 'fine expression in the Martyr of bodily anguish, 'heavenly hope;'—the 'firm action of the Murderer,' —'great and noble taste of the other figures;—the

'beautiful Angelic Boys descending in a flood of golden 'light;—the grandeur and gloom of the Scene.'

On Venice's *State-Prisons*, the *Bridge of Sighs*, and other noveltics, the simple-minded Painter waxes eloquent, in more than one letter. After a summary of Venice's Palatial splendors, he presents with much emphasis, 'the *other* side of the picture.'—How, on a fine 'morning in May the sun sparkled gaily on the 'Lagunes, and all Nature seemed to *feel* the in-'fluence of that joyous season;' when he descended 'a narrow and gloomy staircase, with a light,'—to discover and marvel at 'abodes of misery a few feet 'square:'—such as an *Annual* or *Novel Newspaper* delights to play off on innocent readers, and sets so much store by. With implicit good faith he retails the *cicerone's* standing tales,—which Custom has not staled (to him): of *one* Victim who languished without a ray of heaven's 'holy light,' without a 'breath of heaven's own pure air,—I *think* they said 'eight-and-twenty years;'—of another captive who, 'driven to madness, dashed out his desperate 'brains;'—of the 'little portal by the water's edge,' (which he 'passed the other day'), 'whither the black 'gondola' was wont to glide, when it came to some ill-fated prisoner's turn to be 'heard of no more:'—&c. 'Oppressed with suffocating ideas, I gladly 'emerged from the gloomy cells into life, daylight, and 'liberty; thanking my God I yet enjoyed these 'inestimable blessings.'

Of 'the Bridge of Sighs I hope to make a Sketch,' had been an announcement let fall before the close of his first month in Venice: his mind charged with

tales of Midnight-executions, with traditionary echos of the 'lamentations, and calls for mercy' of former unfortunate wayfarers through that celebrated 'covered bridge' from Prison to Judgment-seat. Etty had not heard of the too palpable fact Mr. Ruskin has since been disobliging enough to mention: that no victim peculiarly worthy of European pity is known to have passed along the much-berhymed Bridge; the *present* structure dating from the period of Venice's Decline, not of her Greatness. Four careful sketches (in pencil) of the Bridge, &c.,—distant and near views,—taken from the Canal, one of his Venetian Sketch-books exhibits. Twelve years later, these proved useful Memoranda for his fine picture of the *Bridge of Sighs*,—one, it was long his ambition to paint:—in which, subordinate to a moonlight view of the 'real scene' of so many romantic stories, is introduced an Incident in keeping. A school-boy sentiment sufficed to originate a picture poetic in feeling, and imaginative in treatment. Much, in such cases, is left for the vaguer language of Art to deal with; though the express significance or value of the topic chosen be slight.

Among other miscellaneous matter in the Letter last quoted from, is related a 'sudden accident' of the preceding year; which had left its desolating traces still legible throughout Venice.—

'Several of the windows of the Palaces are sadly 'shattered: and no attempt made to mend them. 'They were broken by a storm of hail last June 'twelvemonth. D'Orville was walking in the Piazza 'San Marco one fine afternoon. A number of people

'were out, on land and water. Suddenly, clouds were 'seen ascending from the horizon, at different points 'of the compass. When these congregated in great 'masses over Venice, they assumed a most extraordi- 'nary hue, approaching to green. The atmosphere 'darkened; and vivid flashes of lightning gave warn- 'ing. A few big round drops caused the people to 'take shelter under the Piazza; where they crowded 'by hundreds and thousands. A few minutes of 'awful silence and darkness:—while the genii of the 'storm arrayed their hosts in order of battle. A 'whirlwind sent out as their *avant-courier*, sweeping 'o'er the Lagune, levelled ships, barks, gondolas. 'The chairs, benches, and movables of the *Cafés* in 'the Piazza were swept away, and dashed to pieces. 'All at once, a storm of hail, of a size incredible, 'descended. This, with the crash of windows, roar- 'ing of thunder, flashes of lightning, and shrieks of 'the people, made an impression on most,—and 'D'Orville was of the number,—that the end of all 'things Earthly was come. The description he gave, I 'can never entirely forget.'

Etty will,—as we saw,—rejoin his country *heart-whole*, though he did not leave it so. In other matters, he boasts himself the same,—always excepting improved knowledge of Art:—returns 'with the same 'love and admiration of Virtue, (I wish to God my 'practice were oftener consonant),—the same love and 'admiration of Nature, of Art;—with the same com- 'parative contempt of those golden and glittering 'idols, the greater part, and worser part, of the world 'run after, fall down and worship, as their chief good

'and final Hope.' He trusts 'the few flowers and 'fruit gathered in Italy, when a few more suns 'have rolled away, a few more rains descended, will, 'like those of the Grecian virgin,'—that famous 'basket of fruit and flowers' set on 'the little monu- 'mental shaft,' Vitruvius fables as the 'first idea of a 'Corinthian Capital,—like them, will put forth bud, 'leaves, and blossom. * *

'Tell Walter,' (*to Mr. Bodley still, Sept.* 13*th*,) 'I 'have a piece of good news I will leave to explain, 'till we meet again: when, some day after dinner, 'the cloth is withdrawn, and the bottle of Port and 'Madeira side by side, reflect themselves like Nar- 'cissus,—not in the Brook, but the well-rubbed 'Mahogany table.'—'When God grants me the happi- 'ness of seeing you again,'—he had before promised his Brother,—to be 'more explicit,' as to many matters. 'A happiness indeed! will it be: for the 'loss of which, nothing on Earth could compensate.'

CHAPTER XI.

FAREWELL TO ITALY;—PARIS. 1823—24.

To Verona—Mantua: Giulio Romano—Across the Alps—A Mountain Walk: St. Bernard—Trover—Vevay: Catastrophe—French Diligences: Geneva to Paris—*Douanes:* Contests—Halt—Parisian Lay-Figure—The Arts in Paris: Gérard—Long Stories on Small Subjects—More Gleanings—The Louvre-Drawings—Art-Treasure—Dover: Lambeth.

OCTOBER 7th (or 8th), after a second, supplementary Stay of two months, Etty reluctantly quitted Venice 'for good;' richer—as an Artist,—than he had entered it; but—thanks to his protracted sojourn,—poor in purse: despite 'liberal remittances,' barely enough in his pocket to carry him to Paris.—'At ten 'at night, embarking on the Grand Canal, with our 'effects, in half an hour the lights of dear Venice 'were a long way behind. Hail! and farewell!' At Midnight, Gondola is exchanged for Diligence. Amid heavy, autumnal rains, the artists reach Verona: that city in 'many parts under water;' and the Adige 'tearing away in fine style, swollen 'by the torrents from the Mountains of the Tyrol.' Purposing a week's stay, they have to 'tramp in the 'rain an hour, looking for lodgings:' had 'almost 'given up the idea, when Chance or Providence 'befriended' them.—

'On Sunday morning, we set off to Mantua: 'again to enjoy those glorious works of my old

'friend Giulio Romano,'—for whose beauties the previous visit had given so keen a relish;—and to 'make 'a few pencil sketches.' The bent of Etty's genius attunes him to gather delight, vivid and unalloyed, in the luxuriant, sunny world of the Poetic Pagan.—

'That Chamber of Psyche,' he to Sir Thomas Lawrence exclaims, 'how novel, classical, every way 'extraordinary! It is a treat to find a series of 'pictures that' handles 'classical subjects in so learned 'and antique a style; after being deluged with saints, 'martyrs, and Virgin-Mary's, by thousands. The 'imagination revels in his poetic landscapes. His 'Giants intimidate. His females, though voluptuous 'in the extreme, have an air of greatness truly 'Roman.' What foreshortening in the ceiling! With 'breathless caution his Acis and Galatea eye the 'sleeping Polyphème. What beautiful composition, 'boundless fancy! His monsters, how monstrous! 'His fauns, satyrs, the beings of Antiquity and 'Bacchic revel. There are some in another room, 'of the Lapithæ, and Centaurs rushing out, and 'engaged in battle, without exception the most beau-'tiful knots of composition I ever saw. Michel-'angelo and Raffaello are before him: 'tis only they. 'He and Poussin seem to me the only men who have 'painted Antiquity.

'With great reluctance, I left these charming 'works. The subjects are so congenial to me:—so 'every way satisfactory in what he attempts.

'I am glad to find a series of Outlines are to be 'published of those in the *Camera di Psyche*;—are 'drawn but not yet completed. I will certainly have

'them, if possible. I think *you* will; or I am mistaken.'—So far to Sir Thomas.

On 'Monday night, as we could not bring the '*Vetturini* to reason, we manfully threw our great 'coats over our arms, and set off, a little before dark, 'to walk,—to shame and vex them:—about twenty, 'or five-and-twenty, Italian miles. However, when 'we had waded through the dirt in the city, passed the 'bridges and fortifications, the rain had increased to 'such a degree,—the rains in Italy (in autumn), come 'down by pailfuls;—the sky on all sides seemed so 'charged with it, the roads in such a state, that the 'advanced guard (E.), seeing the threatening aspect 'of affairs, turns round, saying "Well! what d'ye 'think?" The rear-guard (I,) "Why, I think,"—'&c. So, having manfully walked three-quarters of 'a mile, we manfully walked back; and sat down to 'dinner in a dry room, instead of walking by water 'to Verona without one.'

As soon as a 'slight sketch of the *San Giorgio* 'picture' at Verona (by Veronese) is completed,—a sketch which 'the advanced season and dark days 'prevented being very satisfactory,'—he proceeds onward.

At one time,—Rubens being the cynosure,—'it had 'entered our Royal Head to come home from Verona 'over the Tyrol, to Munich: and so, float down the 'Rhine to Strasburg, Heidelburg, and other Burgs, 'to Antwerp! The scarcity of cash, the advanced and 'cold season, our delayed departure from Venice:—'all conspired against it.' And he now directs his course for Milan again. By *Vetturino*, amid a land-

scape 'finely varied,' and a people that seem 'of 'the most industrious and flourishing in Italy,' to Brescia: 'a fine city; the peasantry in the neighbour-'hood healthy, vigorous, active,—and picturesque in 'costume. They don't look so rascally as in some 'parts of Italy. The women in a morning may be 'seen coming from all parts of the country to Brescia, 'with excellent milk, in copper pans slung over their 'shoulders: the pans so bright and clear you may see 'yourself in them. At Brescia, the master of the inn 'intended, *à l'Italien*, to put five passengers in two 'beds. * * High words passed: but we carried 'our point, and got each a chamber.—As for the 'others, I don't' know.'—

Two days are Milan's due: spent in its Gallery, its Cathedral, and before the remains of Leonardo's *Last Supper*. Thence, bound for Swiss Vevay, (on his way to Paris), Etty sets forth; looking to join company, at Vevay, with his Venice-friend, D'Orville. 'I had two letters at Milan,' stating 'his intention of accompanying me to England. 'Joyful at this unexpected event, I hastened onward.'

By *Vetturino* and *Char-à-banc*, across Piedmont. From Domo d'Ossola, by Diligence: the price asked for a *char-à-banc* being 'to us a ruinous one.'—At Domo, 'so anxious to start, I was up long before 'daylight; went out: "a clear, cold, moonlight morn-'ing; the tops of the mountains covered with snow, on 'which the moonlight slept bright and beautiful; the 'stars glittering (seemingly) just by. 'Twas a fairy 'scene: and to me very novel, very beautiful. About 'six, we begin to ascend,—for the third, and I think,

'last time,—the *Barrière de Semplon.* And its 'tremendous scenery soon display itself.—A fine, 'clear, frosty day. * * Winter, enthroned on 'Alpine heights, surrounded by his Ministers,—snow, 'frost, and Boreas,—begin to be felt as well as seen, 'as we ascend.—Snow, by little and little, on the 'roadside; every quarter of an hour more.

Among the Mountains, some small adventure seldom fails Etty.—'We arrive at the inn to breakfast. 'As we had taken a little before starting,' and 'wished 'to economize,'—for funds were ebbing,—'we asked 'if there was a house more forward. "There was, 'about a mile." We walked on, thinking to get a 'little bread:' by help of which, added to 'a few scraps 'in our pockets,' and 'a little wine,'—'to make a cheap 'meal. * * Came to a house in a dreary place. 'I opened the door; heard nothing but the melted 'snow dropping ever and anon through the roof. I 'called,—went in; found all desolate, wet, and cold: 'a heap of stones on the hearth, the windows open to 'every blast of heaven. * * After winding up the 'mountain,' loaded with coats and sketch-books, 'till 'we were tired; finding the snow get thick, we sat 'down on a bank of stones, almost exhausted. I had 'put a little cake or two in my pocket the night 'before. They were nothing,—but were helps. We 'took out a little bottle of a liqueur we had bought in 'Milan; drank a little' from 'our teapot-lid. It 'warmed and refreshed us; enabled us to go on 'farther.'

But to small purpose. 'After hoping to see this 'place at every turn, and finding most of the hovels

'uninhabited, we sat down by the sunny side of one, 'and rested; *again*, dragged on till near the summit. 'Came to an old woman sitting knitting in the road-'side. A large dog barked as we approached; and a 'cat jumped into the crevice of the rock. We asked, 'in Italian, if there was any house for travellers near. 'She, in French, told us there *was*, close by. So it 'proved, at the next turn: an *Hospice* belonging to 'the Monks of St. Bernard. We saw it at some dis-'tance, down in the valley; and set off over the snow 'for it. * * A room with a stove: some prints, 'and a drawing or two by travellers. A large Alpine 'mastiff stretched his length before the stove. A cat 'and kitten nestled under it. The Fathers brought 'store of homely fare: bread and cheese, a few figs, 'two bottles of meagre wine. We ate, chatted, and 'were thankful. The sun shone into the room. The 'stove warmed it: the window open, though all 'around, snow. We bade adieu as we heard the crack 'of the whip echoing in the mountains: offered a 'little money, which they refused,—at last took;'—then 'gladly regained the road and our seats. * * 'In the evening finished the Pass, at Brygge.'

After travelling all night, 'we, in the morning, 'arrived at Sion.'—At 'an inn I had remarked last 'time, had an excellent breakfast for twenty-four 'sous. Delighted with our refreshment, and the 'modesty of the charge,' *Sion* 'was acknowledged "a 'land flowing with milk and honey," and the *Albergo 'della Croce Bianca* every way worthy our distin-'guished patronage.' * *

'Passing Martigny, and other towns, sometimes

'walking, sometimes riding; at St. Maurice, on the 'rapid Rhone,' a larger loss than that of the Italian Grammar is discovered, and with less delay made good. Dinner ordered, we had crossed the bridge, 'to sketch on the Swiss side. After sitting, enjoying 'a fine scene, our fellow-travellers came up, asked if 'we had lost anything. Something heavy had been 'found on the road, said to belong to the Diligence.' On scrutiny, a 'portmanteau, full of useful and, to 'me, most valuable effects,' *is* missing. 'We sought 'out the *gens d'armes:* up a dark staircase, in an 'obscure house;' there, to encounter 'my poor trunk, 'with a young tree through the straps. A little boy 'had found it,' and 'called the *gens d'armes;* who, 'luckily, brought it in the right direction. My key 'opening it, proved me the owner. * * Not very 'well secured,—the roads stony, occasionally furious 'driving,—off it had dropped. But, ere aware of my 'loss, the thing was found. Had it been in some 'parts of the world, good bye!'—According to 'the 'conductor, it was the first accident of the kind these '*twelve years!*—and I forgave him.'

A worse mischance awaited the Painter.—'In the 'morning, we passed into Switzerland proper,' and 'coasting the borders of the Lake (Leman), arrived 'at Vevay:—entered, on a fine sunshiny morning; 'big with hope that I was yet in time for friend 'D'Orville. We felt delighted at the idea, and pleased 'with the place. Mark! the vanity of,' &c.—'We 'got breakfast,' and,—'putting in a stitch or two 'where required, a button where buttons ought to 'be,'—'made ourselves as smart as our battered ward-

'robes would admit. For we are something like Jack 'Falstaff's regiment; have about a pair and half of 'brogues betwixt us. * * I sallied forth—to 'M. le Rochat's, all expectation;' thinking 'every 'young man I saw, D'Orville. The house was near: 'in a retired, pleasant part of the town.—I knocked. '"Is this the Minister Rochat's house?" "*Oui, 'Monsieur!*" "Is Mr. D'Orville here?" "*Oui, 'Monsieur!*"—This was too bad. I went up, assured 'of seeing my friend every moment; wondered I did 'not hear his voice. When my expectations of 'meeting him who had so befriended me were wound 'up to the highest point, comes his sister out of a 'side-room, with something of sorrow in her coun-'tenance:—"My brother went yesterday, Mr. Etty!"

'My heart sank. Hopes of pleasure were at once 'blasted. The sun of Vevay shone no more. The 'Lake had no more beauties. The inn I liked before 'was detestable.

'We determined on leaving forthwith. A Diligence 'was going at two. 'Tis half-past one.—I have 'unpacked: some of my colour has got loose, and 'reddened everything near. "All the places taken:" 'but there are *Barques* on the Lake.—"Take one! 'or anything, to get away from this place!" But 'the sky is lowering. The clouds, rolling down the 'mountain's brow, threaten storm.' For a *Barque*, 'was asked so much, we came away. We seemed 'aground; all to conspire against our leaving. As a 'last resource, I ask M. Rochat's advice. He kindly 'exerted himself, and got a *char-à-banc*. Before dark, 'we left Vevay for Lausanne. Quitting Lausanne

'before daylight, we overtook an old Fellow-Student, 'who teaches drawing in Switzerland; gave him a 'lift to Geneva.'

From Geneva to Paris by Diligence,—'four days 'and three whole nights:' at Dôle changing Diligences, and moving 'all our baggage for the *twelfth* 'time since Venice. The French Diligences have 'been remodelled on a new plan,—decidedly *worse*. 'The cabriolet, I used to like: *that* is now no more. 'They used to be like a moving house; are now like 'a moving Town. * * I exchanged my place in front 'with a young man at the top:' a change 'I had 'reason to regret. As Night set in, it blew a hurri- 'cane. It poured with rain,—was very cold: and yet 'it lightened. I shall not easily forget it.' Even when, 'after a long and tedious night, Morning 'dawned, and the sun shone, it blew very strong and 'very cold: which I felt the more, having come from 'gentler skies. * * A conveyance I never wish to 'enter again, is the Diligence from Geneva.—To be 'three whole nights and four days, without a bed:— 'one meal in the twenty-four hours;—exposed to wet, 'cold, and night-air;—or, if inside, stewed up with a 'host of all sorts.'

A still more trying ordeal than the Geneva Diligence of 1823, were the *Douanes*.—'The word will 'always, I believe, be a bugbear to me.' His huge Case of Studies costs him 'much trouble and money,' in the transit from Venice to Paris. But, 'sent by 'Sea, and lost, nothing could have replaced it.' At Sesto, had commenced a long series of squabbles *anent* the much-prized package.—'They said our

'paper was informal: we must pay something more 'than I had' (paid) 'in Venice. *We* said it was right; 'and carried our point.'—At Sardinian Arona, on the other side of the Lago Maggiore, a hostile skirmish speedily followed. 'They wanted to tear it open. 'Evans took hold of the man, and gave him what 'you sailors call a *sleugh* round. I suppose he did not 'like it: he dropped the subject. Various discus- 'sions' ensue. 'They talked of making us pay 'one thousand francs deposit: a thing they would 'have been cunning to get out of our pockets,'—ill-replenished as they were, — 'then, five hundred. '*Then*, they wisely thought their Custom-house on 'the mountains was too poor to repay; lastly, and 'wiser than all, recollected Pictures paid no duty to 'this King of Anchovies. Modest in the end,'—they accepted 'a franc and a half, and five francs. And, 'after much ado about nothing, our poor case 'was signed, sealed,'—and delivered—'out of their 'clutches.'—At 'Isella, the last *Dogane* of Sardinia,' we get off pacifically. After the case had been weighed, and 'a franc or two more' paid, it was replaced.

In Switzerland, one breathes more freely.—But not on the confines of France. After ascending the 'stony, disagreeable roads of the Jura, we, at the 'French *Douane*, are brought up with a round turn: 'our baggage unshipped, every little parcel opened, the 'whole deranged;—our case of studies opened and 'rummaged;—prints' pulled about, their detention proposed. 'We remonstrated; begged they would not 'deprive us of our materials of study. We prevailed;

're-arranged' the chaos, 'and, having *paid*,—the nsual 'finish,—gladly left these harpies. No less than three '*Douanes* on the French frontier! We had paid 'three francs apiece for our Passports being signed 'by the French Consul in Venice: found them of no 'use; had to buy new ones at two francs each.—So 'they swindle us on the Continent.'

'At last, thank God!'—ejaculates the spent traveller, when writing of 'all this fine fun,' ('no joke' before),—at 'midnight, on the last day of October, 'the lights of Paris sparkled in our sight:' from *Douaniers* and Diligence alike, bringing hope of rescue.—'We passed the Barrier, rattled over the 'streets; and arrived at the *Rue de Montmartre*.' To which, succeeds 'the bustle and confusion of nine-'teen persons landing, and finding each his own 'trunks, band-boxes, night-sacks, hat-boxes and 'umbrellas, canes and lap-dogs:' the 'Custom-house 'officer' appearing on the scene for a final attack. 'Some call a *fiacre*, some walk, and *some* 'are obliged 'to leave their *malle* in pawn:' our artists namely, who enter Paris—'with hardly a farthing in our 'pockets.'—'Send me a little money,' is Etty's first prayer (to the fraternal ear) from that city.

Comfortably housed in the *Hôtel Dusseldorf*, near the Louvre, Etty, 'almost at the threshold' of home, made one more Halt,—his last. He resumed study in that ample Gallery, desirous of further gleanings; from his chosen Venetians still,—and Flemings.—Again immersed in these favourite Masters, commencing with a long-contemplated sketch of the *Marriage of Cana* of Veronese, he discovers he will

'not be ready to tempt the green wave, "till dark 'December rave:" the more especially, as 'excessive cold,' 'thick fogs and frost,' hinder his progress.

'As we used' (*writing Nov. 7th*), 'to breakfast 'together, my dear Walter, on Sunday mornings, at '"my country-house in Lambeth Marsh,"—as Foote 'says,—I would have that happiness (in idea) to-day. It 'requires but a little exertion of memory to recal your 'bald forchead,—a blazing fire,—a clean breakfast-'cloth, though perhaps a ragged,—a view of the 'Abbey (*à la* Venice), rising from the water's edge,—'the hard eggs,—and your two chickens full of in-'terrogatories, and clamorous to be fed. * * I 'am in a snug little room: have a wood-fire, a nice 'little bed within two yards of it, and a window at 'little more;—a bit of old Brussels carpet on the 'floor, which is brick. * * We have found on the '*Louvre Exchange* several Academic and other ac-'quaintance. D'Orville, too, I overtook. About the '1st or 2nd of December, I trust to come. Evans 'you will see before me.'

In Paris, occasions for a remittance multiply on his hands. He finds himself in want of 'several 'things which can be got nowhere else: brushes by 'Dagneaux, a book on Costume, two or three Prints,' above all, 'a Lay-Figure. Though I have increased 'my stock of Ideas in Italy, my mechanical stock-'in-trade is incomplete without *this*. There is only 'one man in Europe who can make it. That man 'is here. A Lay-Figure, you know, is a figure for 'Drapery. If I have one, it may be the means of my 'painting' fewer 'naked figures in my pictures,

'which some' (already) 'say, is to be desired. 'It has all the actions of the human figure, and the 'power to *keep* in any. Much clever mechanism is 'therefore requisite in its internal construction. It 'is the dearest, most difficult to be procured of the '*matériel* of a painter;' but '*essential* to me. When 'I say that, I know *you* will say nothing against it. 'The price is appalling:—about £18. But there is 'no escape. It is only by speaking a twelvemonth 'beforehand I can hope to get it. I must put down 'five *Louis*, deposit. They are always in great re- 'quest in London; and sell for large sums. Indeed, 'there is scarcely any getting one: a good one. I 'wish to secure one of this man,—who is now getting 'old,—ere he drops, and becomes a Lay-Figure him- 'self. * *

'With regard to my Lodgings:'—the requests are modest enough. The Painter would like 'a few of 'the Prints from his print-closet pinned about the 'room, to take off the naked, uninhabited look, bare 'walls have.' Mrs. Chambers must also 'make the 'windows *more air-tight*. The east wind found an 'entrance round the frames, almost enough to blow 'one away. * * In addition, two curtains of 'green calico, or something cheap, strung on a 'simple rod of iron, would keep the room warm; and, 'when drawn, would not interfere with the light.'

Somewhat eagerly, he is looking forward to that humble domicile by the Thames: to the hour 'that 'shall unite me to my Country, to the friends I love, 'to my old Home, my fire, and my quiet studies. 'Then, will I thank my God who has preserved you,

'and protected me,' amid 'sorrow of heart, and the 'vicissitudes of travel. I trust in Him, that He will 'long preserve you,—a blessing to your friends, *my* 'sheet-anchor in all troubles; and that He will bless 'me with power to do something that may advance 'the Arts of my dear country, and open another 'source of rational delight to mankind.'

From Paris, he writes also, (*November 14th*), to Sir Thomas Lawrence, on Artists and the Arts in France.—

* * 'They seem beginning to think *we can paint* '*a little.* Numerous English engravings are every- 'where met with. Vignettes by Stothard, Smirke, 'Westall, are not only admired but imitated. Wilkie 'is much in request. But it is lamentable, the nar- 'row nationality of their School. Titian, Correggio, 'Paolo, Rubens, throw down their pearls in vain. 'The husks of their' (own) 'School are preferred. 'The *Entry of Henri Quatre,* by Gérard, is multi- 'plied a thousand-fold; copied as a picture, copied 'in all its parts: its heads drawn in lithography, 'water, chalks. While its noble pendant, Paolo 'Veronese, has not a single devotee except me. It 'is annoying to see our countrymen and country- 'women, some with book in hand,—or *Valet de Place* 'pointing out its wonders,—come and stare with 'silent and stupid admiration, admiring it because *told* 'it is fine,—for it is the idol of the French school:— 'when we have among us, Artists, so many, who can 'do better. That Gérard has merit, I allow; and the 'picture in question, points that are admirable. But 'altogether, I think it detestable. How any man

'with Paolo Veronese and Rubens at his elbow, could 'mix up such a nauseous draught of colour! I can-'not help thinking Guérin and Régnault are two of 'their first men. * * There are two portraits of 'actresses, just published, in lithography, after two 'by Gérard, very clever: an evident imitation of 'something he has seen of yours.' * *

'The students study better than ours: have more facilities for studying the Figure;' consequently, 'more power in drawing. But the English Painter 'does not much like them:' finds them 'in general, 'noisy, boyish, dirty, frequently rude.—What is 'worse, I understand their moral character is at a 'very low ebb.'

The French 'don't appear to such advantage as 'before I had been in Italy. They possess advan-'tages *we* are strangers to,—in study as well as en-'couragement. The Government has just ordered 'fifteen historical pictures. "They manage *these* 'things better in France." Gérard is to paint the 'Triumphal Entry of the Duke of Angoulême. * *

'I suppose you have seen the statue of Venus 'discovered, or brought to the Louvre, long ago. I 'believe Mr. Chantrey has a cast. Don't you think 'it very noble and beautiful? the head and neck 'very great and dignified?

'How I envy them the Luxembourg Gallery! 'What a foundation it would be for *our's!* How-'ever, we must suppress such longings. I am glad 'to hear something of a National Gallery. It must 'surely take place, or we *give* place to every polished 'Nation in Europe. I hear a report our old friend

'Mr. Fuseli is very ill: hope and trust ere I return 'he will have recovered. We shall not easily "look 'upon his like again."'

Nov. 15th, he reports, amid other small talk, (to his Brother), that the 'draft on M. Lafitte came 'at a very fit opportunity.' Also, how he has 'had 'the satisfaction' of making good another loss,—he is punctilious in relating such minute histories:—that of his 'old umbrella,' his companion these 'five 'years.' It had been 'twice to Italy,' and three times lost and found: once 'left behind' at Calais, once missing at *Venezia,* (the Painter walking 'half 'over Venice' for it); lost 'the third time, on our 'journey to Paris.' The conductor, *after* his 'eight 'days' trip to Besançon and back, brings me my 'old friend to Paris.' Whom, 'I mean to hang 'near the fire, at home,' to 'spend the rest of his 'days in the *otium cum dignitate* of an old and tried 'friend. He was sadly battered, that last tremen-'dous, blowing, rainy night, on the top of the Dili-'gence.'—A triumphant return the precise Painter is destined to celebrate: accompanied by all his chattels, by 'trunk, umbrella, little Book; though 'all were lost.'

* * 'D'Orville says Neptune did not treat him 'kindly. Perhaps the old Gentleman was offended 'at his leaving his service. In gratitude, he ought 'to let *me* have a good passage. I have often painted 'his Daughters' pictures—the Sea-Nymphs;—and 'never asked for the cash.'

* * 'I shall write again,' appointing 'when the 'Fire is to be lit, and the Kettle singing because her

'Master has returned. * * I am very sorry to 'hear of Franklin's accident. Tell him to make 'haste and get well before I come home.' He 'must be there to make the toast.'

During his stay, he painted 'in the Evening-Aca-'demy,' from 'six different models,'—male, female, 'and one boy:' and 'the Frenchmen say "*fort bien.*"' For a week, he worked in 'the *atelier* of one of their 'great Historical painters;' and,—he has cause to think,—'took the shine out of some of the Frenchmen 'there.'—'This I did, not from Vanity; but for the 'honour of Old 'England; and to oblige a fellow-'countryman.'

Busy to the last, in 'making studies and collecting 'material,' his stay is unexpectedly prolonged: in a city for which he cherishes 'no great affection.' But the 'facilities for study and improvement,'—the free access to Museums, 'cheapness and variety of Living 'Models,—'make it to a Painter alluring, despite himself: advantages, however, 'more felt on a resi-'dence than a temporary visit.' By his Brother, Etty is urged, not on slight grounds to neglect these benefits: to permit no pecuniary cares nor homeward longings to induce a premature return.

The attractions of Home,—of 'the Fromity and 'Cake' of Christmas *Eve*, the Roast Beef of Christmas Day, do in fact yield successively, to those of Titian and Veronese. He soon despairs as 'past 'hope,' to see the Christmas Fromity 'smoke on 'your board,'—as he had promised himself; and can only pray that 'some of my poor dear Mother's Cake 'and Creed-wheat' may be saved for the absentee.

After completing the two first-planned copies,—a 'Sketch of Colour' from the great work of Paolo, with its '120 figures;' and another from Titian's *Entombment of Christ*;—he copied, size of the original, a *Sea-Nymph* from Rubens.—A 'glorious Water-'nymph of Rubens's I had long admired,' he relates, 'would not let me leave Paris without a memorial 'of some of her fleshy beauties:' achieved amid 'many interruptions from *fêtes* and Christmas holi-'days;' and despite 'excessive cold.'—By *feeing*,—'potent key,—I painted in the Louvre when nobody 'else did.' After the Rubens, 'I was seduced to 'make a study of the *Deluge* of Poussin, a wonderful 'thing. Perhaps, I' (shall) 'have one of the only copies in England of it.'

Under the pressure of claims more legitimate, Etty excused himself from a commission of Sir Thomas Lawrence's: to make a copy,—'of your own 'size and at your own price,'—of the *Christ crowned with Thorns* of Titian. He felt himself,—as he confides to his Brother,—'too far advanced to waste 'his time thus:'—in the barren drudgery of copying for money. Even for his own use, he had 'copied 'enough;' is tired of that dependent attitude. It is more than time to be at home, on original work. Had there 'been any other means of possessing 'memorials of our great friends of Venice and 'Flanders,' he 'would not have spent so much time' that way.

Another request was urged, not without emphasis, by his 'old master,' who 'will not be unmindful of the 'kindness,'—says his courtly and affable Letter;—

who congratulates himself also, on his good fortune in retaining that 'regard' from an *established artist*' before accorded 'by the *Pupil:*' &c. Himself a signal Collector of Drawings by the Ancient Masters, he desires from Etty a carefully-grounded opinion, and description, of the best of the MICHÆL ANGELOS and RAPHAELS among the Drawings in the Louvre. Yielding to this flattering petition, Etty, with much zeal, on the spot puts together the following NOTES.

By 'the *first* of these Great Names,' he finds 'but 'two small sketches:—one, a *Hand*, drawn with a few 'bold and powerful dashes, with pen and ink; full of 'intelligence of the bones, and very masterly. The 'second, a drawing in red,—*Head of a Satyr;* in 'which he has indulged a little in caricature.' By Raffaello, he finds 'eighteen; some, of the first class:' the three best,—to his mind,—the *Attila*, the *Calumny of Apelles*, the *Alexander and Roxana.*

The *Attila*,—'on a lightish paper, washed with '*bistre*,' heightened with white,'—has 'all the careful 'and sweet detail of a miniature, with the most perfect 'comprehension of the Form and character of every 'individual part.' It recals 'the great qualities' of the *Vatican Fresco:* 'its noble conception; grand taste 'of design; the striking light in which the influence 'of 'the Church' is placed,—a power that arrests 'the progress of a Host of Barbarians, rushing from a 'mountain-gorge like a flood, or devouring flame, to-'wards the Eternal City;'—*their* 'desolating spirit' suggested 'by a Town in Flames in their track.' He specifies also, 'the perfectly flying, finely drawn, and 'draped, Ministers of Heaven; the grand and graceful

'horsemen' who 'sit their steeds so well;' the spirit in the horses; the fine 'drawing in the warriors on 'foot, in the foreground, turning round to look at the 'Vision that spreads dismay through their legions.' In the *Drawing*, 'not the least interesting part is a 'Group of horse and foot, on the left: in the *Picture*, 'left out, to put in Leo X. and his Court.

'The *Calumny of Apelles* is of another *genre*, and, 'perhaps, equally great with the last. *Attila* is 'Homeric; this, of the Spenser class: allegoric and 'poetic. In a gloomy temple, Credulity (with the 'ears of an ass) sits enthroned: Ignorance and Sus-'picion, her counsellors, ministers, whisperers. She 'receives Calumny, introduced by Envy:—'the latter, 'a starved, haggard, squinting wretch, hovering in 'rags and misery. Calumny, in the figure of a Woman 'richly appareled,—her friends and handmaids (who 'dress her), Fraud and Artifice,—advances to Credu-'lity's throne; armed with a blazing torch, dragging 'an innocent victim: who, lifting his hands and eyes 'to Heaven, implores assistance. Late Repentance 'comes behind, tearing her hair; and looks back on 'the bright figure of Truth: who, naked, enters in a 'flood of light, and illumines the whole.' The Painter speaks with emphasis, of the perfection with 'which 'the Allegory is carried through, the fine moral, the 'poetic fancy, the noble arrangement of the great 'lines of the composition, (a principle he had studied 'well from M. Angelo); the inimitable truth of each 'character, whether formed by the action of malevo-'lent passions,' whether stagnating in 'ignorance, or 'enlightened by truth.' He thinks it 'one of the

'finest of his Drawings, one of his most characteristic, 'poetic, and interesting works. It is not in quite so 'good preservation as the preceding: is drawn with a 'pen, washed with *bistre;* and has been heightened 'with white,—most of which is gone.'

At the '*Alexander and Roxana,* well known for 'its elegant and playful composition, Raffaello seems 'to have worked *con amore.* The grouping possesses, 'as in most of Raffaello's works, that grandeur and 'grace, seen in Nature and the fine Antiques. Alex-'ander's action is at once graceful and dignified: that 'of a warrior and a monarch. Roxana is abashed 'at his presence. The graceful figures of the little 'Loves playing with his lance and shield, fill up the 'mass;—balance and add beauty to the composition. 'It is charmingly drawn, with pen, washed with '*bistre,* and heightened with white; touched on with 'great firmness and sweetness, united.'

Three others he ranks 'next in merit.—One, in 'red chalk,' is '*Venus and Psyche,* very truly and 'sweetly drawn: apparently from Nature.'

'Another, in red chalk, evidently from his *Forna-'rina,*' is a 'study for the *Virgin* in the celebrated 'Louvre *Holy Family,* so finely engraved by Ede-'linck:—the arm and lower limbs nearly all naked, 'and a slight indication of the Infant reaching to-'wards her.'

'Last,' Etty mentions vaguely, 'a drawing,—the 'outline begun in black lead,—drawn with pen, and 'washed with *bistre.* The natural, pretty action, 'and sweet expression, are delightful; the drapery 'broad, and beautifully folded.'

These, like the rest of Etty's critical attempts, have an interest, as showing he could enter with real gusto and discernment into the works of his great predecessors in the Art. He was not always, nor with all his friends, prone to give expression to such perceptions. Sir Thomas was one in whose favour he made the effort. And the Portrait-painter had ground for the pleasure he expressed, at his Correspondent's 'animated and intelligent' accounts of what he had seen.

Reviewing (*to his Brother*), the Year and a Half's Travel, Etty affirms himself to have now 'completed 'and more than completed the intention' of it. 'My 'object was, to see what had been done by the Great 'Names in Art. I *have* seen:—and made upwards of 'fifty memorials in oil-colour.' Throughout his absence, he had wisely 'thought it best' wholly to devote himself to the works he had left England to study: to be 'constantly in the galleries,' before these 'great works; drinking in the deepest draught 'of their beauties possible.' Original production 'I 'put off till I get to England; where, I can see *them* 'no more. By this means,' he boasts 'to have profited 'as much in a year and a half,' as by two spent 'in 'the ordinary way. I come home to avail myself of 'the flowers I have rifled; trust the bee and his 'honeycomb will arrive safe in the great Hive, and 'not be destroyed for the sake of the sweets he has 'hoarded.'—'Should I ever' leave 'dear London' again, 'it would be perhaps for a longer period. God knows 'I have no wish to do so, while *you* are in it;—unless 'my improvement and duty demand it. The advan-

'tages of getting models cheaply and easily, are great 'to an Historical Painter. These advantages Rome 'and Paris possess. But with the general feeling 'awakening in England towards Painting, I trust 'facilities' for its practice 'will keep pace; and that 'a Painter who wishes to excel will have no need to 'exile himself from almost all he holds dear.'—A wish Etty lived to realize: for himself, at all events. —'Should I live in a classical country, surrounded 'by monuments of Art and Antiquity, with my 'fondness for classic lore, I should become a learned 'Antiquary inevitably. I so love the Olden Times, 'and the precious monuments of beauty they have 'left us.'

He has now, however, a nearer future to think of.— 'Shall be not a little glad' (he declares) 'when I and 'my Case are in *good* case on the other side of the '"Herring Pond," as my poor dear father used to 'call the sea.' In addition to his Fifty Studies, numerous *prints*, and *books* of prints, useful to the Historic painter, he fills his Cases with other valuable art-properties. Among these, muster 'new *Colours* 'of Paris manufacture;'—'a hundred francs' worth 'of Pencils (or brushes) of the true breed, made by a 'clever old man of the name of Dagneaux: who lives 'up three pair of stairs, in one of the dirtiest holes 'of Paris; with two or three dogs, some birds, and 'his son and wife,—who materially aid him. His 'brushes are without their parallel. No one can 'touch him. He won't sell them to the shops, and 'very seldom gets them done to his time. By coax-'ing him sometimes, and sometimes the reverse, I

'have been so fortunate as to get fourteen dozen of 'his first rate; and two or three dozen more: which 'will I suppose, last me my life. M. Huot is the 'first-rate artist in the *Lay-Figure* way; equally 'unique, and almost equally antique with M. Dag-'neaux, Madame Huot is his only assistant. They 'have one to make for Jackson the Academician, and 'I believe, another. I am promised mine in six 'months.'

By the middle of January,—his gleanings in the Louvre gathered in,—he sets foot in Dover; attended by his *Three* 'mighty cases of studies and treasure: 'studies of *all* the numerous pictures' he had set his mind on. Through 'the various *Dogane*,' across 'various States, snowy mountains, and seas,' he, at no small outlay of coin and vexation, had resolutely held by the (to him) invaluable trophies of assiduous toil: fearing to confide more than the two Titians to sea-carriage. *Their* safe arrival, however, had preceded his own. Landed on the friendly chalk cliffs, he at length, reluctantly parted company with his precious charge; which proceeds 'under the seals of office to 'the Customs in London:' *there* to be '*passed*' by the Academy.

The pleasure of seeing again England's green, familiar fields, is soured at the outset (slightly), by the seizure of 'two beautiful trinkets' imported for fair friends: seized 'by those sharks' the Custom-House understrappers. The 'shabby deed was done,' —'unworthy of a great Nation,'—because the articles 'were in my pockets. Everything now is required '(it seems) to be in the *baggage*.' A day or two he

lingers, using 'every exertion' in vain. Entered on the 'seizure books,' they cannot be surrendered by the local powers; themselves 'well-disposed.' 'No-'thing but an order from London can loose the spell. '*That* I'll try.'

Vexed 'to think one is worse used at home than 'abroad,' he gladly hastens from this now 'abomi-'nable place.' Divorced from 'treasure' (the three mighty cases), and trinkets, he, with only his 'trunk 'and three or four packages,' re-enters his 'little 'home' in Stangate Walk; after a year and a half's absence: 'one frosty, moonshiny night in the winter 'of 1824. Icicles hung to my hair, and the *capote* 'which had almost boiled in Italian suns, was stiff 'with ice. A warm fire and dear friends received 'me. I was soon at home.

'The *next* night saw me at my post on the Aca-'demic bench.'

CHAPTER XII.

MATURITY. 1824—1827. (ÆT. 37—40.)

Reports Progress: *Pandora*—Buckingham Street: a Companion—Etty on Lawrence—The Old Masters—Is promoted Associate—Allan *versus* Etty—Student still—Lofty Aims: the *Combat*—Unusual Patrons—York: Iconoclasm—Portrait—Delights of his Native City—The *Choice of Paris*—Developed Power: the *Judith*—Domestic Glimpses.

THE two months remaining before the last day of receiving pictures at the Somerset House Exhibition for 1824, had to be employed with even more than Etty's usual energy. After so long abstinence from original work, he felt it incumbent to produce something which should advance him in 'fame' and position. 'Years are rolling over my head!'—he exclaims, to Sir Thomas. 'I ask myself, "What have 'I done?" Echo answers "What?" Ambition 'steps in, and says, "*Something* you must."—I con-'sent, determine to try; and trust God will give me 'health and power to do something, ere I die, worth 'remembering.' Straightway he does try,—renews the old endeavour: and fails not to fulfil the hope.

While thus busied, the following, to Sir Francis Freeling, was penned (*in February*).—'Any other 'Sunday in the Calendar but next Sunday, I shall 'be most happy and proud to accept your kind invita-'tion. Previous to receiving your note, I had invited 'two or three friends to dine with me on that day.

'I shall be very glad to be better acquainted with 'Mr. Seguier, a gentleman who on all occasions, I 'understand, speaks so much more favourably of my 'works than I can feel they have deserved.

'I have not forgotten my promise to you respecting 'the drapery of *Cleopatra*, and am ready to fulfil it. 'But should the alterations be at all considerable, I 'am sure you will give me leave to adjourn making 'them, till after the 6th of April. I feel I shall be 'pressed for time, even if I *can* complete a picture 'just commenced for the Exhibition. I am desirous 'to get something or other done. My stay abroad 'has extended beyond the time proposed.' * *

This attempt, long brooded over, whereof his numerous rough sketches show the composition, colour, &c., to have been carefully settled beforehand,—*Pandora Crowned by the Seasons*,—'a picture of eight 'or nine figures, begun and finished' in six weeks,—was executed as a testimonial of recent progress, and pledge of future achievement. It hardly did justice to the finer qualities of his genius;—was in many respects far excelled by those which followed. It was well received, however. Academicians commended, the Academy's President (Lawrence) bought, it. The picture was in fact characterized by enough of Academic method to recommend it in official quarters. The hand so long broken in to Copying could not at once recover its freedom. The *Pandora* is, in spirit, a reminiscence of the Antique, and of the great Italians: a masterly scholastic exercise, rather than an original poem. In the article of imagination, there is nothing to remind one of the

richly-freighted *Cleopatra*. If, however, in some respects, a step backward, the pictures which followed proved *that* to be the preliminary to one proportionately in advance.

The mere painting of the *Pandora* is powerful, though careful:—the drawing bolder than before, the colour at once deeper in tone and more resplendent, the handling firmer. His year and a half's incessant study in Italy had completed his education as a painter. It is an instance of the signal energy and patience of the man, that when, after long delays, he *had* achieved excellence, and received an earnest of fame, he should have suspended his creative course to perfect himself technically. Few, after having learned to paint a *Cleopatra*, would have had the courage and self-denial to continue scholars. But it was the turning-point which decided his life-long mastery of his Art. The execution of the large works which soon followed,—the *Combat*, the *Judiths*,—while it tested the soundness of that education, developed his powers of hand still further; enabling him, thenceforth, to execute in a similar large manner, and with decisive swiftness, works of *any* size.

In the summer of 1824, Etty exchanged his lodgings in *Stangate Walk*,—retained throughout his lengthened absence,—for the address by which he was ever after known, Buckingham Street, Strand:—still constant to the River side. 'I could not bear to desert 'old Father Thames,'—he had protested when in 'Italy;—have an affection for him. Turner, (our 'Great Turner I mean), said,—and with justice I 'think,—there is finer scenery on its banks than on

'any river in Italy. I love to watch its ebb and flow. 'It has associations connected with Life, not unedifying. I like it, too, on another score. Looking from 'Lambeth to Westminster Abbey, it is not unlike 'Venice. And I like *Venice* because it reminds me 'of it; as well as'—for other, more cogent reasons. From the upper floor of Buckingham Street, his back windows commanded a similar, and finer *coup d'œil.*

Commencing with the lower floor, he burdened himself with a lease of twenty-one years and a rent of £120: a serious increase of expenditure, warranted seemingly, by improving prospects. It secured space and accommodation almost indispensable to an ambitious Historical painter, and a more accessible position: also important in his profession. These chambers on the lower floor were previously occupied by Sir Humphrey Davy, (not the philosopher); and, after Etty quitted them, by Mr. Stanfield, for some years. They look into a Terrace-walk with a small cottage at one end, the lodge where resides its 'keeper.' Many years ago this keeper was a man named Hewson, the 'Strap'—as the tradition goes,—of Smollett's *Roderick Random.* The top-floor was the watch-tower for which our Artist sighed. On *its* falling vacant two years later, thither he ascended; getting rid of his lease at a loss. Here, 'having above him,' as he used to say, 'none but the Angels, and the 'Catholics who had gone before him,' he remained twenty-three years: till his retirement from London,—and soon after, from Life itself.

On the Painter's removal from Lambeth, his Mother joined him, from York, to set him going in his new

and improved household. She brought as her assistant, a Grand-daughter. The young girl was to have stayed some weeks or months. She stayed some twenty-five years: daily becoming more necessary to her Uncle's comfort and happiness; in after times his domestic all-in-all, his companion, and 'Right-'Hand.'

Among the few remaining letters of this period, one turns on Sir Thomas Lawrence. The quondam Pupil's own advances in knowledge and skill had little modified his early admiration for that 'first of 'British Painters:' as he was then esteemed. The rarely-gifted artist went with the tide in his estimate of the ephemeral: an estimate hard *now* to realize, as having once been soberly held. In Etty's case, indeed, there were early associations to account for the bias.

His friend Bodley, deputed to propose Lawrence's health at some Dinner 'of the Honourable Fish-'mongers' Company,'—is solicitous to 'do justice to 'his character as a man and an artist' in the inevitable speech; and asks for 'the leading features of 'that distinguished individual's character.'—

'He' (Sir Thomas), responds Etty (*July 22nd*, 1824), 'is a singular instance of extraordinary proficiency 'in youth being followed by equally extraordinary 'powers as a man. His yearly improvement, even 'up to this day, is no less surprising than true; and 'completely overthrows a remark Sir Joshua made 'on one of his Portraits (a Nobleman in a Scottish 'dress):—"*that* was as far as his style would carry 'him." It is a proof of his strength of mind, that

'instead of allowing the abundant praise he has had, 'to slacken his pace, it seems only to have stimulated 'him to outdo himself. Contemporary with Sir 'Joshua, (*then* high in repute,) we see him now,—yet 'of a fine aspect, something young about him,—not 'only keeping, but materially adding to, his fame. '* * Though Portrait-painting is not the highest 'class of art, yet does he give it many of the charms 'of History, and poetic feeling: in a way perhaps that 'no painter has ever before done. * * To these 'high qualities as an artist, he unites a liberal and 'benevolent mind, a temper envy and jealousy can-'not ruffle;' is 'an elegant scholar, and one of the 'most finished gentlemen of the age.'

At home, and on ordinary occasions, Etty's correspondence rarely contains much that is quotable. A letter written soon after the last shows him still full of the Masters, whose works he had been so lately studying under brighter skies.—

'I know you are fond of Canaletti,' (*to Mr. Bodley, August 13th*). 'Indeed, who can be otherwise, who 'love pure and unadulterated representations of 'Nature? Have you seen the one at the British 'Institution belonging to Lord Carlisle? If you 'have not, and are in Town to-morrow, take a look at 'it. It is, without exception, the finest thing of the 'sort ever painted. 'Tis an absolute deception. I 'know the exact place so well, that coming suddenly 'on it, I was thunder-struck at its identity, and riveted 'to the spot near an hour. It required but little effort 'of the imagination to transport myself back to that 'interesting City, always so dear to me. It seemed as

'I had but to step into a gondola, pass the tragetto '(or ferry), and go into the Scalzi Church. Every 'house, every brick, seems to have the exact hue it 'now has: air, water, sky,—all just as you were look-'ing at the real scene through a diminishing glass. '* * Unquestionably, one of the most surprising 'scenic pictures that has been painted.

'I saw Sir Thomas yesterday. He seemed pleased 'with his reception at the Hall; spoke of the dinner 'as one of the best; but wondered by what anomaly 'the Company of *Fishmongers* should have no Fish! 'Speak, you, who best can tell!'

Later, in acknowledgment of a friendly courtesy from Sir Francis Freeling,—a 'pheasant which' he 'robbed of some of its beautiful plumage, for future 'Cupids' wings,'—I find the Painter sending, in his turn, a Proof of the (then recent) engraving from *Venus and Cupid Descending*:—for 'one gay 'creature of the element, the shadow of two.'

In the Academy-Catalogue for 1824, the exhibitor of *Pandora* had given his titles at length:—'Honorary 'Member of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, 'Venice,' and 'of the Charleston Academy of Fine 'Arts, America.'—A title more to his purpose, was in the next Catalogue, to displace them. October 29th, 1824, Etty, by this time thirty-seven, was dubbed *Associate* by the Academy in Somerset House. It was three years since his *Cleopatra*: during which interval, he had been preceded to a seat among the Twenty, by Leslie, by Clint, Wyatt (Jeffrey), Jones, by Pickersgill (H. W.), Reinagle, Wilkins.—A tardy concession! It could not be regarded, pertinently

observed *The Times*, as an honour *conferred*. 'If it 'were, he has deserved; and should have obtained it, 'long ago.'

Allan, the Scottish painter, was a competitor: much pushed by his fellow-countryman Wilkie; who stood also, on the list of Etty's intimates. Wilkie's personal and national prepossessions were all on his compatriot's side: making him eager for Allan alone, and that 'the Academy should see its own interest in 'this.' Lawrence relates the race these two ran at the final ballot, in a letter printed in Cunningham's *Life of Wilkie*.—

'In the first nomination,' says the Portrait-Painter, 'Mr. Allan had a large majority. Two other candidates 'with equal numbers, then stood the ballot. And Mr. 'Etty became the final opponent to Mr. Allan; who, 'when the boxes were opened, was found to have the 'inferior numbers.'

With many courtly shrugs, the accomplished man of the world apologizes for the Academic decision. 'You know the claims of Mr. Etty, and how much he 'may be said to be a child of the Royal Academy:— 'educated by it, its most assiduous student, a former 'pupil of its President, and a man of the most blame- 'less life, modest and natural manners.'—All which considerations, however, can 'hardly diminish the 'regret of the just admirers of Mr. Allan's genius;' 'amongst whom he begs:' &c. Though 'certain the 'accession of Mr. Etty to the Institution cannot fail 'to do it credit, I know even my own partiality for 'his merits, would not have prevented my voting for 'Mr. Allan, had equality of numbers called for my

'decision.' The absent Chantrey had 'sent his nomi-'nation for Mr. Allan. Mr. Shee (with the same 'difficulty I should have felt still), voted for him.'

Less exalted individuals saw their way more clearly. Private influences and predilections do strangely perplex the counsels of a self-elective body. After his friendly efforts to shut the door on Etty had failed, Wilkie himself confessed the former's claims, 'inde-'pendent of those which recommended him so pecu-'liarly to our Institution, would be formidable to any 'man.'

Despite his year and a half's devotion to 'collecting 'Memorials' of the Old Masters, Etty by no means thought it time to abandon such labours. He never, in fact, wholly relinquished the practice, nor any other branch of self-improvement; remained strictly a *Student* as long as he remained a painter. Still bent on covering the walls of his studio with examples germane to his own range of Art, he continued adding *con amore* to the goodly store laid in already. In their accounts of the year's Copies at the British Institution, the Newspapers notice, in 1824, Etty's 'singularly fine copy' of one of the two noble Tintorets from Hampton Court,—the *Esther before Ahasuerus:* Mrs. Carpenter's copy of the same being pronounced only second in merit to his,—honourable proximity for the lady.

Etty had returned from Italy with a conviction that 'no one in England had painted History;' resolute to represent England in that province: 'to paint 'the Human Figure as the painters of antiquity had 'done.' He quickly began to avail himself of the

unaccustomed elbow-room afforded by his new habitation. The latter half of 1824, and earlier months of 1825, were engrossed by his first Large Picture,—the *Combat*, or 'Woman Interceding for the Vanquished:' a conception, so long as we saw, having occupied his mind. Rough jottings for it date, previously to his stay in Italy: in some whereof, the Vanquished is fleeing, not, as in the picture, on his knees. The first of the 'Three times Three' colossal pictures it became his ambition to paint, the *Combat* was the commencement of that important plan of operations whereby, during six long years after the episode of Italian travel, he laid siege to Fame: with slight immediate success; fruitlessly soliciting the favours of the capricious Goddess, Fortune,—the smiles of a Public which, towards him, continued to present a very blank face.

A Painter who has since reached distinction in a kindred walk, remembers his first introduction,—himself then, an aspiring young man,—to the great Colourist: one fine sunny morning during the summer in which Etty was engaged on the *Combat*,—'painting 'the sea in the background;'—in the lower floor of Buckingham Street, 'the room facing the River.' He 'kindly lent me drawings to copy; and once 'honoured us with a visit at Wandsworth, one very 'hot day:'—arriving 'almost melted,' his boots white with dust; 'for he had walked all the way.'

To 'the British' in 1825, Etty,—in the midst of his Large Picture,—could only send two small 'Finished Sketches' he had by him: *Nymph and Cupid*, and another.—'An anxious and harassing time,' he affirms, on the *Combat's* completion. And he thanks God at

having 'triumphed over the greater part of those 'difficulties that threatened to prevent its completion 'in time.' It more than sanctioned the Academy's choice,—before a very safe one. Among artists the *Combat* has always ranked as perhaps the noblest of Etty's productions, both for dramatic power, and—what comes home to an artist,—the triumph achieved 'over the most arduous difficulties of Art.' Even at the time of exhibition, it excited admiration. The Newspapers of the day styled it, in newspaper parlance, 'a painting that would do credit to any 'country;'—'one of the finest specimens of Histo-'rical talent the English School has yet produced:'—&c. Before, 'chiefly distinguished,' we are apprised, 'for accurate Drawing, and beautiful Colouring, of 'fanciful objects,' he has now 'ventured to rival the 'elevated truth and solemn grandeur of the Caracci.' 'The interceding female' is 'worthy the pencil of 'Guido.'—And so on.

A picture of 'colossal dimensions' may find its admirers,—not so promptly, a buyer. One gentleman of fortune, consulting Chantrey's judgment in the selection of a picture 'for his stair-case,' was assured by the Sculptor, he 'will not readily meet 'with so fine a picture as Etty's *Combat;*' that 'the 'merit of the picture is unquestionable, its price sur-'prisingly low: three hundred guineas. Artists and 'judges expected he would have asked *six* hundred at 'least. Its size alone stood in the way of various 'purchasers.' The Sculptor has already 'strongly re-'commended' it 'to Mr. Watt,' and hopes some friend '*may* have the good fortune to possess it.' A kindly

warmth the recommendation breathes, creditable to its writer; considering *he* was at that time a reigning Power, Etty an unrecognised one.

The advice failed of the desired effect. It was reserved for a fellow-painter,—Martin,—to express emphatically enough a practical sense of the Picture's noble daring, and his own sympathy with its producer, by himself paying down for it, at the season's close, £300: a 'price below its merits,' but more than any one else had courage *so* to invest.

Hitherto, and for many years to come, Etty is better appreciated by his fellow-artists, the discerning among them, (still, his warmest admirers), than by any larger public. Sir Thomas Lawrence bought his *Pandora;* Martin, the *Combat;* and later, the Edinburgh Artists, his *Judiths, Benaiah,* etc. Deprived of this brotherly recognition from competent, if unusual dispensers of Patronage,—at times his *only* encouragement,—it admits of question what turn matters might have taken during his long and lonely course of ambition.

In the Spring of 1825, died Fuseli, a magnate of Art, and an old friend. In common with all the English painters of his generation, Etty looked up to the fantastic Swiss with vague veneration. 'Though,' writes he, 'at so advanced an age, eighty-'six or eighty-seven, I know few of the Members 'whose death could give me more real regret. In 'him I have lost a staunch friend;—and feel that we 'shall not look upon his like again. Peace rest his 'soul!'

During a visit in the Autumn of 1825, paid, after

long absence, to York, one of the first things to attract Etty's attention was a rumour of architectural spoliation: always a subject to stir him. A MS. draft of letter to some York paper, dated October 3rd, 1825, is primed with protest. He hears 'with surprise and regret, the County have purchased *Clifford's Tower*, and the beautiful site on which it 'stands, for the purpose of enlarging the prisons of 'the Castle.' He hopes 'some pen more powerful' will advocate the good cause; and that the 'same enlight-'ened policy which preserved the New Walk from 'the barbarous project entertained against it, will be 'exerted to save this noble ruin, the Walls, and every 'other monument of past ages Time has left us:—from 'the destructive demon of modern Improvement.'—The 'first stone I threw at the Vandals,' declared Etty of this Letter, twenty years later:—after a long series of such patriotic onslaughts,—of obstinate resistance to an unflagging course of Devastation. This Tower, a still-*architectural*, as well as picturesque, Norman fragment,—praised by Sir Walter Scott as one of the 'noblest' Castles he knew,—was *not* actually pulled down, only *stifled*, as it were: amid a huge and hideous array of new 'Castellated' prison-walls enclosing the Castle-precincts.

Since Etty's first parting from his native town to seek his fortunes in the world, the York people had, by 1825, made considerable way in demolition,—demolition in 1854, still progressing,—of things once distinguishing their City from an ordinary Market-town. The Walls had been voluntarily suffered to become more and more ruinous, with

a view to ultimate removal. Posterns had been razed; the old Bridge with Saint William's Chapel, destroyed—between 1810—1819:—unnecessarily, as even the Engineer confessed, who proposed building a New Bridge at a different point. To York, remarkable neither for Manufactures nor Commerce, one opportunity of honourable distinction remained: in the faithful preservation of Historical monuments. But, blind to its own peculiar wealth, it has assiduously annihilated it: in the silly race,—with its rivals of yesterday,—after stuccoed 'neatness' and prim monotony.

Among the portraits executed during this visit, was one of a Lady, his hostess: much eulogized by Wilkie, when in York some years after. By this lady, and her husband, Etty was hospitably received during the present, and many a subsequent visit. The brilliant and striking beauty of her face, with its dark-gleaming eyes and darker tresses, long haunted Etty's mind; is recurred to in the Venetian Conversation-pieces, and other important works.

In reference to the Portrait, Etty speaks, (*to Mr. Bodley, October* 11*th*), 'of interruptions owing to the 'ill health of Mrs. ——, and her being a very dif-'ficult subject: having delicately-formed features, 'and a good deal of expression. Until Saturday, I 'had not completed her picture: which I should like 'to show you. I have taken a good deal of pains. 'Some artists have expressed themselves highly 'pleased with it; as something quite new, unlike 'anything else but Nature.'

The same letter affords a glimpse of his York

pleasures. The quiet attractions of his Native City already exert the spell, which in after years, drew him there so often: inducing the yearly sojourn and final retirement.—

'I have been since enjoying the *délices* of York: 'the beautiful New Walk, through shady trees on the 'River's side:—"When rocking winds are Piping 'loud;"—or at evening, when all is still and serene; 'or when the gay morning sun is up,—and the fresh 'breeze ruffles the surface of the water, and the dew 'is on the grass.—And I love to loiter in that noble 'Minster, now they have almost freed it from the 'theatric lumber that has so long deformed it. * * 'Oh! how splendid, how light and beautiful, it 'appears: when, in a morning, the sun is stream-'ing through its gorgeous windows,—rich with ten 'thousand dyes,—and chequering the columns and 'pavement with the most delicate and harmonious 'hues.—But I have not words.'

After his return to London, on sending his kind hosts some modern engravings, a few words of description accompany them:—one, 'after my old 'friend Fuseli,' among 'the most extraordinary 'men of any age or country; and three,—*St.* '*Cecilia*,—*Sensibility*,' and the *Sempstress*,—after 'Romney, the contemporary, and successful rival 'of Sir Joshua. Lady Hamilton served as his model 'for all. She could put herself in those sweet and 'expressive actions he painted such a number of fine 'things from. I' think 'them beautiful, and there-'fore worthy of being presented to you. * *

'As I consider what you recommend a law, I,

'according to your suggestion, "Read the Bible:"—
'and hope to profit by it. For a Painter is apt to
'be so absorbed in the pursuit of Fame as to forget
'what Cowper says—

"The only amaranthine flower,"'——

etc.:—a stock quotation of Etty's.

The lady had fulfilled the part of Mentor as well as that of Painter's '*beau idéal.*' Etty was at that time, not so constant a Church-goer as in later years, and far more addicted to his brush on the Day of Rest. His fair friend severely rated him for these malpractices. He took the scolding to heart, and amended. Towards the close of his life, he is at especial pains, in his *Autobiography,* to enjoin on Students, as 'essential,'—would they not be 'too 'much attached to the world,'—a stricter respect for 'His Sabbath of rest to the soul,' than as he (truly) confesses, his own practice had always,—if at any time,—exemplified. 'For the artist, of all men, ought 'to be intellectual, spiritual, virtuous.'

On the exhibition of the *Combat,* the then Lord Darnley had commissioned a 'large picture' of Etty: influenced, as he afterwards expressed himself, by 'an anxious desire to encourage the highest walk 'in the Art;' and by the not unwarrantable 'con-'viction,' that the Painter of that Picture possessed 'power very superior to most of his competitors.' Several subjects were proposed, and, the *Judgment of Paris* selected; to the execution whereof Etty, during the following year, devoted his time 'almost 'entirely.' This numbered among the very few occa-

sions in Etty's career, on which the support of what is called 'Patronage' was extended to him: one, nowise diminishing reluctance to barter Liberty for that doubtful good. He liked to be wholly free both in choice and conception of his subject; never showing kind friends that grateful sense of the value of their suggestions they naturally expected. During the progress of the *Judgment of Paris*, Lord Darnley, Dilettant-like, was continually urging this or that emendation. At last, the impracticable Painter declared he would paint the picture for himself: his Lordship 'need not take it unless he liked.' When it came to be exhibited at the Academy, the latter stuck to his engagement, and at once bought the picture on the private day.

A Poetic and nobly painted picture it proved: extorting patronising mention from the critics. Established reputation had not arrived to make him obnoxious. The newspapers acknowledge its qualities to be such as no contemporary could equal, and wish him 'a liberal purchaser.'

The price at which it had been commissioned and purchased, *was* a good one, as prices then went with Etty: £500. Of that sum, however, he, in the course of three years, received only £400, 'at four different times:'—by dint of asking for it; the money being then of moment to the little-encouraged Painter. The remaining hundred was unpaid at Lord Darnley's death; the claim disputed by his successor, nor settled until 1834, after repeated and urgent solicitations. The possessor of the *Judgment of Paris* seems never to have set much store

by that radiant composition. In 1827, it was re-exhibited at the British Institution with Lord Darnley's consent: who, however, 'would have wished 'to have suggested some alterations before it was 'again exhibited;' and also proposes, an accompanying intimation, that it is 'to be disposed of.' No purchaser coming forward, his Lordship allowed it, for four years, to 'improve in tone,'—not on the walls of one of his own mansions, but—'removed 'from the light and air,' in such scanty warehouse-room as the Painter could afford:—even after disbursing £400, received it only at the Painter's request, into his own house. Ultimately, after much vicissitude of fortune, the (for years) unsaleable picture was destined to attain the market-price of from a thousand to fifteen hundred guineas.

'Honour and glory to the next Exhibition!'—'We must keep foreigners from fooling us:'—'AMBI-'TION! GLORY! CONQUEST!'—Such are the ejaculations I decipher on a card, filled, on the other side, by a sketch for the *Judith*. On *this*, his second great venture in the Historic, Etty was straining all his energies to realize the aspirations indicated:—*Judith*, 'first conceived' in York Minster, 'when the solemn tones of the Organ were rolling 'through the aisles.' In it, as 'in all his great 'pictures,' he will aim 'to paint some great moral 'on the heart:'—'Patriotism and Self-Devotion.' 'Self-devotion to her country, her people, and her 'God,' had been Judith the Deliverer's.

Among the numerous rough jottings,—on the backs of letters, stray cards, &c.,—for the compo-

sition of this picture, in some, Judith's hand holds the falchion horizontally. So, in fact, it was at first painted. On perceiving the far superior eloquence of her appeal to Heaven, if the arm were uplifted vertically, he had several inches of canvas added at the top and sides, and raised the arm and falchion as they now are.

To the Academy Exhibition of 1827,—to the British, sending only a small *Head of a Jew*,—he did indeed contribute 'honour and glory,' as he had proposed doing: in three pictures, various in size, but of little varying merit and power. There were, besides the *Judith*, the *Parting of Hero and Leander*, poetic in feeling, musical in harmony;—and *'Twas in the happy Olden Time*,—a beautiful recumbent Figure, under the blue Sky.

'Then she came to the pillar of the bed, which 'was at Holofernes' head, and took down his falchion 'from thence. And approached to his bed, and took 'hold of the hair of his head, and said—Strengthen 'me, O Lord God of Israel!'—This was the moment, boldly as judiciously chosen in Etty's great picture, in opposition to the practice of predecessors: *before* instead of after his heroine had severed the Commander's head. And a story which, with the Old Masters, is one of the least successful or agreeable,—degenerating often, into a mere raw-head-and-bloody-bones sign-board, became under the modern's treatment, an eloquent and dignified Epic.

'I have preferred,'—afterwards declared Etty, explanatory of his intentions,—'choosing the point of 'time immediately preceding the decollation, to that

'immediately *after:*' which, (latter) 'has been gene-
'rally chosen by the Old Masters. By which means,
'I not only avoided the offensive and revolting butch-
'ery, some have delighted and even revelled in:—but
'it seemed to me a more, a much more interesting
'moment. Because, though full of the high and
'holy resolve to free her Country, if possible, from the
'desolation that hung over it, yet she *did* feel her
'own womanly and tender nature unequal to the
'deed, without her arm was nerved, and her spirit
'steeled, by Him who will sooner or later succour
'the oppressed and destroy the destroyer. At this
'moment then, of peril, of immense peril, to her
'country and herself, when she implored that Aid, I
'have thought it best to paint it. Its very danger
'begets an interest in the success of an Act which
'might end in the sacrifice of her own life, if she
'failed in her purpose of delivering her country. It
'was this great, and generous devotion of herself on
'the altar of that country which sanctioned the deed,
'and rendered holy what would have been otherwise
'an assassination.'

The Painter's noble achievement forced a good deal of praise—of a kind,—from men. The *New Monthly Magazine* sanguinely 'looks upon it as a *promise* of 'still greater excellence.' The Newspapers made their newspaper encomiums, and objections; talked about Caravaggio and 'large grey lights:' seemingly unconscious, that here, for once, was a Picture to which this style of remark was not wholly relevant,—a picture for Time, *not* for the Day. Amid so miscellaneous a Crowd as an ordinary Academy-Exhibition, these rare appa-

ritions may easily miss the right kind of recognition.

The *Judith* brought extension of Fame,—not of income. Unsold, it returned to the upper chambers of Buckingham Street: whither the Painter had by this time mounted. And hard as Etty found it to sell his pictures, his success was sometimes, even less than it looked. The *Choice of Paris* was not the only picture 'happily sold:'—for the purchase-money whereof he had to wait, with long patience, and doubtful prospect of ever receiving the whole. Great had been Etty's joy when his 'former Master' bought his *Pandora*, the first picture executed after his return from Italy, in 1824. Not until after Lawrence's death, seven years later, did he receive the final instalments.—*August* 15*th*, 1831, a cheque 'from Mr. 'Keightley,' (Lawrence's executor), 'for 100 guineas,' reports the Painter's memorandum.—*March* 19*th*, 1833,' *another* 100 guineas 'of Messrs. Woodburn, 'on Sir Thomas's account: being the whole I expect.'

A note (*September* 21*st*) to Mr. Bodley, accepting an invitation to snatch a few days' Brighton sea-air, gives a glimpse, though slight, of the Painter in his musing hours. It was a creative and happy season: the freshness of summer with him, so to speak, the early prime of full-grown power.—

'Whilst at my Breakfast,—with the morning-sun 'shining cheerily into my Painting-room,—indulging 'those painting and poetic reveries which form some 'of the happiest moments of my life, and are in fact, 'the germs of Fame; the official double-rap of one of 'Mr. Freeling's Mercuries announced news at hand.

'Right glad I was to see a hand and post-mark that 'betokened "a Friend." * * With all my love 'for you, had you not taken so much trouble, and 'seemed to wish a visit, it would have glided by for 'a few months at least:—having several things in 'hand to advance. However, the die is cast, and 'shillings six are paid for place.'

A letter to his Mother (*January 22nd*, 1828), penned in the colloquial style he was wont to use towards those as near as herself, presents him again in his domestic habit,—or domestic *un*dress rather. The sometimes crude '*Thou*' of the original has here been occasionally translated into the more usual pronoun.

'My ever dearest Mother!—Thy letter came when 'we were very anxious to hear of thee. And we thank 'God thou continuest so well. May He continue to 'strengthen thee is my earnest prayer.—Now, my 'dear Mother, you say you will do as I would have 'you. *I* would have you do as *you* like best: be as- 'sured, *that* will please us. Don't fret yourself about 'expense: but if you like your quarters, stay on. If 'you like to come to me, I and Bessy will receive 'you with open arms,—and hearts: that is, if your 'health will permit the journey. God knows it would 'be a great pleasure to both of us.—Thy Chair is yet 'there, and thy cat. My house would look like 'itself, if thou wert smiling in the corner. Could 'wishing transport you two hundred miles, you would 'now be by my side. * *

'If you would like to live with Tom, it would be 'something towards helping him; and you would be

'among friends. But *I* shall be delighted to see 'thee, and brew thee a *canny* cup of Tea. I still 'indulge the hope Mr. Cartwright's prediction will 'be fulfilled:—that thou would'st come back.—Mr. 'and Mrs. —— have proved themselves the only 'support in thy troubles.

'Mr. Cartwright has been once or twice to learn 'how you were; and Mr. Hilton. I breakfasted 'with Sir Thomas Lawrence the other morning. 'When he learnt I had a Mother in York, he said, '"If I had known that, I would have called to have 'seen her: I was in York lately." So you see, some 'there are, who treat you with the respect you deserve. 'Bessy has proved herself what I always thought her, 'my faithful lass; and is about as much shocked and 'astonished as myself. * * I wish thou wert safe 'and snug in yon arm-chair, taking a pinch of snuff.'

The friends to whom he was himself indebted for kind hospitality, he has now occasion to thank for additional friendly services to his Mother.—'I little 'thought, in recommending her to your occasional 'notice, I was imposing so great a task as it after-'wards proved. But I know that to do good is to 'you and Mrs. Bulmer a pleasure.'

CHAPTER XIII.

RECOGNITION.—1828. (ÆTAT 41.)

Royal Academican—Te Deum—The Reassurance Precious—Belated—Anecdote of the Life-School—The *Bevy of Fair Women*—Its Success—York Bar-Walls—The Diploma-Picture—Employments at York—Installation of the New 'Esquire'—A Pupil and a Picture—Example and Stimulus—Treaties for the *Judith*—*Rara Avis:* a Patriotic Academy.

FEBRUARY 19th, 1828, was for Etty an ever-memorable day. The long-desired, long-denied dignity of R.A. alights on his head: the distinction whereto, in the previous year, a Pickersgill (W. H.), and a 'William 'Wilkins, M.A.,' had been preferred before him. Etty had recently exhibited an important Picture,—one which had 'made a noise.' Something was manifestly to be gained to the general name, by adding him to the Academic Miscellany. But as friends, and with reason, again complained, justice was late in being accorded. Six years had fled since the *Cleopatra*, three since the *Combat*. On the other hand, he was neither fashionable Portrait-painter, nor one having resort to Dinner-giving Influence. It was always, with him, a subject of just pride, that he had been chosen simply on the score of merit: not even having solicited a vote. As R.A., he to the last, retained the eccentric opinion, that such impartial elections should be the rule, not the exception: esteeming irregular and blamable any private canvass for honours

which, according to his ideal view of the Academy, should be distributed on *public* grounds.

Etty was Flaxman's successor, and the victorious competitor of Constable:—also a belated candidate, not created R. A. till the following year, after having lingered nine years in the back-ground, as Associate. Academic choice in 1854 is not perplexed by a like 'embarrassment of riches.' To fill the place vacated, not, as it chanced, by a Bigg, but a Flaxman,—Etty was not, indeed, to sit *beside* Flaxmans,—would have been a real distinction, at a mere Parochial Board of Guardians. A very efficient Board of Guardians (of their own interests), the self-elective Forty have, by the disaffected, been esteemed.

None could have been found *so* worthy to succeed the poetic Designer. For Flaxman, as for Stothard, Etty himself ever cherished a sincere reverence: henceforth preserving, in a small wooden cabinet specially devoted to them, the copies of Flaxman's *Outlines* with autograph, he had purchased before the public sale of the Sculptor's effects.

In the first moments of elation, Etty addressed a jocular bulletin of the great event to the Merchant-Firm of 'Etty and Bodley,' his supporters during the years of obscurity and failure.—

'My dear Owners,' he (from 'Royal Academy 'Bay') scribbles, in boyish glee: 'This is to inform you, 'that your good ship, the "William Etty," arrived safe, 'and came to anchor in this Bay, to-night, at half-past 'ten; after beating about so many years in the *Arte* '(not Arctic) Ocean. After being nearly wrecked on 'the Coast of Italy, we put into Venice, and were well

'calked with Venice Turpentine. After combating 'many hard gales from Cape Difficulty, and being 'nearly upset on Rejection Rock, on nearing the 'land, a *Constable* got on board some of the Royal 'ships; and came out with five or six guns (swivels). 'But a broadside of eighteen long Forties sent him 'to the bottom. And our ship, the "William Etty," 'came in triumphantly, in full sail, and colours 'flying: under a Royal salute from forts Mulready, 'Chalon, Hilton, and Collins, and the shouts of the 'spectators on shore.'

To Mr. Bodley he sends a second despatch, apprising him, without recourse to metaphor, that he, William Etty, is 'a Royal Academician-Elect of England.— 'Last night the deed was done that made me happy. 'Walter and I have been breakfasting with the 'President, and did not get away till past twelve. '*Eighteen* to *five* I beat them. So unanimous a 'thing, I am told, has not for some time been known 'in the Academy. I am overwhelmed with joy. 'Oh! that my poor Mother was here. She was 'anxious about the event as myself. The kind feeling 'evinced by my brother-artists, in and out of the 'Academy, on the event, is most grateful to me. * * 'I desire to thank the Giver of all Good, that he has 'given me strength to attain this eminence in my 'country; and to bless those friends whose support 'has strengthened me in the battles I have fought 'against the difficulties of Art.'

It is an intoxicating moment in a British Painter's career. Royal Academies are coy and difficult of access. It is so mere a chance whether or when it

shall be a great painter, or small, that is invited to join the consecrated ranks. Etty's vivid and not very speculative turn of mind was scarcely one to be less than ordinarily affected.

'My joy,' he exclaims, announcing his 'triumph,' and 'thus increasing the sum of his pleasure,'—announcing it to Sir Francis Freeling, one of his earliest admirers and friends;—'my feelings on this '(to me) most wished-for event, you may imagine. 'It was perhaps of all things, nearest my "heart of 'hearts."'

'I have reached one of the highest pinnacles of 'my ambition,'—he acquaints another friend,—'and 'am now waving my cap (with an eagle's feather in 'it), on that pinnacle; am too overjoyed to talk com-'mon sense:'—to which position, 'tis to be feared the reader will yield a ready assent. * * 'I rejoice on 'my own,—a joy doubled on my Mother's—account. 'My best regards to Mrs. Bulmer. I hope she will 'go and see my Mother:' that the latter 'may have 'some one to whom she can speak her joy.'

To his brother Thomas, he recounts how the *box of Water-colours* given the Printer's 'Prentice has been followed in due course by the parchment diploma, elevating him (by its Royal virtue) to the degree of '*Esquire.*' Which title, Etty wrote very big to his last day, carefully subjoining the R.A., on letter and package. To Mr. North, the patron of boyish days,—who, by this, has retired from antique Feasegate and his Smith's craft,—he tells a like tale:—knows 'it will give you pleasure to hear, that the little boy 'you used to give a halfpenny to, to draw a horse,

'has risen to one of the highest honours of his pro-
'fession;—was elected an Academician on Saturday-
'night, almost unanimously. I was only an Asso-
'ciate before. I have sent you a *Morning Post*, in
'which it is thus announced:'—&c. From his Mother, the expected sympathy not arriving so promptly as looked for; to her, dates from 'Pancake Tuesday,' an expostulation.—'I am going to scold thee for 'not writing to thy son. You, that I expected to be 'the first, are now one of the last. What are you 'doing? that you do not write a single line to say '"how glad I am!" Really you do not deserve—any 'pancakes. * * *You* whom I most wished to hear 'from, say nothing.'

It was the *recognition*, was dear to Etty: recognition as one of the Forty good (Oil) Painters in the land. Whether his thirty-nine comrades were all,—or most of them,—good artists, he stayed not to inquire. He embarrassed not his memory with the legion obscure persons whom the coveted distinction had already graced; nor reflected too curiously on the integrity of an Honour, the Painter of the *Cleopatra* and the *Judith* must *share* with an illustrious 'Richard 'Cook, Esq.,' an illustrious 'George Dawe, Esq.,' a brace of Daniells, and a brace of Reinagles.

It adds little to our notion of the Painter of the *Combat*, that he was an R.A. in his day. Etty's transports were not *then* wholly groundless. The Poet needs reassurance from without. It seems now honour enough to have achieved the works Etty had by this time painted. Before the world had set its ratifying seal on them, the case was different. The

still-maturing, intrinsically modest Painter's faith in himself, had not been adequately fortified. Any instalment of such grateful countenance was welcome. Slow in attaining excellence, he had been slower still to catch the notice of Public or Academy; as he was subsequently, yet slower in securing competence, or wide-spread reputation. Praise and honour were the more precious in Etty's eyes, as he had so long failed to signalize himself; had even been 'given up' at one time. His early failures lent a keener relish to the simple-minded delight with which he communicates his new dignities. After a long Struggle, battled through to scantiest encouragement, he was still, indeed, uncertain of the general suffrage: an Historical painter not very extensively patronised, not very popular. The Painter of the *Judith* was beginning to be known in a few circles, as a 'rising young artist.'

The soiled Chaplet, which in its time has encircled so many noteless brows, was, moreover, of worldly moment. Etty valued it for its own sake,—being of the Faithful,—and also, for its incidents: the worldly status, and vantage in the Market it, entails. The magic initials were letters-patent of (Artistic) nobility; establishing his claim to the consideration of friends and fellow-townsmen, themselves innocent of Art. The many who see with others' eyes, accept the verdict of the constituted authorities. If, again, a picture sell for a thousand pounds, that also will convince a man, who cannot, unassisted, distinguish a Turner from—a Tompkins, say. But at that period, Etty with difficulty sold his pictures at all. The very

Judith which gained him his Diploma, still encumbered his Painting-room. The *Choice of Paris* was only in part paid for.

In general, as soon as a painter has been helped by the Life-School to some facility in Drawing,—often, long before,—he discontinues attendance there: just as the fully inducted Fellow of a College sits down for life on his quantum of Greek and Latin. Up to the date of Etty's election as Associate, he had continued to signalize himself as the most regular student, and of longest standing, the Academy's Life-School had known. The *Student* was not lost in the Associate. To break through any old habit hardly lay within Etty's power: least of all so favourite a one, and so essential to the particular kind of mastery whereat he aimed. *The Academician* it was supposed would, and some of the elder R.A.'s (Mr. Leslie tells me), thought he *ought* to dscontinue the practice. The Academy's dignity required a sacrifice of him. When apprised of these notions, Etty answered: he could not think study in the *Life* 'beneath the dignity of any 'rank to which his brethren might think fit to raise 'him.' He hoped neither so, nor otherwise, to disgrace them. 'It fills up a couple of hours in the evening, I 'should be at a loss how else to employ.' 'And if,' added he, 'my continuing to paint in the Life-School 'is considered derogatory to an Academician, let them 'not make me one: for I shall *not* give it up.'

Undervaluing of the talisman, R.A., did not, we have seen, number among Etty's faults. But 'the '*Life*' was even dearer to him. This devotion was rewarded. The fruits of his long fidelity to the School,

and of daily, almost hourly painting from the human Form, was a series of Life Studies, in their kind unapproached; and, in all his works, such expression of the glories of Nature in that particular department, of the grandeur and beauty of the Nude when seen by poetic and inspired eyes, as have only once or twice in the whole course of Art's history been realized. Only by such unusual means can such unusual results be obtained. Of course, to painters whose gifts beckon to a different path, similar engrossment in the *Life* would be beside the mark. But whatever the phase of nature whereof Painter or Writer may hope to surprise the secret, let him fervently and patiently apply himself to it, as Etty to the Nude. Never weary of watching each shifting curve and outline, each tint, and tone, gradation of shade or colour, amid the inexhaustible effects of the Models before him;—he reproduced and interpreted them, as neither Old Master nor New, had done before.

A portrait-group,—children of Lord Normanton, in the Catalogue christened *Guardian Cherubs*;—a pretty fancy—*Venus the Evening Star;* and the glowing *Bevy of Fair Women*—or, *World Before the Flood,* as it has been since named—were the principal results of the ensuing year's labours: exhibited as his credentials, in May, by the Academician Elect. The *Bevy* was purchased at the Private View by the then Marquis of Stafford: to the great joy of the Painter, and of his friends. 'Thank God for all His 'mercies!' ejaculates the former, in a private memorandum: a formula of grace, in use with Etty on

the sale of a picture, unto the very last and most prosperous days of his life. In 1828, indeed, the immediate disposal of an important work was still a memorable event. He communicates his good fortune to Mr. Bodley.—

'I know you will rejoice with us all, when I tell 'you that the principal part of the cargo of the ship '"William Etty," (of whose arrival you had been ad-'vised), now landed at Royal Academy Wharf, has 'been consigned to the Right Honourable the Marquis 'of Stafford, for five hundred guineas: the rest of 'the cargo being already owned by Lord Normanton 'and Digby Murray, Esq.' The latter 'has the small '*Venus, the Evening Star*. After clearing out, 'we shall again put to sea; and hope for equally 'favouring gales next voyage.'

The *Composition* from *Paradise Lost*, or

'Bevy of Fair Women richly gay
In gems and wanton dress;' * *

who to the harp sing 'amorous ditties,' and in Dance commingle; a composition of elaborate grouping; was one executed under the influence of his Italian studies: splendid in colour, and in sentiment festive, luxurious. The picture is of those on which Etty always justly prided himself: pride not a little augmented by the fact of its preferment to the 'most 'magnificent room in any palace or mansion in 'England,'—the Duke of Sutherland's Gallery.

The critics still pat the 'rising Painter' on the head; balancing praise and blame after the orthodox mode. According to the *Times*, the picture 'has 'great merit.' And it 'augments the hope' that

Journal has of him. Newspaper critics are a hopeful fraternity: always expecting of a great painter that he will *one day* achieve something. The same critics follow up their faint praise of a real poet by performing the *Chow-Tou* to the fashionable Sir Thomas Lawrence. Words fail them as to the miraculous portrait-painter. He is 'admirable,' and beyond compare; 'all,' nay, more than all 'that can be desired.' Turner's *Carthage*, exhibited the same 'year, is beautiful and powerful,' but 'like nothing 'in Nature.'

The majority of voices was decidedly in the new Academician's favour. Songs—more or less nusky,—of unmingled Praise, even, were sung over the *Bevy* in some quarters. The laudatory chorus reaches the ears of Dr. Luscombe, Anglican 'Bishop of Paris;' a friend formed during the Painter's stay in that city, in 1823; himself an amateur and collector. The 'Bishop,' while congratulating him on his successes, does not forget his duty as a respectable clergyman of our decorous Church. He reiterates remonstrances of old standing, with the unrivalled Painter of the Nude, against the scantness of *Draperies* in his pictures; urging him to carry them a 'little higher,' —indeed a good deal higher.

A more inspiriting mark of encouragement than any Criticism, public or private, fell to his lot this same May, 1828, in the British Institution's VOTE of £100: as an 'Acknowledgment of his talents, industry, 'and perseverance.' Etty was a man to feel the full force of such praise. He writes (*May 31st*), in high spirits, replying to a friendly invitation from York.—

'You had better not ask me; for when I get to 'York, I don't know when to leave it. I shall stick 'like a *burr*, till I become a bore. I must bring my 'Picture, painting-box, and apparatus. And,—if I 'come,—I shall hope to have that bed-room Jane and 'Cicely were in; because the morning-sun comes in. 'My Picture must *taste* of the morning-sun. My 'figures will have to be lit' by it. 'I shall endea- 'vour to get done with *models*, and the nude, ere I 'leave London: so that the draperies, water, land- 'scape, and accompaniments, may be my amusement 'at York. If not, I will take it either to Friargate 'or some other *gate*, and try to get what may remain 'to be done. I do feel a desire to come to York; 'this year, perhaps more than any other: though I 'wish the "Festival" was not. If I stay too long, 'you must give me warning to quit.'—

The picture in hand,—which was 'to be lit by the 'morning-sun,' was the Diploma-picture: whereof more anon.

'You *petrify* me about the Walls. Is it possible 'such barbarians exist in the Nineteenth Century, at 'York? York, that gave birth to Flaxman—the glory 'of his country, and the admiration of foreigners. 'Forbid it, Heaven! and blast them with its light- 'nings, who first commenced that work of desolation. 'But I hope that no such thing is intended. It cannot 'be. It *must not* be. A subscription should be set on 'foot to keep them in repair. Myself and several other 'Yorkshiremen will put our names and money down: 'to save my native town from such a disgraceful act. 'Let each use his endeavour. And, though it be con- 'ceived, it cannot be perpetrated. Set the ladies to

'work. They influence mankind. They exert themselves in charities. It *is* one to preserve to us the 'memorials of our ancestors, and the relics of ancient 'days.' * * 'Mother and Niece join:'—&c.

His Mother was again living under his roof. We shall hear more of the Walls ultimately: not as carted away, according to the threats of 1828, but as *restored*. Flaxman's birth in York,—'baptized in 'Bishophill Church,'—was a favourite boast of Etty's. The summer proved a busy one. But the Painter was eager to see his Native City;—and perhaps, to sport his new honours.

'Until yesterday,' he explains, (*Aug.* 19*th*), to expectant friends at *The Mount*, 'notwithstanding all 'my exertions and wishes, I could not see my way 'at all clear. * * I have had a great deal to get 'through, ere my duty would allow me to leave. 'Even yet, I must bring a good deal with me. But, 'having promised myself the pleasure of being at 'York on this (hitherto) most fortunate year of my 'life, I will trouble you with a month of my com-'pany, if quite convenient. If so, I come Aug. 27th, 'and take my departure about that day month; to 'be back for the opening of the Academy. I shall 'be obliged to bring a largeish picture to work on, 'while with you: a picture I must present the 1st 'of October, and which is not near done. I shall 'not have much time for running about; must get 'my picture done, or make an apology: which I had 'rather do without. It will do me good to smell 'the colours a little, as well as the Zephyrs of the 'Mount.'

One of the Royal Academy's *Laws*,—a law com-

mon to most Academies,—exacts a picture from the newly-elected member, before he receives his Diploma of creation. The tribute is an unwelcome one to most Academicians:—despite their well-known public spirit. Few painters,—or men,—delight to *give away* their wares. Etty's Diploma-picture was a worthier sample of himself than Academicians-Elect often care to send. With characteristic good-faith, he accepted the demands of '*Duty*' literally. And I think he showed a better sense than is common, of what was due to the general body, to its good fame, and to himself; in *not* putting off the Academy with an inferior or unsaleable specimen of his skill: in *not* paying his debt in base coin.

Where debts of this nature were due only by courtesy, he scrupulously acquitted himself thereof. To the infant Academy of Charleston, in South Carolina (U.S.), which had elected him Honorary Academician, he had in 1827 punctually remitted a specimen from his Hand,—Study of a male Figure, (back view),—a 'legitimate subject for an Academy,' he thought: which, in Charleston (Carolina), must have proved unique in its class; to the students, of no ordinary value, as *example*.

In York, Etty made as usual, a longer stay than he had contemplated; but not an idle one. 'Besides 'painting on and finishing the large picture,' he reports, (*Oct.* 14*th*,) to his Mother, whom he had left in Buckingham Street,—his Niece was in York,—'I have finished the small *Head* I brought;—have 'also painted a *Head* of Mr. North; and after that, 'have been painting a small picture of Mrs. Bulmer:

'which I only this evening finished, and have pre-
'sented to my kind host and hostess, that they may
'send it to Cicely. What with these works,—attend-
'ing the Festival, and Minster-Prayers in a morning
'for the past week,—and now and then a Walk, my
'time has been pretty well occupied. My works
'are now done, thank God! and I shall soon be
'with you. I have some thoughts of running over
'to Hull. One may do it (outside) for three shillings.
' * * I long to get to the Academy, and about
'my pictures,—and into my Painting-room; have had
'a pretty good dose of York. It has many delights.'
But 'London is now the great theatre of my
'exertions. I long to be among my *précieuses choses*,
'and to see Old Father Thames once more.

'Don't be down-hearted, and think anything has
'happened to us, my dearest Mother.—And don't
'forget my dear little *Birds*. Mrs. —— often talks
'of thee. We must keep a good deal of news to
'tell thee when we meet. Betsy, I dare say, will
'bring a good budget.' —'P.S.—Both the last week's
'Saturday York papers contained paragraphs highly
'complimentary to me and my picture.' The latter
'has given great satisfaction to many who have
'seen it in York.'—For the hand in this same picture,
his hostess 'sat' to him: from whom he had pre-
viously painted the uplifted arm in the *Judith*.

On his return, the Academician-Elect becomes
Academician *de facto*, this same, 'to me, most for-
'tunate year of my life:' wherein 'I have had more
'honours and advantages fall on my head than in
'any other of my professional race.'—The details

attendant on the formal taking of his Academic degree and seat, are scrupulously retailed to York friends.—

'The Picture,'—writing from Buckingham Street, (*Dec. 13th*), 'finished under your hospitable roof has 'been much admired; and has completed the business 'for which it was painted: was duly accepted by the 'Council. Last Saturday, the President, Sir Thomas, 'went down to Windsor with the Diploma.'—Arrived in the presence of Royalty, the courtly Sir Thomas is unwilling 'to trouble His Majesty, at that mo-'ment.'—'But the King'—'after making some in-'quiries, was graciously pleased to sign it, and make 'me one of his Royal Academicians, with the title of '*Esquire*. So I beg, whenever any of you see me, 'you will doff hat, cap, and wig to 'Squire Etty.'

The Painter is still in the honeymoon of his union with the Academy. Everything connected with his new position has its charm; nor least of all, the flattering proximity it brings, (at second hand), to Royalty.

'You, as a loyal man,' he tells his friend, 'will 'be glad to hear the King was, on Saturday last,—'the particulars were detailed to me by the Presi-'dent,'—was then 'in good health: walking about in a 'covered corridor or Gallery, he is fitting up with 'pictures; giving directions to the workmen and 'others, and making a very rich thing of it. Indeed, 'the firmness and flourish of his Royal signature, 'falsify many of the foolish reports that have got 'into the Papers,—as Sir Thomas justly observed:—'a signature firmer than he,' (Sir Thomas), 'could write.'

This imposng sample of British Royalty was overtaken by Death a year and a half later. Etty was the last R.A. to receive the signal honour of a Diploma, bearing the 'flourishing and firm "George R."' of the 'august and splendid monarch:' as twenty-five years ago, he used to be called.

Breakfasting in Russell Square, the happy Painter is shown the Royal Diploma, 'most unexpectedly;' and, 'on Wednesday night, in the General Assembly, 'presented with it by the President:'—as also, with 'a few words of elegant but flattering compliment. 'He and the rest of the Members present shook 'hands with their new brother.' And 'I sat down in 'the front rank of Members, instead of the second,—'of Associates.—Was the same night elected to fill 'three offices for the ensuing year,—as you will see by 'the Papers:—after the Academy had delivered the 'usual medals to the younger students.'

The Diploma, which so much exalted the poetic Painter in his own estimation, accompanied by those from Charleston, Venice, Edinburgh, might, in after years have been seen, framed and glazed, on the walls of one of his rooms. Of which latter, the flattering pieces of sheep's skin always remained valued embellishments.

The spirit really animating these minute narrations as to 'the preliminary articles of my Academic election,'—'the signing of the definitive treaty,' &c.; the modesty and open-heartedness at the root of his *naïve* exultation,—atoning, perhaps for its childishness, —are illustrated by a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Bodley.—Their 'kind interest in every thing connected with 'the good fortunes and success of the Painter makes'

him, he fears, 'a downright Egotist. 'But,' he adds, 'one of the very pleasantest parts and consequences 'of Success, to me, is the reflection of its pleasure 'from the hearts and faces and feelings of those I 'love and esteem. Fame herself would lose half her 'charms, stripped of those fascinating ornaments.'

A Success of a different sort befel Etty at this same memorable era; also freely imparted to kind friends, and the source of innocent self-gratulation. He had made an important accession to his collection of gleanings from the Old Masters: an original this time, not a copy.—

'I have,' (*to Mr. Bulmer*) 'in the *same week*, been 'fortunate in another respect. I have got into my 'possession a very glorious picture by Jordaens, an 'old Flemish painter: a picture I have long cast a 'covetous eye on, but had almost given up hope 'of ever possessing. I would not take five hundred 'guineas for it. At least, it is fully worth that: and 'I would sooner have *it*. It is a *Bacchanalian Revel*, 'painted with great power: containing thirty-three 'figures, and three animals,—fruit, flowers, landscape, '&c. It has fallen into my hands, as the sailors say, 'without firing a shot. I am delighted with it more 'and more.

'I am tiring you with what may be very uninte-'resting to you, though precious to me. For I value 'fine works of art, more than gold. Riches make 'themselves wings, and flee away. Productions of 'beauty and talent, are to me, always delicious.'

Io Pæan Etty sang, to more than one correspondent, over this last conquest: of 'a fine Flemish

'picture, with thirty-three figures, and three animals: '—&c.' To Mr. Bodley, he (*December 14th*) 'tells 'the good news;' boasts of the 'splendid and 'masterly style of colouring' of his prize. 'You 'will be delighted with it. I am, indeed! It is now 'the *Capo d' Opera* of my collection; and would be 'an ornament to any. * *

'How is Father Neptune? I have received those 'locks of his dark green hair sent from Yorkshire, 'as a keepsake.'—'The wind sighs. My clock 'ticks. All else is still as Death, or Death's half-'brother! For it is near midnight.'

This Jordaens, for which he had 'often broken the 'Tenth Commandment,' was a picture worthy of Rubens' pupil. A joyous crew of Bacchantes dance in festive round and gay *abandon*. Well composed, harmonious, rich in colour, mellow in tone, the work is exuberant in life and power; altogether one to suit Etty's turn of mind. From daily familiarity with its excellences, he anticipated profit to his own practice, as well as delight. At the sale, after Etty's death, it was *bought-in;* not for five hundred, but eighty guineas.

He had acquired the picture, as he said, 'without 'firing a shot;' was not willing, nor at this period well able, to part with money. The fortunate owner of the Jordaens had a son, a student of the Art, whom he wished to place under Etty. The latter, jealous of his personal freedom and of the sanctity of his Studio, made it a general rule *not* to receive pupils. In this case, he, for the first and last time, granted an exception; consented to give Mr. Leigh's son a

year's instruction, and to accept the Jordaens as compensation.

In (the draft of) a letter to Mr. Leigh, Etty agrees freely to impart 'information, the result of twenty-'two years' study;' to make over a room to the young man's use; that his own works,—pictures, copies, &c., shall be at the latter's service; but his *Studio* be held sacred, save when he invites the Pupil thither.

This was not a solitary instance of sacrifices made by the Painter to increase a Collection of Examples in his Art, already, by his industry as a Copyist, considerable. He had exchanged a picture of his own, (the *Parting of Hero and Leander*, I think), with Lord Northwick, for a fine old Copy, by an unknown Hand, of Titian's *Ariadne in Naxos*, the original whereof exists in the Royal Collection at Madrid;—one in the Bacchanalian series of four, painted for Duke Alphonso, of Ferrara: the *Bacchus and Ariadne* in our National Gallery making another; the *Feast of the Gods*, in the hands of Baron Camuccini, at Rome, a third. This Copy, *bought-in* at Etty's sale for forty-one guineas, is now in the possession of the Royal Scottish Academy. The Jordaens, the *Ariadne in Naxos*, and his own Copy of Titian's *Venus*, were all characterized by qualities specially kindred to Etty's own aims: models, from which he owned to having drawn practical improvement—in Design, Colour, Composition,—and frequent stimulus. The three were greatly prized; to the last, occupying posts of honour in his Studio.

On the strength of the encouragement accorded in the Marquis of Stafford's purchase of the *Bevy*,

and the grant of £100 from the British Institution, Etty continued, with unabated freshness of impulse, still to follow his ambitious course: still 'pursuing the retreating phantom of Fame, like the 'boy running after the rainbow.' For the Exhibitions he is preparing, among others, a picture of the same size with the as yet unsold *Judith:* in subject, more analogous to the *Combat;* its conception, of equally long standing. 'Benaiah, one of David's 'mighty men,' in the act of slaying, became in his hands a grand and typical theme.

Some memoranda of about this date,—a card accidentally preserved, one of those whereon he was in the habit of noting things to be done or remembered,—show him little altered in 1828, as to energy or self-watchfulness, from what we saw him to be amid the obscurity of 1822, or the struggles of 1814 to 1818. 'RETRENCH—UP EARLY—WORK HARD'—are the precepts now, as then. The favourite injunction, 'Use yourself to that way of life,'—&c., is not forgotten. I doubt whether Etty *ever* scribbled a series of memoranda from which it was omitted. '*Outline*—'*Outline*—*Outline!*' speaks to old aims kept steadily in view by the *Master*, as before by the Tyro. As similarly, do the accompanying entries: 'Skeleton—'Anatomy—Figure!'—'Line or Colour always!'—'Sketch from Fancy!'—&c.

At various periods of the year 1828, Etty was besieged by solicitations for the loan of his *Judith:* from Birmingham and from Edinburgh. A few zealous Members of the Birmingham Society of Arts were eager for the general body to secure it by pur-

chase. And Etty had remitted a letter, detailing his ideas for the two companion pictures, then still *in petto*. But the Society was poor; its Architect's bill yet unpaid: the incubus—this latter,—weighing on every young Institution's funds; which must ever have its local habitation first of all,—in permanent stone or brick. The Society cannot pledge itself to buy; nor to pay ready money, even should it buy. It is only individual members, in fact, who stir in the business.

True fame visits a Poet from afar. — In Edinburgh existed a small knot of Artists, not insensible to Etty's genius: who from their visits to the London Exhibitions, had brought back vivid impressions of the signal mastery displayed in such pictures as the *Combat* and the *Judith*. From the date of the latter's appearance, the notion was entertained by some among them, of purchasing it. At the end of that same year (1827), an application had been made for its loan by the Scottish Academy, then an infant Institution: established in 1826. Struggling for very life, in competition with a powerful and more numerous body of Artists, who still continue to exhibit with the 'Royal Institution for *Encouragement*' of the Arts; the Academy is solicitous of aid from all quarters, to make its Exhibition equally attractive with that of its 'encouraged' rivals.

The expense and risk of sending a large picture so far, induced Etty to negative the request; and to determine *Judith's* second appearance for the British Institution. To which resolution he adhered, even

when the Scottish Academy offered to pay the expenses of carriage, packing, assurance.

After its exhibition at the British Institution in 1838, without attracting a purchaser, the Council of the Scottish Academy again solicits and is again refused the picture;—finally, (*January 10th*, 1829), offers to retain it at the Exhibition's close, if not sold in the course of it.—To retain it at a price of two hundred guineas: 'a sum,' the negotiators confess, 'below its value; but'—'the infant state of the Aca-'demy,' and the responsible position of the Council, are pleaded. The price originally put on the *Judith* had been £500: a modest one enough for a picture of its pretension—and performance. The Painter, while he applauds the public spirit of the Scottish Academy, cannot descend lower than 'three hundred 'guineas, (without the frame)',—the sum mentioned to the Birmingham Society.—At that price, he offers it; and, at the same time, details his original conception for the two Pendants: companion-pictures, 'in-'tended to tell more of the story, and increase its 'power;' for which, 'slight sketches' had already been made. 'The principal Picture remaining on my hands 'rendered me indifferent, and the thing was thrown on 'one side.' Such, however, are his 'desire to complete 'the story,' his bias towards his brother Artists of the North, and his admiration for the feelings which animate them, (he wishes a similar spirit 'actuated 'Institutions which set forth with loftier pretensions, 'and nobler names attached'): that he offers to paint the Pendants at a hundred guineas each. 'In

'doing it, he would sacrifice more than he would 'gain:' receiving 'altogether for the three, the price 'he ought to have for the principal.' But these are not his aims. 'We have embarked,'—declares he,—'in the good Cause: to redeem our country from the 'insidious taunts of foreigners, who, jealous of its 'greatness, have dared to assert that our Skies are 'too cloudy to foster the fair plants of genius;' &c. 'Let it be ours to prove them false as they are 'feeble, and assert the rights of our dear Land to 'its just place in the scale of human intellect.'

Which offer, (*of the* 15*th*), the enterprising Scots promptly accept, (*Jan.* 19*th*), *in extenso:* and consider themselves 'highly fortunate in securing a 'picture,' so valuable 'as a study, to their own Mem-'bers, and to other Artists.' As well they might, on such,—or on any terms. The purchase was in truth, a bold step on the part of the struggling Institution: the price necessarily beyond its means. But the speculators trusted to securing the sympathy and support of the public:—in that trust were not deceived. The principal picture of *Judith*, which they had been so eager to secure for the approaching Exhibition of February,—their rivals at the Institution, being fortified by Wilkie's *Penny Wedding*, from George IV.,—rendered that Exhibition a prosperous one: exciting the admiration of all who saw it. By May, forestalling the Painter's expectations, the whole purchase-money was paid. From then till now, the *Judith* and its companions have, as a Scottish Academician has said, been 'a source of power, 'progress, and prosperity to the Academy.' At the

time, the cautious Wilkie characteristically remarked, of this investment of five hundred guineas in the three *Judiths*, the noblest triumph of Etty's genius, and the artistic Glory of Edinburgh: 'it was gene-'rous, *but was it prudent?*' When, in 1849, they were lent to the Society of Arts in London, the price at which it was thought advisable to insure them was: the centre *Judith*, at £2000, the two pendants (jointly), at the same. The Academy has refused equally large sums for the prize, the discernment and spirit of its influential Members in 1829, secured for it: when none beside knew its value,—or were ready, at least, practically to testify it, by a purchase.

Thus, nearly two years after its first appearance, Etty's second essay in the 'Grand Style' meets with a purchaser:—at (all but) half price. And the Painter thinks himself fortunate.

Faint echos of his growing fame begin to reach York itself. His native County's Philosophical Institution—a leading one, reckoned a model of its class,—elects the Painter 'Honorary Member: 'in consideration of his eminence, and the debt of 'gratitude laid on' Yorkshire 'by the lustre re-'flected on this City and County;' &c. The same day, —a coincidence noted in Etty's Diaries on most recurring anniversaries of it,—the Yorkshire Philosophical Society conferred a similar honour on the French Naturalist, Cuvier.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHAPTER OF CROSSES. 1829—30. (ÆT. 42—3.)

Calamity: Burning of York-Minster — *Benaiah* — *Cleopatra*: Restorations—Death of his Mother—Journey to Hull—The last Farewell—Lingers beside her Grave—Vexations: Copyright—A Provincial Controversy—'Taste' *versus* Art—Death of Lawrence—Etty's Sorrow—Election of a President—The *Storm—Judith Going Forth.*

In the midst of his growing prosperity, and new honours, while hard at work for the approaching Exhibition of 1829, Etty heard (in February), of the fatal Fire of his native City's splendid Minster: the incendiary freak of a crack-brained fanatic,—Martin, brother to the celebrated Painter of that name. The Choir was reduced to a ruin, its richly fretted roof destroyed, its whole interior gutted. The flames were suffered by the sleeping citizens to take their course unchecked, from midnight until seven in the morning: notwithstanding 'a series of reports *re-sembling* explosions,' heard about *five*, a light within the Minster descried at *four*; the zealous patrol going their rounds, 'as usual,' at *two*. The destroying Angel,—or Demon,—was only stayed in his progress by the massive bulk of the great Central Tower.

To Etty it was a personal calamity, this semi-destruction of the stately Minster, the pride of all

Yorkshiremen, and by the Painter regarded with an affection, the depth and sincerity whereof can alone be realized by those who themselves love and cling to Antiquity and Art, as to a finer, nobler humanity,—or reflex of such,—a Record into which, the Soul of the Past has, in a sense, transmigrated.

'My heart,' he writes, (*Feb. 20th*), 'has been 'almost broken with this sad intelligence of our 'dear Cathedral. But I thank God, though in-'jured, it has escaped much better than might have 'been expected at one time. And there it stands! 'though partially desolated, yet in majesty, yet in 'glory.—I am only just recovering the shock.'

The miserable tidings of the ruin of one work of Art, the creation of a myriad cunning hands and teeming fancies, interrupt Etty while himself engaged on two noble samples of *his* painter's Art. Both, however, were finished in time for the Academy: the *Benaiah*; and a second picture from the subject of Hero and Leander,—*Hero, having thrown herself from the Tower, Dies on Leander's Body.*

No better fate attended *Benaiah* than its predecessors. It returned unsold to the Painter's Studio. The *Hero and Leander*, a still more poetic picture than the *Parting*, and always one of the Painter's chief favourites, was bought by Mr. Thorp,—an early and kind Patron.

During the summer of 1829, Etty again altered *Cleopatra* according to the wish of its possessor, Sir Francis Freeling: who, in remitting payment, remarks that he has 'never lost sight of your generous 'feeling in all instances.' In Etty's reply, (*July*

31*st*), some interesting particulars are detailed as to his 'restoration' of the picture.—

'What you have been so kind as to send is *more* 'than enough for any service I may have done *the* '*Picture*. I was glad to have an opportunity of 'restoring some parts, the loss of which I am con-'vinced injured the Picture. While I had it in hand, 'I could not refrain from exceeding my commission, 'and being rash enough to risk something for the 'sake of the lower figures: which I am sure are 'all the better for it; as I trust' the work 'is 'generally.

'I was glad to see it look so well after so many 'years almost losing sight of it. Alaric Watts says 'he would now sooner have it, for his own pleasure, 'than any picture I have since painted. This is likely 'to be more pleasing to *you*, than *me*. So, I tell it 'you. I am glad *you* possess that, some yet consider 'my best composition. I must say myself, after 'having, as I say, lost sight of it some time, I was 'surprised at the finish, and,—if I may with you so far 'forget modesty,—the beauty of some parts of it; and 'felt a sort of humiliation that in so many added 'years of life, I have not perhaps added an improve-'ment:—which I ought to have done.

'*Mais j'espère*. If we had not Hope, the little 'Angel, at the bottom of the Pandora's Box called 'Life, what should we do?—especially in summer 'days such as we now are blessed with.'

It was more than eight years since, as an obscure, untitled Painter, he had produced the picture in wealth of fancy, and even technic excellence, sur-

passed by few of the many works glowing with vitality and beauty, of subsequent years.

While writing the above letter, Etty was ignorant of a sorrow which had already befallen him. His Mother was at that very moment lying dead; having, with little forewarning, died the previous day at Hull. He had, a few days before, received good accounts of her.—

'I little thought, my dear and valued Friend,' he afterwards exclaims to Sir Francis, 'the bright and 'sunny morning on which I last saw you, and put 'your *Cleopatra* in her place,—the night of that sunny 'morning would set in such sorrow for me. * * 'My dearest Mother, who had left a few weeks before, 'having lived with me some years, died that fatal 'night:—and has left a vacuum never to be re-'placed.'

She died at the age of seventy-five. But her loss was to the Painter's affectionate heart a surprise. Himself the object of her peculiar pride and affection, he repaid it with feelings,—in their intensity and fervour,—hardly shared by any but himself, though only one (the fourth), among five sons.

He hastened to Hull; thence to York,—fearful of arriving too late even to take part in her funeral. At the close of the day (*August 5th*), on which he had seen her laid by her husband's side in '*Pavement* 'Church-Yard,' he pens, from Feasegate, a detailed account, as is his wont,—of the Journey and of his anxieties, to Miss Etty.—

'God bless Thee, my dearest Betsey, for writing to 'York. Thou saved me the object of my journey.

'Without it, my blessed Mother would probably have 'been underground'—before the Painter's arrival. 'As it is, thank God! I have seen her dear remains; 'and followed her till I could no farther:—until that 'Blessed Day, when I hope we shall *all* meet.'

'I started as thou knowest, at five. And the fol- 'lowing day was a fine one. It was one of the most 'wretched of my life. I felt, as if at once, almost all 'that tied me to Life was cut asunder; and as if the 'best thing that could happen to me was to lay me 'down beside her. The sun smiled: but not for 'me. I passed happy and smiling faces; but *I* was 'wretched.

'I arrived at Barton after a cold and comfortless 'night, and a hot, sunny day. An hour and a half 'had yet to pass ere I could cross the Humber. I 'sat down by a post,—that I sketched years ago, with 'a view of Hessle Church, on a card Mr. Bodley 'has:—I sat down on the bank, near some white 'stones (which I sketched too); and cast a longing 'look over the waters. In front, was Hessle spire:— 'in the distance. There, thought I, rest two of our 'family friends, whose Fireside and table have cheered 'us many a wintry night, (as dear Walter knows): 'there *they* lie in their cold and narrow dwelling. 'Further on to the right, was the high Church-Tower 'of Hull. "And near there rests,"—as I indulged 'the hope,—"my dearest Mother." I looked and 'thought. The muddy water of the Humber swept 'by, and murmured on the shore. The sun was 'sinking behind the hills. What was all the world 'to me?—She whose smile delighted me, loved and

'loving, for whom I loved to be praised, knew me 'not, heard me not. And I could not get near her.

'The hour of crossing arrived.' We drew rapidly 'towards Hull. How my hopes and fears prevailed! 'We passed the Humber bank, the Mills, the Jetties, '—crowded with people waiting to see the boats land. 'No welcoming friends were waiting for *me*. I seemed 'not expected. Alas! thought I, I am wrong. She 'has gone, and is ere this, in her last dwelling. Still I 'hoped: till I got into the house. Then, all my hopes 'seemed blighted. "Where is Mother?" "Where 'is Thomas?" I eagerly asked.—"They are gone to 'York: she is to be buried to-day."—"Why did 'they not wait?" "When did they go?"—"Satur-'day."—Then there is indeed no hope. I felt desolate 'and wretched. It was about dark. I seemed as if 'fallen amongst a city of the dead. All were gone!

'Some said she was to be buried at eight on Mon-'day morning, at latest; others, they would bury her 'that day. I had taken this melancholy journey to 'meet with disappointment.—I had with difficulty got 'a place for six this morning to York. What would 'that avail, if she is to be buried at eight? I knew 'not what to do; at one time, thought of setting off 'in a post-chaise, and travelling all night. I consulted 'with Mr. Lowther and Dr. Bodley;'—'altogether 'thought it best to wait.

The following morning, 'I felt refreshed, and some-'how in better spirits:'—'enjoyed my ride some-'what. The wind blew freshly; and hope seemed to 'revive in my breast. Pocklington, Barnby Moor, 'and Wilberfoss seemed to fly by. And my other love,

'my darling Minster rose majestically and proudly in 'the horizon: with a flag on the high main tower, in 'triumphal token of the main beam of the roof having 'been fixed. Thank God! there is some comfort 'yet, when my dear Minster proudly towers over our 'ancient and venerable York.—When I got into 'Foss-Gate, Robert Purdon was on the look-out. '"Am I too late?"—"No! you are not too late!"'

In familiar *Feasegate*, he at last finds 'a circle of 'friendly faces, and kind welcome.'—'After hearing 'particulars of dear Mother's happy and tranquil de- 'parture, and knowing that no human aid or comfort 'was wanting; I had the coffin opened, to take a 'last sad view. * * For a day or two after, she 'looked, they say, almost as like herself and as 'beautiful as ever. She went off quiet as a lamb,— 'or, as she is now, an Angel. God bless her!—At 'five to-day, we saw her dear body laid, according 'to her anxious desire, near our dearest Father; and 'thus accomplished her long-cherished hope:—and 'with it, dear Father's also. They are happy, be- 'lieve me! for they deserved it. Rest their souls 'in the peace of God! till we all meet again.

'Mr. Flower, who christened me, read the prayers. 'The Clerk sang a hymn. That she was beloved, 'and deeply beloved by all, the tears and sighs that 'flowed plentifully, proved. A last sad sight; and 'then adieu my Beloved, sainted Mother! Adieu! 'Adieu!

'And now, my dearest, be cheery. Dry thy tears 'and be happy. Our beloved is blessed.—Our dear 'Minster still looks gloriously and proudly. I write

'this to Thee and my dearest Walter. I *direct* to 'thee, because I have left thee alone.'

This letter has been given at length,—with the usual verbal excisions,—as an especially characteristic one: through which the man and his affections shine quite transparent.

His sorrow at not having stood beside his Mother in her last moments, hung about him long. Notwithstanding the closing injunction of his letter, his own heart refused to be comforted. After having remained some days in the house, a visit to the Minster, he used to tell, was the first incident to rouse him from his torpor of grief. He heard the Organ peal forth,—burst into tears: and from that moment felt comparatively serene. The influence, at once subduing and stirring, of those thronging tones, blending with the noble Architecture, changed the current of his feelings; giving a fresh impulse to his heart, restoring him to himself, and to the familiar, for him indispensable perceptions of Beauty, of Life and the glory of it,—as discerned by the Poet's, the Artist's eye.

He remained some weeks in York, spending his time in a necessarily vacuous manner; till fairly wearied of such a mode of existence. One consolation was found in discharging his Mother's little debts, and superintendence of the placing a simple stone to his Parents' Memory. A second had to be put up in 1834, at his charge, during one of his York visits. The surface of the first had by rain and wind, been eaten away: a fate rapidly overtaking the present, also, a flat one. —The brief, emphatic epitaph,—

'Farewell! but not for ever!'

which may still be read (with difficulty), is characteristically his.

'I yet linger here,'—he writes (*August 13th*) from *the Mount*, to his brother Walter,—'near the grave 'of my beloved Mother. * * I expect to be in 'my Painting-room on Tuesday morning, to break-'fast, perhaps;—long to be amongst my Pictures 'again, and to get my Pencil in my hand: am almost '*lost* without it. I look to it as a solace for my loss, 'and a balm to disturbed feelings.

'I slept some nights at a coffee-house. But Mr. 'Bulmer called, and insisted on my coming *here*. 'Last Friday, Thomas, Kate, Mr. —, and myself set 'off to walk to Wilberfoss: where we had a breakfast 'of cakes and tea, and country-cream, in a thatched 'cottage. Thomas and I walked to Hayton; as I 'wished to get Mother's real age, and Register. 'Which I did. Afterwards, we went to Hull: where 'I got my dear Mother's ring; which she desired 'particularly might be given to me.' This, her wedding-ring, hung during the remainder of the Painter's life by his bedside:—attached, in a frame, to the portraits of his Father and Mother.

'Next day we set off for Beverley. I had deter-'mined to find out my Mother's brother, poor old 'John Calverley,'—the Joiner: of whom we heard at the outset of this Biography.—'He received us in a 'very warm and affectionate manner; seemed glad 'anybody had taken that notice of him. He desired 'to be remembered to you; whom he seemed per-'fectly to recollect. He is in his eighty-ninth year: 'his hair very white. Excepting his hearing, he

'seems to possess all his faculties;—reads and writes 'without spectacles, and talks yet with animation of 'some favourite scheme of invention,—and with all 'the warmth of religious feeling; seems very con-'tent, and enjoys a small pension from Mr. R.

'My dear Mother was, it seems, in her seventy-'sixth year. It is singular that that was about my 'father's age; that she, like him, should take her 'leave of this world on a Thursday night. And now 'they lie beside each other.

'I have been wandering about some of my favourite 'walks; have,' also, 'been hearing criminals tried, 'and looked in at the Nisi Prius end. I mean to 'pay a visit to the Philosophical Society:—all I have 'to do, except getting a copy of the Will. To-day 'we were to see the ruins of Sheriff Hutton Castle: 'but it has been rainy.

'I long to get to my room; am a fish out of water, 'without my oil-colours and pencils. I could not 'long exist without something of consequence to 'engage and fill my mind, and keep it from thinking 'too much of the dear being I have lost.'

Occasionally, the Painter would commit a cherished sentiment to verse:—sportively affectionate towards Niece or friend, enthusiastically reverent for Antiquity, —'Romantic Rievaulx,' or the like. Some verses 'To his Mother' were evidently written about the present period. The character of the writer, the impulsiveness, simplicity of heart and of speech, legible throughout, give the lines an interest. Judged by other standards, their claim is small. The words are conventional, their choice hap-hazard. But the

feeling underlying them, sought to be expressed, is real: such as we recognise when it is narrated:—

* * 'how oft I trace,
In Memory's dreams, thy pleasing face;
Feel thy soft kiss upon my cheek!'

or in the remembrance of past tenderness, how—

* * 'At night, thou, gently stealing
On my silent thoughtful hour,
With all a Mother's gentle feeling,
On my head would'st blessings pour.'

Other stanzas there are, less tinged with meaning.—

Etty always remained proud of his Mother. He took a quiet pleasure in hearing the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence and others, on her Portrait: that it was a 'remarkable face,' indicative of great qualities. 'Hers,' writes he, as late as 1847, 'was a mind and 'heart of no common calibre, equal to circumstances 'of difficulty and danger, though gentle as a lamb in 'her affections, to those she loved.' These words accompany the copy of a carefully treasured letter he sends his friend Bodley:—'written by my Dear 'Mother, who is now in Heaven, and whom I hope 'one day to join.' Wherein, he still loves to decipher—'the beautiful simplicity of natural feeling, and 'of a true Mother.'

The year 1829 had been a melancholy one: marked in Etty's calendar, by the partial ruin of his beloved Minster; and the abrupt loss of a human being yet dearer.—'My heart has been sadly torn,' he affirms, 'almost more sometimes, than I could well bear.'

In London, work-y-day vexations await him: respecting Copyright,—that of a small engraving from

his *Cleopatra*. He had mentioned thirty guineas as the amount of his expectations that way: a sum, the proprietor of the Annual for which the engraving was projected, proved unwilling to pay. Etty was seldom happy in respect to undertakings of this nature. He saw popular painters reaping their hundreds, sometimes thousands, from the Copyright of Pictures far inferior, in intrinsic merit, to his own. After having produced his finest works to scanty encouragement and pay, in the first instance, he, very pardonably, did not like *giving away* to enterprising publishers his remaining privilege:—one the possessors of his pictures always willingly confirmed. A year or two later, I again find him 'not so lightly valuing his privilege,' nor 'so lightly estimating his own performance,' as to *present* a well-known Engraver with the right of reproducing the *Parting of Hero and Leander*:—undazzled by the proffered bribe of 'a dozen of the finest proofs'; and obdurate to the engraver's blandishments when the latter proposes proceeding on speculation, or suggests the ultimate possibility of a publisher 'who will not object to pay for copyright.'

In respect to the *Cleopatra*, a draft of one of his Letters explains the reasonableness of his claims.—

'The day after I had written a reply to your question I was called, on a sudden, to me most melancholy, errand, into Yorkshire; where I stayed some weeks. I have only this moment found time 'enough, and spirits, of answer the letter I found at 'home.

'I wish to answer it for two or three reasons: to 'express my sorrow' the last 'should have given you

'offence, to correct one or two misapprehensions on 'your part, and to defend a right, the justice of which 'you seem to question. * *

'Sir Francis himself, with his usual friendly feel- 'ing, pointed out the justice and necessity of my 'receiving a pecuniary consideration for the privilege. 'I thought it possible you *might* feel thirty guineas 'more than you were justified in giving. Well! be 'it so! I conceive the keeping the Copyright in my 'hands may be one day worth more than than that 'sum to me. When a good drawing of the whole of 'my picture goes out of my hands, how can I be sure 'of the copyright? Though I know you would have 'too much honour to publish it in large; suppose you '*die*,—for even poets are but flesh and blood,—and the 'drawing sold, it may be published, and murdered 'beyond redemption in a year: and a composition 'which even now I look on as my best, my most ex- 'tensive and complicated, destroyed past hope. I am 'sure, if you look at it in this light, dispassionately, 'you must see the justice of what I say: that in 'letting a drawing be made of the whole, I am giving 'away the power of engraving a composition I one 'day hope to see engraved on a scale adequate to the 'subject.

'You say you asked Mr. Freeling for the picture. 'So you did. But the granting that privilege, he en- 'tirely put in my hands; and seemed averse to its 'being used for so small a Print.'

The point seemingly at issue between the Painter and his Correspondent on this and subsequent occasions, was in reality a very simple one: whether

or not the former had a right to his own property, and to dispose of it as to himself seemed fit. He was naturally, a good deal excited by the altercation. 'Good Heavens!' he elsewhere ejaculates, 'when an 'Artist, after studying fifteen or twenty years, and 'when, by nightly thought and daily toil, by midnight 'dreams and sober thinking, he has called up "spirits 'from the vasty deep," and "poured his gay crea-'tion" on the canvas; when, like the bee, he has 'ransacked the flowers of creation for honey, and 'gathered a hive in store, is any nest of wasps to 'come and rob him of his treasure? and the bee not 'to have a tithe of the product of his labours?—No! 'Every principle of honour and justice says, No!'

Again:—'I think I may safely say, I have as little 'of a mercenary spirit as any Artist. But there's a 'point beyond which indifference to money is wrong. 'Because it will prevent one's being *just* to others, 'and especially to those by whose kind aid, I have 'been enabled to paint the subjects I have:—other-'wise I must have sunk.'

During the autumn of 1829 and following winter, Etty had his hands full: what with the second picture from the story of Judith,—her *Coming Forth*,—for his Scottish Patrons, and other works in progress;—the *Storm, Candaules*, &c. He was destined, however, throughout this season, to interruptions unusually absorbing, from more quarters than one.

Out of the Restoration of York Minster, arose a local controversy of some virulence and importance, extending ultimately, beyond local bounds, and lasting, with occasional lulls, for considerably more than

a year. Etty took a part in it, for him unusually active,—even when York Antiquities were at stake.

The calamity of the Fire had been met, as in England is the usual consequence of such calamities, by overflowing subscriptions from all parts of the kingdom;—some £60,000; more, in fact, than enough for the simple replacing all which had been destroyed: Etty enthusiastically subscribing his liberal quota of £30. To 'restore it to anything like what it 'was before the Fire,' he would, 'if needful, have 'given half the little he possessed in the world.' The Dean and Chapter received the money, and conducted the Restoration; selecting for their architect, Sir Richard Smirke, a competent *Builder*-Architect, of small real sympathy with Gothic, and superficial knowledge of it.

Armed with a surplus-fund, the Dean and Chapter, with their architect, began to meditate other achievements besides mere humdrum restitution of parts lost. Variations and improvements assumed a place in their programme: among others, the *removal* of the rich and beautiful (stone) Rood-screen of the fourteenth century, filled with statues of our Kings from William I. to Henry VI.,—the 'Organ-screen' of modern parlance; which had narrowly escaped the fury of the Fire. That omission on the part of the destroying element, they proposed rectifying. The obtrusive Screen was to be placed 'farther back': in order that the massive pillars of the great Central Tower,—'their bases' uncovered,'—might be seen to more advantage. Removed from its natural place, the Screen was to have been curtailed in

length and height, to accommodate it to its new and improper position. Such enthusiastic disciples of what in those days went by the name of 'Taste,' were Dean and Chapter, they could 'scarcely regret 'the injury,' (semi-destruction, namely), 'which put 'it in their power to achieve so great an Improve-'ment.' In point of fact, as was afterwards confessed, once taken down and pulled to pieces, the Screen would hardly have been set up again. Nothing less was really intended than a triumph in the school of the infamous James Wyatt:—that favoured *protégé* of the legally constituted protectors of our ancient Cathedrals, the ever-to-be-execrated destroyer of Durham Chapter-House, of Salisbury Altar-screen, and much else, at Lichfield, Oxford, &c. &c. The creation of a 'grand perspective' was projected, and throwing open of the whole interior of the Minster; with a consequent *throwing down* of all objects that might interfere with that edifying result.

'Deeply rooted affections and sympathies,' on the part of the York people, of those unsophisticated classes, not endowed with 'a Taste,' who had known and loved the Minster from their childhood, were alarmed by the threatened emendation. An opposition, conservative in the better sense of the term, was started among the Subscribers; which daily grew in strength. And 'much irritation' was caused. The subscribers complained, justly, of breach of faith: insisted on the purpose for which the fund was raised, namely, Restoration, not Mutilation; reminding the Dean and Chapter of their original declaration, 'that they would not depart from a

'Model more excellent and beautiful than anything 'they could substitute in its place.'

The first hint of the intentions of the *soi-disant Curators* of the noble building—one they had already so effectually guarded from Fire,—reached Etty, shortly after his melancholy visit to York, during the autumn of 1829,—for him so troubled a year. It had thrown the Painter into great excitement: excitement not abating as the plot thickened. Throughout the contest which followed, he, of all the opponents of the iconoclastic Dean and Chapter, proved one of the most zealous and persistent; backed by his friends Cottenham and Sydney Taylor. To his 'surprise and consternation,' finding himself, as a Subscriber, 'an unwilling partner and contributor to 'a Crime, in his opinion second only to that of the 'wretch who fired' the Minster, he vigorously bestirred himself and arrayed available friends in opposition to the scheme. He penned indignant protests for the Newspapers, York and London, private expostulations,—giving amicable forewarning of possible ill consequences to himself,—with Smirke, son of an old friend: prosaic son of the imaginative illustrator of *Don Quixote*, and of the *Arabian Nights*.

This strenuous opposition was in the first instance listened to: the project seemingly abandoned, and assurances given that it would not be proceeded with. —Only, however, that it might be revived at a more convenient opportunity. Of which renewed struggle, more in its place.

The year 1830 opened with a fresh sorrow: the sudden death, in mature life and faculty, of his old

Master, Sir Thomas Lawrence. There are men whose external character draws after them a personal *Following*, independently of their intrinsic gifts, often, disproportionately. The successful Portrait-Painter, the more than successor—as far as fashionableness went,—of Reynolds, was one of these. His varied accomplishments, polished *savoir-vivre*, his suavity, and seeming openness, covering real self-command, and refined worldly wisdom,—as his plausible talents disguised an essentially commonplace mind,—had their irresistible influence: winning him the personal affection, and even homage, of most with whom he came in contact,—above all, of simple, enthusiastic natures like Etty; inducing unreserved adhesion to the popular estimate of his supremacy.

The latter was not one to analyze too closely; and as we have seen, shared to the full extent the notion of Sir Thomas's gifts at that time current: preserving to the last a proud and affectionate remembrance of his old Master, an ingenuous reverence, and unquestioning. 'A man who, for splendour and brilliancy 'of talent,' he affirms, 'for benevolence and gentle-'ness of heart, for elegance and suavity of manners, 'for nobleness and beauty of person, has left no 'parallel.'—One 'of the greatest and best men of any 'age or country:' whose loss is, 'to the Academy, 'and the Arts, irreparable;' who has 'left a vacuum 'no one can adequately fill.'—Etc.

He felt with customary vehemence, the abrupt close of Lawrence's successful life.—'It seems almost 'a dream, a hideous dream,' he to his friend Bodley exclaims (*writing Jan. 27th*), 'to think that he, the

'pride and boast of our Country, and of his brethren, 'whose beautiful smile, delightful manners, cheerful 'conversation, cast a sunshine around, when, a few 'nights before, he sat among us at dinner, with health 'on his cheek, happy and cheerful as he could ap- 'parently be: to think that on that very night week, 'at the same hour, he should droop his head in Death!

'The night my dear Friend and honoured Master 'died, I heard Mr. Shee say he was poorly.'—'I 'thought of going to Russell Square that night, after 'the School was over. I went. I knocked three 'times; but as I had not knocked *loud*, got no 'answer. I then rang: a little boy came. I asked 'if it was true Sir Thomas had been unwell. "He '*had* been some days."—I asked if he kept his bed. '"Not exactly: he kept his bed-room, and sat by the 'fire."—I told him to take my compliments, and I 'wished much to know how he was. "I can't go into 'the room, Sir: his doctor is with him; but he is a 'great deal better to-day." * * Gracious and 'merciful God! he was dying about that very 'moment:—about nine o'clock, in a small bed-room, 'in the upper part of his house. * *

'A gentleman—his executor, and Lady Croft, had 'been sitting with him in his bed-room; reading and 'conversing. So well did he feel, that he said cheer- 'fully, when Tea was brought, "I'll officiate. I'll 'make tea to-night:" and did so. Afterwards, he 'requested them to withdraw for a few moments; 'and feeling faint, asked if there was a fan in the 'house. The servant got one; and tried to refresh 'his languor by fanning him. But he soon after felt

'himself going: and said, "I am dying." Casting 'his eyes upward, he fell back; and left this world 'for ever. * *

'Peace be to his gentle soul! Peace to his noble 'ashes! — If ever Nature stamped her nobility on 'man: that man was Lawreuce.

'I followed, of course, his dear remains to their 'last sad Home. Since the days of Nelson, there 'has not been so marked a funeral. The only fine 'day we have had for a long time was *that* day. 'When the melancholy pageant had entered the 'great western door and was half way up the body 'of the church, the solemn sound of the Organ 'and anthem swelled on the ear and vibrated to 'every heart. It was deeply touching. * * The 'organ echoed through the aisles. The sinking 'Sun shed his parting beams through the West 'window: and we left him alone.—*Hail! and fare-'well!* * *

'My dear Mother and my dear Master both lost in 'two short months. "Who knoweth what a day may 'bring forth?"

In the Academy, 'We have filled up his vacancy in 'the best manner we are able:' reports Etty: on whom, as Member of Council that year, 'a variety of 'pressing duties devolve.' He joined in that all but unanimous act of the Academicians,—their election of 'my friend Mr. Shee, an accomplished scholar and 'excellent poet, an orator, and a gentleman.' For Wilkie, a near personal friend — Collins, was the unique voter. Thus jealous of the Popular painter was our public-spirited Academy. Bent on turning

their opportunity to account, the Academic rabble make their spite felt by an invidious unanimity and alacrity: which impose on a simple-minded Historical Painter as zeal for the Cause of Art.

'Sorely hit and hindered' by the incidents of the the year,—which had unhinged his mind and invaded his time,—by the temporary 'overturning of his hap-'piness and self-possession;' the winter proving also 'unexampled,' (in London), 'for darkness, fog, and 'severity;' Etty had not been able to complete *Judith Coming Forth* by the time originally promised. The Council of the Scottish Academy had left him wholly unfettered as to size, treatment, &c.; and readily granted the required delays. Intelligent Patrons these, such as it is not always a painter's fate to fall in with.

At the British Institution, in 1830, a small work—*Venus and Cupid* (Descending), which accompanied the before-exhibited *Benaiah;* and at the Academy, *Judith Coming Forth;*—the *Storm;*—*Candaules, King of Lydia, showing his Wife by stealth to Gyges;* and *A Dancer,* proved the principal products of the year.

The *Candaules,* now in the Vernon Gallery, affords almost the only instance among Etty's works, of an undeniably disagreeable, not to say objectionable subject having been chosen as the theme for interpreting nude form, and development of harmonious colour. There is nothing, however, to be urged against the *treatment* of that theme,—treatment solely artistic, showing the Painter intent on achieving those high abstract aims for their own high sake. In

which latter respect, the picture though small, is a triumph.

The Storm:—'They cried unto Him and were deli-'vered,'—represents a trembling group exposed in an open boat to the fury of a tempest-tossed sea: praying for deliverance. In sentiment, it is earnest and poetic, as in expression,—its clear, vigorous Drawing and solemn harmonies of Colour,—eloquent. It was painted, Etty relates,—and the picture itself manifests,—'on the principle of attaining harmony 'of Colour by neutral tints:' as the *Hero Dying on Leander's Body* had been before it; as the *Sabrina* and *Robinson Crusoe* were afterwards. Perhaps, no class of Etty's works more unmistakably shows his mastery as a Colourist, than do these: wherein scarcely any positive colour is introduced, which are yet as delightful to the eye as significant to the mind. The *Storm*, like the second *Hero and Leander*, was one of the Painter's own favourite works; and justly so.

'In the second picture' from Judith,—writes Etty, when explaining the intention of all three,—'that 'of her escaping, or endeavouring to elude the vigi-'lance of the guards, and get out of the Camp with 'the Head to her own city,—I have thought it right 'to make Judith looking towards these guards them-'selves: conceiving she would, as a matter of course, 'do so. I understand I have been censured for so 'doing; because it turns the face of the Heroine away 'from the spectator. It is a principle with me, as 'far as lies in my power, to endeavour to make my 'heroes or heroines act as they would do if placed in

'similar circumstances in reality; without thinking 'or caring which way they turn their faces: endea- 'vouring to forget all consciousness of Art. I am 'not anxious to imitate those second-rate Actors who, 'when they are performing, are more desirous to play 'to *boxes, pit, and galleries*, than to absorb them- 'selves in the passions and natural interests of the 'scene. I have a strong feeling that, under the dan- 'gerous part she was then playing, her first feeling 'and anxious care would be, how far the guards were 'insensible of what she had done. And I am the 'more reconciled to this mode of treatment, knowing 'how much may sometimes be gained by leaving 'something to the spectator's imagination. It seemed 'to me the natural and spontaneous mode of feeling 'and telling the story.'—A judgment, which those who have seen the Picture, and felt its dramatic force, will be slow to dispute; and the point one, as to which the creative producer of such a work was far more competent to pronounce, than any 'critic.'

The year,—dating from Exhibition to Exhibition, —had been fruitful in work done. But in the midst of his activity, the remembrance of recent sorrows remained by Etty.—'The last time I saw you,' he tells his York friends, 'a distressing bereavement 'had lacerated my heart, and made me almost indif- 'ferent to Life itself. Time and my professional 'exertions,—into which I willingly plunged to escape 'from myself,—have softened though not erased the 'image of her so justly dear to me:—and who, as 'well as myself, ever cherished the recollection of '*your* kindness.'

CHAPTER XV.

PARIS AND THE THREE DAYS. 1830. (ÆT. 43.)

Brighton to Dieppe—The Middle of a Diligence—Fair Friends in Paris—Patriotic Meditations—Old Employments Resumed—In the Lion's Mouth—What he saw there—Gathering Clouds—Perils of the Streets—The Night and its Terrors—The Second Day—The Third—Mementos of the Struggle—A Second Storm—Five Studies in Safety—England—An Affair of the Heart.

After nearly seven years of stay-at-home life, Etty once more paid Paris a visit, his fifth,—and the third time of quitting English soil,—in the summer of 1830: again, (of course), a 'Very hot' one. The Street-revolution of the Three Days bursting forth during the astonished Artist's sojourn, made it, for him, a memorable visit; and for his biographer, the solitary episode of peril and adventure, which varies the tranquil level of our Painter's life.

During the early days of July, London was exchanged for Brighton, and Brighton for Dieppe. 'I last saw you,'—he writes to Mr. Bodley,—'on the 'Chain Pier' of Brighton: 'and that is the first link 'of the chain of my journey. Casting off our mooring, 'we saw the white cliffs receding; and bade, for a 'while, my native land "good morning." A fine 'passage on the whole, till dark; when it rained fast. 'I kept the deck all the time; sketched a little, ate

'the sandwiches you gave me, dined on deck, and 'was a capital sailor: while several were failing 'around me. About eleven, we arrived. I went to 'Taylor's Hotel. Got up early, sketched some 'fisher-women from my bed-room window; took a 'walk by a little river-side, avenued by long rows 'of trees, visited a curious old church; breakfasted. 'At ten set off for Rouen; and had a very pleasant 'ride through a rich and cultivated country:—en-'tered about four.'

Thence, 'anxious to get to the end of my journey, 'I took one of the only places left inside one of the 'Diligences. It was a hot, close night. The Dili-'gences are triple-bodied monsters. I and an un-'fortunate Swede had the middle seats,—the farthest 'from the windows:'—a place 'in the middle of six 'in the middle of the Diligence.'—'Were I,' ex-claims the hapless Painter, 'to live to the age of 'Methuselah, the horrors of that night will never be 'erased from my mind. The *details* I must give 'you some night in your elegant and spacious red 'room at Brighton, where I shall have room to 'breathe. In all my roughs and smooths, from 'Lambeth as far as Pompeii and Herculaneum, I 'never experienced such a night. Had it not been 'for a wind, that rushed for a few short, comparatively 'sweet moments,—during a heavy and awful storm of 'thunder and lightning,—through the coach, I think 'I must have died! But here I am yet alive.'—To 'that night a dawn followed, and a morning hot, yet a 'morning that brought freedom, and escape from evil.'

In Paris, he finds a sister-in-law, with her daugh-

ters; also a fair friend from York, who had immediately preceded him, and *her* daughter. Established 'with an old landlady' of his, but frequently joining company with his lady-friends, he takes the latter to the Ambassador's Chapel and 'the Protestant 'Chapel of the *Oratoire,*' to hear 'my friend Bishop 'Luscombe:'—escorts them 'to the principal Gal-'leries, and other places of note;' and otherwise bestirs himself.

From *Sunday, July* 11*th,* dates a characteristic letter to his Niece.—'It is dark, being near ten 'o'clock, and a great storm commencing. I have 'been looking out of window. The lightning shines 'out every moment like sunshine; and the thunder 'is rolling in long peals at a distance. 'Twas much 'such a night when I came from Rouen to Paris. '* * I hope soon to tell thee about it, face to 'face, some night at tea.'

* * 'How often, how tenderly, I think of thee! 'what thou art doing, and thinking, planning, wish-'ing: think of thee, and my sweet, quiet Home,—'*thou* who mak'st *it* doubly sweet to me.—What a 'contrast to Paris! It is well worth while to come 'here, to be sensible of *its* value.

'While I write, the storm increases in power, and 'flashes terrifically in blue flashes through my case-'ment. The wind roars; the rain falls. The thunder 'peals louder and louder: as if God spoke in anger 'to the gay and giddy multitude of Paris (and all of 'us indeed), as they crowd to the theatres, balls, and '*cafés.*—What a place it is! If I had a daughter, 'she should *not* be educated here. Pleasure and

'amusement are the idols. And little do they think 'of that which is woman's domestic honour and chief 'praise.' * *

'The Climate here and weather I don't like equal 'to our own. It has been very *catchy*, as we say: 'frequent showers; the sun hot and unpleasantly 'bright. I was anxious to compare *immediately*, with 'my own dear Country, this vaunted land. Last time 'I had come from a long stay in Italy.'—This 'immediate comparison' is, 'in every respect,' he is 'happy to say,' in favour of his Native Land. France, '—like Belshazzar at his Banquet,—is weighed in the 'balance and found wanting.' In fact, he does not like Paris 'so well as he used to;'—'would not live in 'it for a constancy,'—not even 'for an independence.' 'The noise, whirl, and want of repose' are all distasteful to the habitual denizen of tranquil Buckingham Street.

'Last Sunday, one of their principal streets was 'like a River. As indeed, most of 'em are when a 'heavy shower falls;—can't be crossed except on 'planks: coaches, gigs, and carts, splashing in them 'knee-deep; sewers not being common. The scenes 'are then, to an Englishman, most extraordinary and 'amusing:—not so, if he is *out* in it.

'How glad I shall be when God blesses my eyes with 'a sight of *thee*, well; and of my dear, quiet Home.' 'Not that I am sorry I have come. It is the best 'thing one could do. It quiets all restless longings. '* * The storm increases. The rain pours: the 'lightning and thunder awful.—I shall have a deal to 'tell thee when I see thy smile of welcome to my

'own hearth, dearest Betsey!—Take care of my bonny 'birds, of that queer ugly cat, and of all the things I 'love,—chiefly thyself.'

* * 'With regard to my small pictures, get '*them* all brought home, if thou canst. When the 'Exhibition is closed, if Mr. Hilton will be so good 'as to allow the *Judith* to remain at the Academy for 'a week or two, till I return, I should be glad. See 'if thou canst manage that. * *

'I used sometimes to joke and tell thee to come to 'Paris with me. I don't think I should let thee. 'It would be difficult to—"mind and don't get run 'over" here.'

In the Louvre, Etty resumed the course of study broken off in the winter of 1823;—has, by *July* 11*th* (1830), 'almost completed a study of a fine picture 'by Giorgione,'—the *Musical Party*,—he had 'long 'wished for.' The French Artists, I have been told, at first amused by the unknown English Painter's little insignificant figure, soon exchanged that feeling for amazement,—cries of 'Who is he?'—'Titian 'come to Life again!' and similar demonstrations of excitement, aroused by the rapidly achieved Copy in question,—of the Giorgione:—such an one as *they* had not seen before.

'I, yesterday,' he reports, on the 13th (*to Mr. Bodley*) 'visited some of the principal Artists in 'their *Ateliers;* and saw what they were doing.' An acquaintance, who accompanied him on these visits, relates that, notwithstanding 'strong prejudices 'against French Art,' Etty could not avoid surprise

at the 'facility of handling, and dashing correctness 'of Drawing,'—the well-known attributes of the more eminent French painters.

'I, this morning,' continues Etty, 'had the pleasure 'of seeing my pupil, Mr. Leigh, waiting for me in the 'Louvre. He is most impressed with your kindness. '* * I should like much to come home through 'Holland and Flanders. It is my firm intention 'never to revisit the Continent, if I can do that. The 'dirt, discomfort, and noise have quite satisfied' such a thorough-going Englishman.

'*Sunday Evening, 18th July.*' 'Since writing 'the' above, 'I have made a sketch from a picture 'of *Christ and his Disciples at Emmaus,* by Titian; 'and commenced another of a *Fresh Breeze, Sea-'Coast,*' from Ruysdael,—just like Brighton in a 'fresh breeze.

'The Tuilleries Gardens are crowded on a Sunday 'afternoon, with troops of Belles and Beaux. I like 'not these things on a Sunday. It goes much against 'my grain. I have been dining in the *Palais Royal:* 'half a bottle of wine, *trois plats à choisir, un dessert, 'pain à discretion,* (and I was *very* discreet, eating 'only half a roll, leaving the other): for *deux francs.* '*Ne pas cher, Monsieur Thomas?* But those four 'dear letters, H-O-M-E,—and a Crust, a cup of tea, 'a smile from my dear Betsey, are worth all Paris: 'Versailles into the bargain. Oh! I am English 'to my heart's core! would not exchange that 'honoured Title:'—&c. 'When once I get my foot 'on that honoured land, farewell all but it!—and my 'aim at glory!—

'The weather has become very hot and fatiguing. 'But I am not losing sight of those things I have 'for some years wished to possess sketches of.

'I shall fatigue *you*: so leave the rest for after 'tea, some night at HOME.

'I suppose I shall be accused of High Treason, 'if I ask you to have a look at Rubens and the Low 'Countries: should much like to see them ere I 'return;—and in *your* company. * * I shall, I 'believe, paint in the Louvre till the last day of 'August.'—

A belief not destined to be realized. By the 27th of July, had fairly set in the sudden 'alarm and 'hubbub of "The Three Glorious Days."' Etty discovers himself unawares in the Lion's Mouth: not the situation he had proposed, on quitting peaceful England.

As the storm increased about him, he could not be persuaded to follow prudent counsel, and stay quietly in-doors. Impatient and restless, he was 'out 'every day:' journeying to and from the Louvre; and from his quarters, '*No.* 4, *Rue Michodière* (*au Quatrième*),' to the *Rue des Martyrs*, where lodged his friends. These little excursions were not, of course, free from peril. The Painter might well have fallen a victim to his restlessness, swelling the 'casualties' of a Revolution wherein he was no participant:—and many a poetic creation have been lost to us.

A month, (*Sept.* 3*rd*,) after these stirring events, safely housed once more in Buckingham Street, 'their impress yet fresh on his brain.' Etty wrote Mr. Bodley a leisurely 'sketch of what fell under

'his own observation' during the impromptu Revolution at which he had had the unexpected honour of "*assisting.*"

'I told you of Paris, of my smothering berth in 'the *Diligence,* the storm that refreshed me with a 'breath of air. It was the Overture. Now the 'green curtain rises for the Grand Opera of *La* '*Revolution Française:* accompanied by a grand 'crash of all the lamps of Paris, and cries of "*Vive* '*la Charte.*"

'The morning of Monday was the morning of 'that event. For then, the dissolution of the 'Chamber of Deputies, the people had voluntarily 'elected, was made known: followed close on its 'heels, by the *Ordonnance* prohibiting *Tous Ecrits* '*Imprimés.* While the paste was yet wet on the walls, 'crowds,—all eye, all ear,—staring with astonish-'ment at its boldness, gathered round: clouds con-'gregating before a storm. The day was hot, op-'pressively hot: so hot, that a bellman went round 'to warn the inhabitants to water in front of their 'houses.

'I went with Bishop Luscombe to see the *Palais* '*Bourbon,* a palace of the *Duchesse de Berri* in 'the *Champs Elysées.* She had the finest Flemish 'pictures I had ever seen as a Collection. I saw 'the Bed-chamber, the Library, the *Salle-à-Manger,* '*Salle* for Dancing, the pleasant, tranquil garden. 'All seemed cool and quiet. Here, she comes to 'tranquillize her spirit, said our guide. And truly, 'it seemed adapted.

'At night, I had been drinking tea at Isaac

'Brandon's, talking about Poets, and what not. 'Time stole on till past the twelfth hour: very late, 'for Paris. And I was a long way from home. I 'and a gentleman with me had to pass this very 'palace-gate. "*Qui vive?*" challenged the sentinel. '"*Un Ami: France!*" the reply. "*Passe au 'large!*"—And we kept a most respectful distance, 'in consequence. Caution was evident, and showed 'them on the alert against surprise or attack.' So 'late, I was not without apprehension of being 'locked out. I had some difficulty, but got in, 'luckily. My friend, ere he got to *his* lodgings, 'heard the drums beat. The soldiers cleared the '*Café Tortonie*, (a resort for *libéraux*), of all its 'inmates,—ladies, and others. And that night, the 'fray began: soon to thicken.

'On the Tuesday, I went to the Louvre. About 'eleven, a friend came in; said, he had come through 'the *Palais Royal*. The people were collecting in 'great commotion, and were all shutting up their 'shops. An hour after, another messenger says, the 'people have massacred a spy; were reported to be 'dragging his body in triumph round the *Palais 'Royal*. Other reports come in during the day: 'each adding something to the thickening clouds of 'expectation.

'Four o'clock came, the hour to close. The nar- 'row street that leads to the *Place Royal* and *Rue 'St. Honoré* had its shops shut: the people in com- 'motion. When we got into the *Place Royal*, a 'scene like the prints of the French Revolution pre- 'sented itself: all shops and *cafés* shut, crowds of

'people at the windows and tops of the houses 'shouting, hurling volleys of stones on a large body 'of Cavalry, galloping up and down the *Rue St.* '*Honoré*. Here, was an officer close to us, shaking 'his drawn sword in anger at the people of a house 'just by; there, a poor cavalry fellow with his head 'cut and bleeding; here, some of the Mob taken 'prisoners; there, a body of Infantry with fixed 'bayonets.

'Another shout, and volleys of stones. "Now, 'let's get across!"—when the Cavalry and their 'drawn sabres have cut down the *Rue St. Honoré*, 'to the right:—"now's your time!" We run across, 'get through the Crowd up that street; and breath-'less almost, into the *Palais Royal*.—

'In the evening, to my friend the Bishop's, 23, '*Place Vendôme*: the Place half full of soldiers. 'Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry bivouacked in the 'Square, all ready. By-and-by, the Bishop's son 'comes in, tells us the People are arming.—A man 'is shot in such a street. A woman at a gunpowder-'shop, selling and giving powder to the People 'against her husband's wishes, he shoots her through 'the head: in a moment she is lifeless at his feet.'

The most perilous adventure which occurred to the Painter throughout the Three Days, happened during the homeward walk of this same evening, at the close of the *First Day's* conflict.

'A little after ten, I thought I would be going. 'Much was expected that night. Out I trotted,— 'the soldiers yet waiting in the Place,—went up the '*Rue de la Paix* towards the Italian Boulevards.

'I thought the upper part of the street looked sus-
'piciously calm,—and few people; while the other
'part had more, (near the soldiers). Just as I was
'about to turn the corner, on comes the Mob, in
'full cry:—"*Vive la Charte!*" and a thousand other
'cries. Smash go the splendid lamps. On they
'come. A *porte-cochère*, just closing, afforded me and
'two or three others time to get in at the door (of
'a strange house), ere the porter closed it. With
'fierce cries they carry on the work of destruction.
'And there we were, not knowing what would
'become of us. In course of a quarter of an hour,
'they seemed at a greater distance. And we gladly
'escaped this nightly havock.

'How can I give you an adequate idea of those
'portentous and awful Cries, that "like an exhala-
'tion" rose over Paris in the darkness, and broke the
'still silence of midnight! Mingled with the sounds
'of the tocsin, the deep-toned bell and the shrill,
'hasty, smaller one, the rattle of musketry, the
'drums beating to arms, the crackling of fires: all
'formed a mixture, grand, yet awful in the extreme.
'These I heard in my little garret bed-room, each
'night ere I lay down.

'On the Wednesday morning,' (*Second Day*), 'I
'went to the Louvre. The Swiss opened the door:
'"Will you work to-day?" "*Oui, s'il vous plait.*"—
'Instead of a hundred or two, as usual, only here and
'there one. Some who did come thought it best to
'go away. Though we knew not what to expect, two
'other English, an American, two or three French,
'and myself, stayed. I once or twice cleaned my

'palette to go, when I heard the roar of cannon 'at a distance, and the rattle of musketry:' but 'I put on a bit more colour, and worked till about 'one;—left betwixt one and two: others leaving at 'the same time.

'The Swiss Guardians were evidently not com-'fortable. The Louvre seemed almost deserted. 'Soldiers, Lancers, Artillery, were under arms in a 'burning sun, under the windows, and before the 'Tuilleries. Ever and anon' was heard 'the dis-'charge of small arms in three different quarters, 'and the deep note of cannon firing grape-shot by 'the *Pont Neuf* and other quarters. They, the '*custodi*, wished us to go earlier than usual. So, 'after putting the last touches to three of my 'Sketches that memorable Wednesday, I took them 'and my box in my hand, down to the porter of the 'gate. He locked them in a closet. I told him they 'were not dry.—He was "*beaucoup pressé à present*," 'and looking out (for squalls) from a window, to see 'what was coming.

'Out I sallied, towards the Tuilleries, at a quick 'step, till I found I was marching up to the muzzle 'of a cannon. I deployed to the right, out of its 'way, as I did not wish to seek the bubble reputation 'even at the cannon's mouth. It was not firing, but 'all ready, in case of need; surrounded by Artillery-'men, backed and flanked by soldiers. I slid be-'hind them, out at the *Place Carrousel;* over the '*Rue Rivoli*, through a passage, across the *Rue* '*St. Honoré*, up some other streets, and home.

'After awhile I went out, to see if I could get

'something for dinner. In the Place, two shots were 'fired close by, and made them put up the remaining 'shutter in quick time. A wounded man, bleeding 'from a musket-ball in the thick part of the thigh, 'was brought past.

'At the top of the Street, in the Boulevards, the '*Place Vendôme*, about two streets off, and the *Rue* '*des Petits Champs*, the battle was going on. And 'no soul knew when and where it would end. The 'Parisians began to tear up the pavement, to form 'Barricades across the streets, to impede the action of 'the Cavalry and Infantry. And now, it might be 'said to be rising towards its height. The alarm 'and anxiety on all sides were terrific. We thought 'of the last Revolution, of a prison, of we hardly 'knew what,—perhaps an untimely grave, at all 'events, an uncertain, remote escape.

'The noises of the night were renewed, and almost 'ceaseless. The sound of pick-axes and iron bars 'tearing up the pavement was heard, the voices of 'men, and the rattle of the great stones forming into '"*Abattis*" or Barricades.'

'The morning of the *Third Day* dawned, Thurs-'day, 29th; the day which finished the fate of Paris. 'A young man, who had gone out of our house 'early, came back in great alarm; told us to prepare 'for the worst day's fighting. The military were 'intending to charge down the streets. He and 'other young Frenchmen got great baskets filled with 'big stones, to throw on them.'

At the outset of this last day, it was still a question: 'whether I would go to the Louvre; or see Mr.

'and Miss ——? I decided for the latter: luckily, 'perhaps, for me. The Louvre was attacked early in 'the day. The Tuilleries and it were hotly and 'sanguinarily contested.'—On descending, 'the old 'porteress said, "*Il ne faut pas sortir, Monsieur, il y 'a beaucoup de danger.*" So I went up stairs, but in 'a short time came down again.—If I was to die, I 'had rather die in the open air.'

'I crossed the Boulevards; saw noble trees, the 'growth of ages, cut down and lying across the 'street: armed men flocking westward, and, in the '*Quartier Montmartre*, a group of Revolutionists 'parading with the tri-color flag and drums, armed. 'I pushed on, passed Barricados and all impedi-'ments: arrived safe in the *Rue des Martyrs;* found 'my friends much alarmed,—thus unexpectedly in the 'Lion's den. I said all I could to comfort them: 'which was not much. While there, the firing was 'heard every moment; varied now and then by the 'victorious cries of the People, and the drums of the 'retreating soldiers.

'About four o'clock, when the firing had slackened, 'I set off to return; and found the scene changed:— 'the soldiers beaten, the Mob keeping guard at the 'street ends, the tri-color flag mounted on the 'Barricades. Groups of half-tipsy, victorious Revolu-'tionists armed, were met everywhere, and looked 'anything but amiable. In the middle of the street, 'I had to pass one of these gentry, flushed with 'wine and conquest. He was flourishing his cutlass 'in the exultation of his heart, boasting it was more 'than finished. Here, you would meet a ragged

'fellow, with a musket and bayonet, another with a 'pistol, a third with a knife. However, I got home 'without molestation.'

To the husband of his lady-friends, Etty this same '*Thursday Night, July 29th,*' writing 'a few lines' that the former may not be 'uneasy about Wife and 'Daughter,' relates how the Painter 'saw them to-day 'after clambering over I don't know how many 'Barricades, fallen trees, &c.:—for Paris is like a 'besieged city. I stayed with them some hours. And, 'you may rely, the first favourable opportunity I 'will restore them to their native shore: as well as 'Mrs. Etty and children, if I can get her to go.'—

'I have finished all my Studies; only wish things 'to subside a little; and then, will endeavour to 'bring the precious charge you in some degree con- 'fided to my care, to a safer, quieter land.'

The 'next day, (*Friday*),' continues the previously quoted Narrative, 'fighting had ceased. The People 'and Liberty had triumphed over all opposition: 'though it was said, the cessation of arms was only 'for twenty-four hours, and that Marmont, Duke of 'Ragusa, was to enter Paris at night. In which case, 'there would have been sad work. The apprehension 'of an attack for some days hung over our heads. 'The King's troops were yet in force, not many miles 'off: with cannon.

'I determined to reach the extremity of the '*Faubourg St. Antoine,* and see Mrs. Etty and the 'children. From the Barricades, the great distance, 'the numbers of armed people about, I hardly knew 'how' to effect it. 'However, I did. A good deal

'of fighting had taken place in that *Faubourg;* as 'many of the houses bore evident marks:—shattered 'walls and broken windows. The Barrier that was 'just by had been set on fire,—and been burning all 'night.

'After an hour or two, I try and get back. The 'Streets were crowded with men, women, (and Barri-'cados),—myriads:—shops yet shut, and great anxiety 'about the Government. For France was without 'one. Luckily for Paris and good order, the Duke 'of Orleans had come into Paris'—quite by accident of course,—'from his seat at Neuilly; and had ac-'cepted the office *pro tempore*, of Lieutenant-General 'of the realm. He seemed the only hope of the more 'respectable and well-disposed of the people, the 'only anchor Hope had left us. Many were for 'Republics, &c.

'It is but fair to say, that though I passed through 'so many crowds of Revolutionary people, a great 'portion of whom were armed, and that day, through 'some of the worst and most populous parts of Paris, 'where havock had lorded it widely, I was not molested 'or insulted.'

That same morning, (*Friday*), the Painter had been 'to the Louvre, or rather in sight of it. For a Re-'volutionary guard warned all from approaching. In 'passing, I went in front of the Tuilleries. Some 'of the Mob were on one of the bronze horses on the 'arch in front, hoisting the tri-coloured flag while 'astride.—

'What is that? Look! two of the dead; two who 'struggled in the cause of Freedom and have fallen.

'Look at his dark and horrent hair; their limbs and 'garments horrid with blood and mire. Look again! '*There,* they bear with care some of the wounded. 'Pale they look. *There,* under the colonnade, is a 'grave of many dead,—a black sepulchral Cross; and '*there,* just opposite the door of the Louvre, where I 'went in to study, is another—another Cross, and 'more flowers strewed on it. It has need: for the 'smell of the dead is too evident.

'The colonnade and the windows of the Louvre 'bear marks of the battle. So does yon building 'opposite,—the Institute, I think:—of musket and 'cannon balls. A small wine-shop near the *Place de* '*Grève* was riddled with shot; many of the houses in 'that vicinity sadly mauled. In the *Rue St. Honoré,* 'where we were the first fortnight, an Englishman 'was killed at a window.'

Such and gloomier 'mementos of the recent struggle 'are frequent.—I am passing a Bridge, (*Saturday*). 'Do you see that long and copious track of blood 'across it?—Look, where they are washing near the '*Morgue,* in "the river rolling rapidly:" washing 'bloody and dirty relics of the slain.

'The Archbishop's Palace is that next *Notre Dame.* 'Not a pane of glass remains. Inside, on the floor, 'in hideous confusion, rack, and ruin, broken furni- 'ture, books, glasses, all in one heap.

'I heard of, but thank God! did not see the fol- 'lowing.—An aged mother, whose son was anxious to 'join the fight, entreated him not. He was deaf to 'all her entreaties. She followed, still entreating. 'He rushed into the mob, in a post of danger; had

'not been there many minutes, before a bullet 'stretched his poor Mother a corpse before him. 'Frantic with grief and despair, he threw himself on 'the ground, and wildly dashed his head on the pave-'ment in the agony and bitterness of his feelings.'

On Saturday, the People having clearly 'gained 'the victory, the Artists are invited to return to the 'Louvre; and things look better. Of the first safe 'opportunity,'—Etty assures his friend in York,—'we shall take advantage.'

An 'alarming yet impressive scene,' this Revolutionary outburst which swept before the peaceful Painter's startled eyes: such as 'can never be erased 'from my memory; nor the goodness of God that, 'though I was out all the days, preserved me from 'harm.' The impression *did* remain equally vivid, eighteen years later, when for the Art-Union *Autobiography* he dashed off a graphic *résumé* of that eventful episode in his life.—

'It was indeed a scene of horrors,' he there recapitulates: 'to tread on the blood-stained pavement of 'Paris, to see the wounded, the dying, and the heaps 'of Dead with black and horrent hair, clotted with 'blood; to smell the putrescent bodies as you passed 'the pits in which they were thrown; to hear the cries 'of "*Vive la Charte!*" mingled with the roar of 'cannon, the rattle of musketry, the deep tone of the 'tocsin of *Notre Dame*, and the sharp call of alarm; 'the pickaxe pulling up the pavement for Barricades, 'the crash of lamps, the crackling fires of destruction, 'the clatter of Cavalry.' These 'formed a hell of 'sounds in the dread hours of the night which would

'have almost frightened the dead:—the moon looking 'calmly on this scene of death, and seeming to smile. '—"Oh! that I had wings as a dove, then would I 'flee away and be at rest," thought I. And God de- 'cided that I *should* escape.

'Three days of this: and then triumph.'

To the 'Sketch from Nature' of the Revolutionary Storm, ensues, both in the *Autobiography* and the MS. Narrative, another, of a Storm of the Elements Brewing, which followed the consummation of the 'terrific Three Days, and the flight of Charles Dix.' Both versions are spirited, and true to Nature. The later-written is a picture Memory had helped to mature. In what follows, I adhere, after the first paragraph, to the contemporary account.

A few days subsequent to the conflict, 'ere the Pa- 'risians felt sure of repose after their victory,' it had 'become most sultry, the evening most oppressive. '* * I had been to *Mont-Martre* to see my lady- 'friends, and on leaving them, retired home to my 'garret bed-room assured that *something was coming*.'

An hour past midnight 'we were awakened from 'our first slumbers by a mighty wind. Then, an 'awful silence, and flashes of lightning every half 'or quarter minute; without rain, without thunder. 'Again, a wind, that seemed to tear everything be- 'fore it, sent glass, tiles, stones, tingling and rattling 'down. A dead and awful silence for a few seconds: '—a distant roar of long-drawn thunder, like the far 'distant roll of artillery. "It is the King's army, 'and the cannon of Marmont!" was the first 'thought. Then, lightning every second, flash after

'flash, blue, vivid, and ghastly: till the heavens were 'one blaze of lurid light. Again, the mighty wind, 'and a nearer roar of artillery:—as we thought.

'The French jumped out of bed, and got together in 'groups of terror. The voices of females and children 'were heard in distress and agitation, thinking their 'last hour was come. It seemed as the elements 'were warring and leagued against us. Fortunately, 'it proved Heaven's artillery *only*.

'Such a night I never heard or saw. It was what 'the imagination may conceive as the prelude to the 'Last Day, and that awful tribunal where all flesh 'must appear. The hurricane, the dead silence, the 'incessant flash, the distant, awful roll,—till nearer 'and nearer, it burst in peals over our heads, was a 'something sublime: mixed with the expectancy of 'a storming army, the terror of the people, the smo-'thering heat, the roar of the wind, banging of doors, 'of windows,—smashing of glass,—breaking chim-'neys,—tossing trees.

'The deluge of rain now came, and one almost 'continuous flash of fire. By degrees, the wind grew 'calmer, the lightning less vivid and frequent; the 'thunder rolling more afar: till "the grey morn stept 'forth," and all was still.'

Of 'these two Storms,—of the Earth and Heaven,' —the latter must also have been a memorable scene: that first fitful roar of the whirlwind, unvaried by thunder or rain, a mighty chorus broken only by significant intervals of silence; the 'terrified groups 'on the landing-places,' (lit up by the lurid lightning), mistaking the 'distant' growl of thunder heard re-

'mote,' for 'the artillery of Marmont,' and momentarily looking for the execution of his threat, 'to storm 'Paris, and put all he met to the sword.' In the *Autobiography*, the tiger-like, stealthy *spring* of the Storm is conveyed with really poetic effect: the dread hush, while 'now and then a faint blue flash 'of lightning lit the air; and the wind *sighed mourn-'fully along the corridor.'*

In recovering the five Studies executed within the Louvre, Etty was more successful than might have been expected. Continuing to paint till the 28th, the second of the Three Days, he had added his finishing touches, while 'grape-shot was pouring on the 'populace by the *Pont Neuf*, and musketry rattling 'everywhere.' These studies, thrust by the porter, amid the excitement of the growing storm, 'into a 'cupboard behind the door,' the Painter had 'never 'hoped to see again:'—still less, after the Louvre had, on the following day, been visited by the People, rushing through 'like a torrent, carrying all before 'them.' On the 30th, hovering round, but debarred from entering the celebrated Gallery,—which now, in addition to other treasure, contains five studies, precious to himself,—the Painter is admitted on the 31st: the first confusion of the tumult over. In fear and trembling, he inquires after their fate; and finds them safe.

All thoughts of *further* study were now at an end, as also of visiting the land of Rubens: a second frustration of that idea. 'Brussels, that I was 'intending to visit on my way to Antwerp,' becomes, a little later, like Paris, the 'scene of a sanguinary 'revolution.'

After watching his opportunity, availing himself of the first which offered, Etty with difficulty secured 'passports, and places in the Diligence;' and brought his female friends (a young lady and her mother), his *five copies*, and himself, safe to Dover: one fine day in August. 'I went on Shakespere's Cliff, turned to 'the tranquil blue sea that divides us from France:' —and poured forth ejaculations on England's happiness. Scenes of peace, forcibly enough contrasting with those from which he had escaped, vividly appeal to Etty's impressionable senses.

During this notable Parisian Visit, a fever was privately raging within the Painter's bosom, which probably made him the more reckless in braving the incidents of the public storm. During 'the horrors 'of the Revolution' he was once more IN LOVE: 'deeply, desperately,' and again, 'almost hopelessly;'— indeed, *quite*, this time. He had insensibly become enamoured of a beautiful and accomplished young friend, some twenty years younger than himself, who barely had ceased to be a school-girl, and whom he had known from her childhood:—an Englishwoman, but not at this time in England. She, in the sequel, kindly promises always to feel 'great esteem and 'affection;' but, from 'disparity of years:'—etc. Ill-fated Etty! He had more than once, from admiration of her as a subject for his Art, painted her portrait, when she was a child; and,—what was less prudent for his peace,—when she had ceased to be a child. For the enthusiastic Painter always fell in love, (in a sense), with what he was painting. Even in subsequent years, permission to fill further

canvases with her image has, much to the Painter's disappointment, to be denied by the responsible powers: lest past unhappiness be revived.

The love-storm—that 'miserable madness, though 'not without its *délices*,'—was vehement as the last, while it continued, and he as vehemently unhappy. But his Art was the unfailing harbour of refuge: when he was no longer in suspense,—to him the most intolerable fate of any.—'Let me,' he was wont to say, 'know my fate; be it what it may, I can bear 'it.' In time, he learned to get the better of this, as of former passions; and to see with calm and friendly eyes the girlish Beauty wedded, like former Princesses of his, to some more favoured suitor, and, like them, become the happy mother of numerous pretty children.

Experienced lady-friends counsel Etty to relinquish marrying thoughts. They consider him ill adapted for the married state: as wedded already, to his Art, and too self-willed; too peculiar and fixed in his habits. A wife, they think, reduced to such rigid rules, would scarcely be happy, or likely therefore, to make him so. It was, undoubtedly, late in the day for so important a change. With a natural tendency to strong habits, he had been confirmed in them; had lived and painted so long self-dependent, even at the date of his Niece's joining him, that the latter had to adapt herself in all respects to him, and to humour him. But his nature was really so affectionate and enthusiastic, as to have made a domestic circle of his own by far the more happy and legitimate condition, had any of his earlier Mistresses been of a similar opinion.

CHAPTER XVI.

VICTORIES. 1830—31. (ÆT. 43—44.)

Domestic: Walter Etty—Happy Life—York Minster Again—Conspiracy of a Dean and Chapter—Warm Defence of the Screen—Letters in Newspapers—Triumph—A Creative Season—Excursions—Durham and its Cathedral—Edinburgh—The Three *Judiths* Assembled—Friendly Reception—Glasgow: The Clyde—The Lakes and a Waterspout—The Five Large Pictures—They Find a Common Home.

ETTY's familiar Correspondence at this period well characterizes the tenor of his life generally. My first extracts are from a letter occasioned by a temporary disturbance of friendly relations between his brother Walter and a mutual friend. The former was, by the confession of all who knew him, one of the most amiable of men: gentle and conciliatory; fond of his ease, of paintings, and of flowers; who, from the first, had sympathized with his gifted Brother, while, with others of the family, the latter had passed as of 'no account.' In default of a wife, the Painter's strong natural affections had centred, after his Mother, on his brother Walter and his Niece. Never forgetting that 'to Walter he owed every-'thing,' affection for *him* was a ruling sentiment of his life. '*That's* my Patron,' he would emphatically exclaim, as the latter, after their customary Sunday dinner together in Buckingham Street, sat composed to a comfortable doze in the Sitters' large arm-chair.

And it always pleased Etty to see his Brother serenely enjoying the *dolce far niente*, to which he was constitutionally somewhat addicted.

'I shall cherish in my heart,' Etty (*Oct. 11th*, 1830) assures the friend in question, and treasure in 'my mind, the good opinion I have so long enter-'tained of your naturally kind and generous nature; 'of the unremitting attentions you paid my poor dear 'Mother: recollections which in my bosom will be 'eternal; of Mrs. —, too, of her kindness, her great 'feeling, her strong natural talents, her agreeable 'and interesting manners. In these opinions, though 'he may not share the enthusiasm of the Painter, I 'am sure my dear Walter most cordially joined. For 'we have talked that matter over before now,—and 'shall do again, I hope, ere long.'—'With these feel-'ings, placing you both at the top of the list of my 'friends, as I always did since I really knew you, it 'was no romance to say I could have gone to the 'green Earth's end to save you. * *

'I do not wonder at your unwillingness to lose for 'a Friend a man like my Brother. A friend like 'him would be a loss to any man,—whatever his 'station. In all my large circle of acquaintance and 'friends, I have never met with his equal,—take him 'for all in all: his integrity, his talent, his temper; 'last, not least, his heart, that, like a fountain, flows 'with kindness, goodness, and active benevolence. 'Late and early,' he is 'ready with heart and hand 'to do anything for his friends.'—'Something I have 'seen no where else,' characterizes him.

A propos of his Brother, an open-hearted summary

follows, of the sunny features of a Life and Home, both wholly to Etty's own heart, and both of his own election:—a cheerful thanksgiving, such as the happy-minded Painter was daily in the habit of thinking, almost daily of expressing.—'With a friend like this, 'with a being like my dear Betsey, faithful, good, 'affectionate, attentive to all my wishes; with fame 'in my Art, Academic rank, and a fair reputation; 'with a quiet, delightful, cheerful residence; with 'my treasures of Art around me; with the great, ex-'citing, and ennobling subjects that History, Poetry, 'imagination, present for the Pencil, health and 'power to prosecute them; I feel, I truly feel the 'happiness of my lot. And my soul pours itself out 'in grateful adoration to Him, the bountiful Giver, 'that He has given me so much when I deserve so 'little; that He has added "the mind's calm sun-'shine," and that "heartfelt ease," without which all 'is vapid and spiritless. May He teach me to use 'them as becometh me! * * to feel the frail 'tenure by which I hold these blessings; how thin 'the partition that divides us from Eternity.'

October 19th, dates a note to Mr. and Mrs. Bodley:—thanking them for an 'invitation to the Island, 'where "airs, gentle airs," are blowing. I don't 'mind if the sedge-crowned Sisters and their white-'bearded Papa treat me, however, with a *rougher* 'welcome. I like "when rocking winds are piping 'loud." 'I purpose, if all 's well, to be with you '*Friday night*, which—when the Royal Academy is 'open,—is very liberal on my part, you must allow. 'In truth, I wish, and have long intended to see you,

'but never felt till now, I could spare time.'—'I shall 'come, then, and see the splendid God of Fire dip his 'chariot-wheels in the Ocean: which, you say, he does 'with his usual grace and grandeur; and that he sheds 'a parting, farewell gleam on your crimson wall and 'gems of Art. *Nous verrons.*'

In 1830,—more especially towards its close, Etty's peace was again disturbed, by fears for the integrity of what yet remained of York's ill-fated Minister. We have seen how, at the close of 1829, the threatened removal of the 'Organ-Screen,' was negatived by the general sense of the Subscribers and of the Inhabitants of York. After a pause, however, 'some 'friends of the measure, disposed again to throw the 'apple of discord amongst us' (relates Etty), 'got a 'meeting called at the Thatched House Tavern in 'London.' The question was thence, referred 'to 'the decision of a General Meeting of Subscribers' at York. At which, (*July, 29th*, 1830), a 'triumphant 'majority' decides in favour of the Screen remaining where it had stood for more than Four Centuries: 'of two hundred persons present, only twenty or 'thirty' dissenting; and of fifty-eight letters from absent Subscribers, only *eight* being adverse. 'We, 'the friends of the old Minster, *again* congratulated 'ourselves on its escape from an audacious and 'wanton innovation. Again, we were deceived.'

This Meeting proves 'not satisfactory,'—to the defeated party:—which cares not to confine its efforts to merely 'fair and regular proceedings.' The recalcitrant enthusiasts for Improvement,—volunteers, so much 'better able to arrange Cathedrals than the

'great Architects who built them,'—were bent on 'carrying their point by some means or other.' 'At 'the conclusion of a County meeting of Address and 'Condolence to his Majesty, to the astonishment of 'us all,'—unforewarned,—'the odious measure *twice* 'before set at rest, was obstinately brought forward 'again; though each time causing an irritation unex-'ampled in Yorkshire.' Another reference of the question followed, to a meeting called for December 28th.

Nothing less than Civil War (of words) now raged between the contending parties,—the people of York and the clerical clique, the lovers of Art and the lovers of an uninterrupted view 'from Western door 'to great East window.' At the present moment, one certainly, whatever its demerits, of improved knowledge of Antiquity, the whole attempt dwindles into a joke. That the point should have admitted of question, is characteristic of the (even) feebler sympathy and more imperfect knowledge of Art and Antiquity, than now prevails, current among the 'educated classes' twenty years since.

It was, however, a serious matter then. Monstrous as the scheme was, and puerile, it was very near carrying the day. An endless array of pseudo 'reasons' was improvised by the party of Taste. The tradition lingers yet, among writers of Guide-books, that the cause of Taste sustained a signal defeat on that occasion.

A Mr. Vernon Harcourt, 'residentiary Canon',—man of family and influence, relative of the then Archbishop,—was the moving spirit of Destruction,

supported by the Dean (Cockburn), the Architect (Smirke), by 'opinions' in their favour from 'practical' Chantrey, 'Grecian' Wilkins, and Tea-Garden-Gothic Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, (nephew to the spoiler of Salisbury).

Power, office, and 'high authorities' were against the lovers of the Minster:—though, they too, could boast, 'opinions'—by Artists less 'influential,' with the world, on their side:—those of Etty, Stothard, Cottingham. This staunch resistance is a fact highly creditable to the natural instincts of the People: they probably, being as inaccurately grounded in their love of Antiquity, as their opponents in *their* contempt.

As the second meeting of Subscribers drew nigh, the agitation of the question again engrossed more and more of Etty's time and energies. 'Heart and 'soul in the cause,' he found no amount of trouble or exertion too great, no language, however fervent, more than adequate to the occasion. He stirred up friends and acquaintance, brother Artists, fellow-Subscribers. He set on his friend Sydney Taylor, Editor of the *Herald*, to fire off 'great guns' against the would-be destroyers; wrote renewed remonstrances to the infatuated Dilettanti, repeated Letters in the *Morning Herald*, and in the Yorkshire Papers.

'When the finest Choir in Europe,' he bursts forth in one of those (*to the Yorkshire Gazette, December 18th*, 1830) 'with all its majestic accompaniments 'was laid in ashes, we thought the measure of our 'calamity was full. We were mistaken. A heavier 'doom hangs over us. That gorgeous Screen,—

'the admiration of all who beheld it, that noble 'Screen which escaped the Fire as by miracle,—is 'destined to be torn from the foundations on which 'it has stood for three Centuries,—broken up and 'mutilated, it must of necessity be:—is to be placed 'where it must, from the situation of the windows, 'be mostly in shadow, and some of it entirely lost.

'This is not all. That noble Choir, of which this 'beautiful Screen forms the Gate,—and, like the '"Beautiful Gate" of the Temple of Jerusalem, is the 'opening only to greater beauty, greater splendour, '—that noble Choir is destined to be curtailed and 'cramped in its lengthened, its grand proportions:— 'leading from the Gate' to the 'distant Steps, from 'the Steps to the distant Altar; then, the light and 'elegant Altar-screen; another graceful, withdrawing 'space behind,—the "Chapelle of our Ladye;"— 'and, towering above all, at the end, the East 'Window, like a splendid mass of diamonds, rubies, 'sapphires, and emeralds: forming altogether a *coup* '*d'œil* unequalled in the world, I am proud to say. I 'have seen many of the finest cathedrals in Europe. 'I never saw one to equal it. All this is to be *Im-* '*proved*,—the cant phraseology of the Day,—that is, 'spoiled by tasteless, unfeeling innovators: all the 'feeling of auld lang syne brought' down 'to the 'steam, gas, and "iron age" of the Nineteenth 'Century. God and Nature forbid the vile attempt, 'and save our noble building from ruin!

'Were I, Mr. Editor, to offer to repaint the *Car-* '*toons* of Raffaello, or the *Last Judgement* of Michæl 'Angelo, should I not be justly regarded by the

'world of Art, as a madman, an imbecile, or a most 'presumptuous coxcomb? Certainly, I should. * * 'The case is a parallel one. York Minster is as per- 'fect in its kind, and even more so, than the works 'in question; is of the same epoch, the fifteenth 'Century; has the same sacred antiquity to make all 'but Vandals venerate and hallow it.'

In this spirit, the philippic proceeds.

In a similar, and simultaneous Letter, in the *Leeds Intelligencer*, 'his opinion, as an Artist,' is given more definitely and cogently;—'as coolly' in fact, as his 'great love and enthusiasm will allow:' *why*, the proposed emendation of Nineteenth-Century Amateurs on the work of the Artists of the Fifteenth, is, 'as a matter of taste,' a blunder.

'The mutilation,—from the intricacy and elaborate 'ornament of the Screen,' necessarily involved by 'its removal, notwithstanding what may be said to 'the contrary,—would be the least part of the injury 'to our Cathedral. The vital blow to its grandeur 'would be in the Choir, that "mighty heart" of our 'temple. Imagine twenty or thirty feet cut off its 'majestic length! * * Grandeur and magnifi- 'cence arise not only from a just proportion of parts 'to each other, but also, not a little, from length, 'and magnitude. "The *long-drawn aisle*" Milton 'alludes to as an image of grandeur;—which *he* knew 'how to appreciate. The advocates for the measure 'tell you the Choir will *not* be shortened. What is 'lost at the West end is to be taken off the "Ladye 'Chapelle."—Believe them not! The length of the 'Choir is from the present Organ-screen to the grand

'East window. Any diminution of that noble 'length would be a diminution to the eye. * * 'All who recollect' the 'divine place, as it was 'before the fatal blow by the cunning and cowardly 'assassin,—who thus stabbed the peace of millions,— 'must have been forcibly struck with the grand and 'noble proportions those arrangements of distance 'and effect had on the mind,—and consequently the 'heart,—lifting up the imagination and feelings to 'Him who made us. * *

'Cut off the space proposed, you throw back the 'Altar twenty feet at least, under the East window. 'The Altar,'—or rather, 'the light transparent *Altar-* '*screen,*—now forms, as it should, a prominent and 'delightful medium between the Choir and that 'splendid mass of light and glory. Put the Altar '*under* the window, and the matchless beauty of 'these parts is destroyed, and unillumined. The 'Arab proverb says, "*Under the lamp it is dark.*" 'Under that splendid window the beauties of the 'Altar, which I and all must have admired, will be 'eclipsed,' instead of assisted and illumined. In 'short, the whole balance, harmony, and grandeur 'of the Choir' will be 'overthrown.

'Pause, then, my friends and countrymen, ere you 'give your sanction to this deed! "Let well alone!" 'The world was pleased, we were pleased, as it was 'of old. The verdict of three Centuries is not to be 'despised.'

But for the Yorkshire Painter's genuine love of Gothic Art, his persevering efforts to animate and sustain Local, and even a wider feeling, against

canonical Vandals, it is probable the lover of Antiquity would have to mourn the deliberate demolition of one of the fairest and most interesting remnants of Mediæval skill yet remaining to an English Church.'

He was warmly seconded, in London by Sydney Taylor, and Cottenham; in York by his friend John Brook, and other adherents 'of Auld Lang Syne.' In the end, 'a crowd of the Minster's real friends 'rallies round the standard of good faith,—amongst 'them, great names and families: the Cholmondeleys, 'the Yarboroughs, Lord Faversham, the Duncombes, 'the Wynns, Fairfax,' &c. If the change be persisted in, they agree to demand back their wrongfully appropriated subscriptions, and so, cripple the innovators.

'I have but a few minutes,'—he apprises Mr. Bodley, (*Dec.* 17*th*),—'this evening, before the Aca-'demy, to *beseech* you to send, addressed to "Wm. 'Mills, Esq., Proctor, York," a *strong protest.* * * 'I pray you let it be the first letter you write. It 'must be at York about the end of the week, to be 'of any service.

'I hope the great room is gay, cheerful, and splendid 'as ever; Neptune as noisy, "Dart" as docile.'

The meeting of the 28th of December resulted in a drawn battle. An amendment on the motion for Removal was carried: that the meeting of the 29th of July should be binding on the Dean and Chapter. But the reverend Destructives having brought in their pockets a majority of *proxies* in favour of their measure, also claimed the victory.

Among the York people, increasing ferment was excited by the obstinacy and indirect courses of the innovators in power. 'With our opponents,'—protests Etty,—'the question is evidently only one of taste, '(and bad taste, too), floating on the surface; with '*us*, a matter of deep and intense feeling, founded 'on our true affections.' The Painter continued to prime the York Papers with appeals to the Subscribers and to the 'Inhabitants of York:' assuring the latter, that 'the Minster belongs to no Archbishop, to no Dean, to no Party. It is God's. It 'is yours. It is our Country's. While Martin,—like 'a true fiend,—in the darkness and silence of the 'night, set our beautiful Choir on fire,' and while 'all that Choir's majestic accompaniments fell in 'ashes, *you* slept. * * Slumber not while this 'second crime is perpetrating!'

'The eleventh hour has arrived, and the twelfth is 'at hand,' he acquaints the world. In some of the London Papers, in half a dozen Edinburgh Papers even,—through the agency of his Scottish friends,—the Agitator gets a letter inserted, drawing notice to the impending act of Vandalism.

By this, the strife having, during many months, burned with great local virulence, a fair share of *animus* had been infused into it. Party feeling had risen, as will happen in provincial towns, to exaggerated heights. After a series of indefatigable hostilities from the Minster's friends, of Public meetings, of Newspaper articles, of pamphlets, (volumes of such), on both sides; finally, an appeal to the Archbishop, nay even to the King (William IV.),

himself,—on the part of Mr. Morritt, one of the most conspicuous on the popular and conservative side;—and after the menace of a Chancery suit; the Dean and Chapter, in February, 1831, gave way,—in a sufficiently ungraceful manner:—before the wishes of the majority of Subscribers; and of a still larger, and more vehement majority of the townspeople,—having an equal stake in their common Minster. The Archbishop, (Harcourt), counselled the Dean 'to culti-'vate peace, rather than gratify Taste.' Naturally disliking to confess in terms a defeat, and standing on the right of the Custodians of the Minster to do what they liked with, what was (*not*) their own, the Dean conceded to 'popular prejudice' a reprieve of the doomed Screen,—nominally 'for the pre-'sent:'—talked of 'setting it back a few feet,' at the Dean and Chapter's expense, after the Restoration was completed. An empty threat, it in the sequel proved.

The Dean and his Associates had to thank their adversaries for rescuing their names from the lasting opprobrium which would have preserved them from oblivion, had they been allowed to follow their own wilful humour:—the petty mania for improving a time-honoured work of Art, as they might their own lawns or pleasure-grounds. I am not aware that the obligation was ever acknowledged.

The Minster Controversy had trenched on Etty's time at an important period of the year.—'Your 'letter,' (*writing April 8th*, 1831, *to Mr. Bulmer*), 'numerous and urgent engagements have hitherto 'prevented my acknowledging: first, the intense and

'active part I took against the enemies of the 'Minster, sending red-hot shot at them from the 'batteries of the London, Edinburgh, and York 'Papers. After *they* had been beaten into something 'like a submission, however ungracious, I had the 'important and heavy task of completing a picture '9ft. by 10ft., and four pictures of much smaller 'size, for the Exhibition. Which, with great exertion, 'and very varied and fluctuating health, I have, 'thank God! completed, and sent. But I do not re-'collect having on the whole, a more severe task, for 'any Exhibition: following so close,' moreover, 'on 'the heels of the Minster question. Which' latter, 'I entered into with a deep and agitating interest; 'but have now the satisfaction of being congratulated 'on its result. For I caused the people of London 'to take an interest in the matter, by discussing' it 'in the public press.'

A busy season and a richly productive one, it proved. Besides the third picture from the story of Judith, (first in order),—the *Maid of Judith waiting outside the Tent*,—there were finished for Somerset House: a *Nymph Angling*;—the *Window in Venice during a Festival*;—and the *Shipwrecked Mariner*, (or Robinson Crusoe). The *Venetian Window*,—as to which Etty mentions 'gross injustice' done in the hanging,—bought by Mr. Vernon for £120, is now in the public possession. The *Sabrina* was secured for a hundred guineas by Sir Francis Freeling, who esteemed it one of the finest pictures Etty had ever painted; spoke rapturously of his new acquisition as 'all grace and delicacy.' For the *Robinson Crusoe*, the

Painter, writing at a subsequent date, describes the moment chosen.—'It represents him just after he 'had got out of danger of being overwhelmed by 'the waves: "No tongue can express the ecstasies 'and transports that my soul felt at this happy 'deliverance!" He is offering up his thanks to the 'Omnipotent.' One of those triumphs of grand and harmonious neutral colour of which I have spoken, grandly painted in all respects, this picture is also as remarkable for the depth of feeling and poetic unity which animates its simple elements:—whether the attitude, expressive and eloquent, of the prostrate, half-clad mariner, or the lurid light which still glows in the Sky after the subsiding storm. For poetic feeling, it must be referred to that chosen class of Etty's works, specifically characterized by those from the Story of the *Prodigal*, from *Hero and Leander*, the *Storm*, &c.: and was so esteemed by Etty, with whom it always remained a favourite.

'In the last picture' from *Judith*, 'which by the 'way, is first in arrangement,'—explains Etty, in the communication to a Member of the Scottish Academy from which previous quotations have been taken,—'I 'have endeavoured to tell the remainder' of the story of the principal Action. 'I imagine it to be 'about the same point of time. The Maid, ordered 'to wait without, is sitting by the dying embers of 'one of the watch-fires: the guards overcome by 'sleep;—the time, past midnight. The darkness and 'silence are broken only by some strange suppressed 'noise within. The Maid, unconscious of the inten- 'tions of her Mistress, hearing the noise, *Listens*. The

'Moon faintly gleams from behind a dark cloud, as 'sinking towards the horizon. The date-tree of 'Palestine, appears in this, as also, in its companion' picture.

During the summer, a week at Brighton varied the vigorous labours of the year: at his friend Bodley's; '—painting, sketching, walking, talking, eating, 'drinking.'

The scheme of a longer excursion is announced (*August 16th*), to his York friends. 'I shall in a very 'few days start for Scotland *viâ* York. To vary the 'monotony of a route I have so often taken, I intend 'to go to Leicester; thence, through Derby, Sheffield, 'Leeds, to York. By which means, I hope to see— 'what I am so fond of,—more of the beauties of Land- 'scape and natural scenery. After resting a day or 'two in York, I think of going, by Durham, Alnwick, '&c., to Edinburgh; shall probably see a *little* of the 'Lakes and Mountains of Scotland; and may, in all 'likelihood, come back through the Lake scenery of 'Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the North of York- 'shire, to York. By which means, as I was last week 'at Brighton, at one extremity of our dear Island, I 'shall cut through it—though not *divide* it,—from one 'end to the other. It is in fact divided enough. I am 'like yourself, sick of the hackneyed phrase REFORM; 'fear it will, like the Whigs, never do much for us. * *

'I long to see the great Towers of York Minster 'rising majestically over the horizontal line. Their 'effect on my heart on a gradual approach, as I see 'them in the blue, hazy distance, I can feel but not 'describe. The Spire of Castlegate too, and Clif-

'ford's Tower! last, but not least, that light and 'beautiful lantern-tower of All Saints, Pavement, at 'the base of which my dear and honoured Mother 'sleeps,—till 'the Son of Man shall come!"'

The delivery of his last *Judith* was the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh. He was now, for the first time, to see grouped together the three passages of Judith's story he had painted separately: and to add the necessary harmonizing touches. The excursion, with its episodes,—to Durham, Glasgow, the Highlands,—will be best illustrated by his Correspodence.

From Durham he writes (*Sept. 3rd*), to Mr. Bodley; whom he had quitted at Brighton.—'Since I became 'an *élève* of the *Red Rover*' (coach), 'under your pa- 'tronage, and in the presence of old Father Neptune, '*I* have been a Rover too. And many miles have I 'passed over. The *Red Rover* is a good coach. But 'they make too much noise with the bugle. And I 'like to pass through the world quietly: always ex- 'cepting Fame's bugle-note. I like not puff and 'quackery. We went sometimes at a tremendous 'rate: for we got to Town in about five hours.—I am 'going back to my starting-post from Brighton. * *

'I saw all my friends I expected to see, at Lei- 'cester, Derby, and York; could not accomplish 'Bakewell and the beauties of Derbyshire.' In York, 'I have been kindly entertained till this morning; 'when I hoisted sail for Durham, where I begin this 'roving letter. They are getting on well with the 'Minster and Bar-Walls.

'I landed here at six; put on my exploring-cap, 'and wandered out,—Syntax in search of the Pic-

'turesque;—wandered by the River, where trees clothe 'precipitous banks to the water's edge in a very fine 'and unusual way: wandered on,'—&c. 'I then took a 'satisfactory view of the outside of the Cathedral and 'of the Ruin on a hill opposite. How I love to muse 'on those long-forgotten Days: which nothing so 'completely brings back as contemplating things like 'these, raised by pious and generous hands, (and 'heads and hearts too), to the glory of Him who 'made us! I was in York Cathedral yesterday, and 'in the Chapter-House. What a constellation of 'beauties are there! The windows of the Cathedral 'you know are most glorious: — but the Chapter-'House, indescribable! Such a full concert of har-'monious tones Art surely never brought together,' before. 'The carving, the light columns of a single 'shaft of white marble, the enrichments, the roof, are 'inimitable. I always see new beauties in my loved' Minster. 'Beautiful is she, and glorious: peerless 'amongst the temples of the Most High.'

From Edinburgh, the letter is continued (*Sept. 6th*).—

'I arrived last night from Newcastle, whither I 'adjourned on Sunday evening, after attending 'evening service at the shrine of St. Cuthbert. 'Ensconced in a stall, and amongst the dark old 'tabernacle work, a little effort of the memory carried 'me back to my dear Minster before the late 'calamity. * * It is a very noble structure, of 'an earlier date than ours, and though inferior'—in a Yorkshireman's eyes,—'in beauty, has much, very 'much, to be admired, and has *had* much more.

'But a tasteless and unfeeling fellow of the name of 'Atkinson,—let his name be known!—a disciple, I 'suppose, of that barbarous Wyatt, who spoiled 'Salisbury and Lichfield Cathedrals, had it washed 'all over with thick whitewash. Columns of beauti- 'ful, variegated marble, tombs of exquisite workman- 'ship, painting and gilding, marble shrines of saints, 'warriors sleeping in armour: all were swept into 'one insipid, overwhelming, clogging whitewash. I 'would have such a wretch dipped, for once, in a tub 'of whitewash himself, and see if his friends would 'know him when he came out!'—An appropriate and well-merited reward.

'It makes one's heart ache to meet every day with 'such unfeeling recklessness about the precious relics 'of Antiquity. Rich as we might have been in 'them, with only common care! The Chapter- 'House, a few years ago, they pulled down, though of 'beautiful Saxon' (Norman). 'So it is. One goes 'after another. Little, save the all-absorbing pas- 'sion of getting money, and what they call Improve- 'ment. * * They call those which produced 'these noble works, the *darker* ages. With all their 'gas-light, I defy them to prove *their's* lighter:'—as regards 'all the more elevated productions of the 'human mind.'

The removal of the Chapter-House,—by way of making a clear space round the Cathedral,—was an emendation due to the united genius of Wyatt and Bishop Barrington. The whitewash complained of above, has been since removed under a newer phase of the 'Restoring' spirit: but, alas! the Organ Screen

also,—a wooden Screen, of Cinque-Cento design, in harmony with the *Stalls* of the same date; a component part of the Choir, and of the whole edifice, a necessary link in the general design. That which was projected at York has been at Durham, realized: though not at so costly a sacrifice. The whole interior of the Church is rudely laid bare from Galilee to Altar-Screen, the meaning of the Choir falsified, the Mediæval plan 'improved upon' and marred.

In Edinburgh, the sight of his *Judith* series, at length complete, kindled the honourable pride of the Painter, and general admiration among brother Artists. With his reception,—the 'great kindness 'and attention' of his friends, the Scottish Artists,—he is naturally well pleased: and with the place. Edinburgh and its 'extraordinary situation,' a City, 'wonderful in that and in architecture,'—'not a brick 'house to be seen,'—he 'likes much;' the people also,—'friendly, kind, unaffected.' 'And the 'whole country far exceeds his expectation.'

'I found my friends had been long expecting me:' he reports, (*Sept. 13th*), to his Brother. 'Though 'many people are,' at so unfashionable a season, 'out of Town, I have found as many as I wanted. 'For they are very hospitable; and have made much 'of me: asking me out to dinner every day since I 'have been here. Which, with four or five days' fag 'at my Pictures, has been my employment in full, 'together with seeing a little of Edinburgh.'

'They' (the Pictures) are 'now seen altogether; 'and with what I have done, more particularly at the

'last but one,'—the *Judith Going Forth*,—'come 'together remarkably well. I should like you to see 'them. I had a large party of ladies and others this 'morning. They seemed much delighted. So was 'I: to complete a series of designs requiring so 'much thought and research.'

To his Niece (*Sept. 14th*), he pours out the exultation of his heart still more freely.—'After looking 'about me for one day, I attacked my Pictures: 'dusted, washed, rubbed, and varnished out, where I 'thought they wanted it; and then began to paint, 'principally on the one where Judith gives the Head 'to the Maid. After several days' painting, I think I 'have infinitely improved it. All here are surprised 'at its great improvement, and at the harmony, 'unity,—and I think I may add, without much 'vanity,—the grandeur of the whole *Three*. They are 'in a fine light; and I should like Walter, Thomas 'Bodley, Thee, and old Franklin to see them. 'People have made much of me here. * * I have 'now done painting, cleaned up my palette and 'slab, washed my brushes, and packed my square 'box:' rejoicing 'to see these three great labours at 'last off my hands.'

'On *Sunday*, my friends took a coach and drove to 'the Vale of Roslin:'—'ancient ruin of Roslin Castle, 'in a romantic valley. At the bottom of which, '(very deep), runs a mountain stream: on both 'sides, rich wooded scenery. On the hill, stands 'the remains of the Chapel.'—'After, to the inn.' Then, 'to the village of Lasswade, a pretty valley 'of a softer character.'—'Whence, to Dalkeith:'

to see 'a collection of Pictures in the Castle,—'beautiful Canalettis, Views in Venice; and a richly 'wooded Park.' Again, 'to the Inn,' and a splendid 'dinner:'—'all in good style.'—A 'beautiful and 'delightful day.'

It was 'on *Monday*, I gave the finishing touches. 'God be thanked!—and bring me in health and 'safety back to my dear Home and my dear Bessy, 'and my bonny birds.—*Mind that cat!*'—'I in-'tend to stop at dear old York as I come back.'

From urbane Edinburgh, he passed on to 'manu-'facturing and dingy' Glasgow. From Glasgow, an excursion to Dumbarton, Baloch, and Loch Lomond. After which 'I remained' (*to Mr. Bodley, October 15th*) 'a day in Glasgow, to rest, and to retouch 'some hasty scrawls I made while passing up the 'Lake. The following morning, to Lanark, by way 'of Hamilton.'—'A pleasant ride,' varied 'by pretty 'peeps of the Clyde, and the country of Clyde 'Water.'—'Got off, and saw the first Fall, the Stony 'Byers: very fine.' At Lanark, 'I set off to walk 'the remainder of the Falls. The day was beautiful, 'as most of my Scottish excursion-days: the sky 'and landscape smiling in sunshine. The Cora Linn, 'splendid:—scenery wild and romantic as Painter 'could wish. A little boy, my guide, after showing 'the largest, directed me to the upper ones, the 'Boniton Falls; and left me. I was not sorry to be 'alone with Nature; Nature so impressive, and 'exciting:—the thundering cataract, the rocky 'cavern, the light, wild foliage dancing over the 'deep and dark ravine; through which, the waters

'hurriedly rushed, white as ocean in its foam and 'anger, clear and dark in its depths. Here and 'there, a solitary trout-fisher,—far beneath an over-'hanging crag, on which I stood.' * *

'Arrived safe at Glasgow, soon after dark, and 'soon after a heavy shower of rain, and lightning. 'The day following was devoted to my room and 'reminiscences of what I had seen.' * *

'In the Mail, early the next morning, for Carlisle.' The rain commencing 'as I commenced,' and increasing 'to a most pelting and pitiless storm. It 'blew so fiercely, the rain cut one's face like hail. 'Through a mountainous and sterile country;' it proved 'a comfortless journey.—An old Scotch-'woman,—the counterpart of Mathews's old Scotch-'woman,—said she was "wat, very wat." And I had 'great difficulty in keeping her and her umbrella 'from being blown off. Turning the corners of the 'hills, the blast came down with such power from 'these desolate sheep-tracks, so wet and cold, that 'my cloak, of several thicknesses, was wet through 'ere noon. * * One dreary, downright rain;—'and wind, that filled my cape like a bladder: from 'Glasgow till we approached Carlisle, about night-'fall.'

'For Penrith, next morning at six: at which hour 'it duly began to rain again; rained all the way to 'Penrith.'—'*Inside*, to Keswick: arrived at twelve, 'still raining.' From Keswick by the "Lake Tourist," which 'starts at one, for Kendal; seeing all of the 'Lakes and Waterfalls in the way, that a heavy 'rain would let me. As I had a letter to Professor

'Wilson, the Edinburgh Poet, who has a pretty 'place on Windermere,—Elleray,—I stayed on Satur-'day at Bowness.' On Sunday, went 'to church; it 'having ceased to rain heavily.—To Kendal, that 'night. The following morning, a most pleasant 'ride through a pretty and interesting country by 'Settle, Skipton-in-Craven, &c.: every hour bringing 'me nearer to my dear Minster and native city.'

A summary and damp view of the Lake-country, and Etty's only one.

Towards the close of the year, the Painter had glad tidings to share with his friends.—'One beautiful 'morning,' he tells them, (*writing Dec. 30th,* 1831), 'about a fortnight or three weeks ago, when the sun 'shone cheerfully into my Painting-room, when all 'was still and tranquil, unless it was the ticking of 'my clock, or the distant hum of industry heard 'remote: "To-day," said I, "I will write to York."'—'About half-past two I put by what I 'was about. But at that moment, a double knock. '* * Till near six my Painting-room was not clear. 'And my purpose vanished.

'I have, in fact, been a good deal occupied with a 'matter of which you will see some account in the 'Newspapers I have sent.'—'You must know, that 'when in Edinburgh, painting in the Octagon Room' (of the Scottish Academy), 'one side of which is 'occupied by the door, and three others by the '*Judith* Pictures, I thought that if I had my other 'two large Pictures, the *Combat* and the *Benaiah,* it 'would be such a collection of my works,'—as might well gladden a Painter's heart.—'I named this to

'some of the Members. They caught directly at the 'proposal. Arrived in Town, I went to Martin, who 'bought the *Combat*. He very kindly acceded to my 'wishes. The other was in my own power. These 'two colossal Pictures I have had to despatch; have 'borrowed a small Picture of the *Venetian Window* 'from R. Vernon, Esq.; sent the *Storm*, and another 'of my own,' (*Nymph Fishing*): the whole 'filling 'in some degree all sides of a very large Exhibition-'Room.'

Even warmer admiration was excited by the Exhibition of the five large Pictures, than before by the three. The Council of the Scottish Academy, eager to secure permanently for that Institution, the *Benaiah* and the *Combat*, promptly agree to purchase; on the terms at which it was already understood they were to be had. For the *Benaiah* (costly frame inclusive), Etty named one hundred and thirty guineas. For the *Combat*, Mr. Martin liberally consented to accept the £300 he had himself given, with the bare addition of four per cent. interest, from the date of purchase.

Etty, in high spirits at the turn matters had taken, freely vents his innocent elation.

'Thus, then,' (*to York friends still*) 'one of the first 'wishes of my Life is accomplished: and all my large 'Pictures are fixed permanently in Edinburgh, in 'one grand focus. For which, I desire to be thankful 'to God with all humility. * * If I should apolo-'gize to you for talking so much of myself, the fault 'is partly yours in being disposed to take interest 'therein.'

'I have sent you,' he continues, 'a few French

'lithograph *croquis*, or sketches. You may put 'em 'in your folio, or transfer 'em to screens, or what 'not. Two each!—and a pair of handcuffs for those 'that are disposed to be mischievous: but they are 'soft ones, and may keep out the cold this winter 'weather. * * The little Bird sends his duty to 'his late Mistress.

'I know you will rejoice with me,' Etty had written (*December 23rd*) to Mr. Bodley, 'at the Victory 'obtained by my Warriors. They have taken Edin- 'burgh by Storm, and entrenched themselves in that 'city, under such strong embrasures, it is thought 'they will not be easily dispossessed of their strong- 'hold. * * This is, indeed, glad tidings to me. 'It was one of the first wishes of my heart.'

'Such spirited conduct *must*, sooner or later, meet 'its proper reward. Others *talk* about the right way 'of advancing Historical Art. *They* have found— 'and *taken* it. It is of no use giving several thou- 'sands for Pictures of the Old Masters,—of sometimes 'questionable merit,—if at the same time, you let the 'exertions of living Artists droop, from an apathetic 'and stupid Indifference.'

CHAPTER XVII.

FAME; NOT GAIN. 1832–34. (ÆT. 45—47.)

York Bar-Walls—Sinister Views of the Corporation—Subscription in their Behalf—Demolition of Barbicans—Proposed Demolition of Bars—Etty's Zealous Defence—Antiquarian Campaigns 'Restoration'—A Gay Garland: Youth at the Prow; &c.—Politics—Hours of Ease—Modest Incomings—Repayment of an Old Debt—*Hylas*; *Britomart*—Portrait: Mr. Atkinson—York Honours its Prophet—The Scottish Academy: A Dilemma—Solution—Clear Decks: York: Familiar Traits—Picture-Cheapening—Portrait-Art—Panegyrists—In Prose: 'Ridolfi'—In Verse—A Pen and Ink Sketch.

THANKS to the Painter and his zealous coadjutors, the Rood-Screen of York Minster was still found in its familiar spot, when last he had visited York; still filled the space it had enriched for four Centuries. Encouraged by his success, he continued vigilant, henceforth, in behalf of threatened Antiquities.

Next to the Minster, the Bar-Walls—York's unique characteristic, Chester alone excepted, among English cities,—stood highest in Etty's affections. After long absence, as soon as *they* again came in view, he 'at 'once felt in his native city,' he would declare.—'When I see these ancient battlements,'—exclaims he, in his York Lecture of 1838,—'with the gray 'and green tints of Antiquity on them, lit by the 'evening Sun, I cannot help considering them in the 'light of old Friends and Defenders. And no one

'surely, would destroy an old friend and defender. 'Had it not been for *them*, York,—exposed to the 'conflicting elements of ancient warfare, to the ir-'ruption of feudal Chiefs from the North, and Armies 'from the South,—would, in all probability, have been 'a city repeatedly razed to the ground, and a Cathe-'dral, now a temple for the worship of the living God, 'only a Saint Mary's Abbey, a magnificent ruin.'

These Walls, much damaged in the Civil Wars, but assiduously repaired again, repaired for the *last* time in 1700,—ramparts so well worthy of repair as a mere promenade, over and above their Historic value, —had, during the sleepy Eighteenth Century, been allowed to go to decay; finally, getting more and more ruinous, in many places impassable, in many, leased out to private persons: promising to be, at no distant date, utterly effaced. It had, in fine, become the hope of an intelligent Corporation to put the whole into private hands, and make use of the ground for building; to the great increase of the corporation revenues, at the City's expense. In York, before the establishment of the Philosophical Society,—which a little strengthened the hands of the more intelligent,—there was even less sympathy than subsequently, in favour of the Antiquities. Interest in Antiquities was laughed at. One thing after another was pulled down. Others were defaced. Professor Phillips the Geologist, Mr. Wellbeloved the Antiquarian,—Etty's personal friends, James Atkinson, and John Brook, both enthusiastic for the Antiquities of York,—and other persons of mark, Members of the Society, were among the first to make a stand against

the obtuse and destructive spirit of those in (Local) power. Etty helped them to preserve a good deal,—the Minster Screen, the Bar-Walls, the Bars themselves: though at times, his protests were less effectual.

'It will, no doubt, be in your recollection,'—recapitulates he, in his Lecture,—'the ruinous, dilapi-'dated, and dangerous state they' (the Walls) 'were 'all in; in fact, the threatened danger of their 'being swept away altogether, and no more seen.' Fearful 'of losing them,—which, next to the Minster 'itself, give so great and unique a character to York, '—a number of persons laid their heads and put 'their money together, to restore to our city the 'comfort, convenience, and pleasure of walking on 'them, and keeping them up as a Record of her 'former power.'

In 1829, the question of their preservation and restoration had been taken out of the Corporation's hands by the gentry of the place and neighbourhood. A York Association for the preservation of Foot-paths,—an association which might advantageously have its imitators,—took the matter in hand. The Painter was not slow to help: with stirring letters in the local newspapers; his friend, Sydney Taylor, meanwhile, doing his best in the London *Herald*, 'to 'direct public attention' to the movement.—'A lady, 'too, of this city,' Etty relates, 'a late Lady-Mayoress, 'with a zeal and perseverance that do her infinite ho-'nour went personally, from street to street, and from 'house to house, to perfect this good work, and ac-'complish wonders.' Under similar auspices, a great Ball was given, in aid, in a later year.

Money was raised: 'our reverend Archbishop,' among others, 'contributing his munificent' quota; 'Sir Francis Chantrey, the admired sculptor, a 'handsome sum;' 'our spirited fellow-citizen, William Etty,' (report the York Papers), *another* 'munificent 'subscription' (in 1831), of fifty guineas,—'on con-'dition of the Barbicans being preserved.' The sum sufficiently speaks the interest taken in the movement by one, then, far indeed, from 'rich in worldly 'goods.' Some £3000, and more, were subscribed. The Walls (Micklegate Walls) on the Western side of the Ouse,—less than half the whole circuit,—were, during the years 1831 to 1833, restored; made good substantially, and furnished with due array of battlements. Also, a small portion of Walmgate Walls were renewed,—on the Eastern side:—the majority on that side having been leased ont to private hands, or utterly lost.—Here the 'good work ceased,' for a time. And great was Etty's delight when thus much had been effected.

The thing was done independently of the enlightened Corporation, nay, in spite of its teeth. That body's leave to spend had alone been wanted. It could not well avoid 'voting a handsome sum,' (£100), — when no longer wanted; but declined giving any pledge to *keep* in repair its own property, preserved to it by the general public spirit.

Whilst the Corporation's passive measures of hostility to the Walls had been in course of all but consummating themselves, more active ones had been fermenting against the four noble Bars, — York's ancient Entrance-Gates,—still intact, early in the

Century. By 1820, the *Barbicans* of Micklegate, Monk, and Walmgate Bars had all been mutilated: 'much to the disparagement of their ancient noble 'appearance,' says a writer of that date; 'and with-'out any apparent necessity.' In 1826, the very magnificent and ancient Barbican of Micklegate Bar, the South or London-ward entrance, and noblest of them all, was removed: much to the regret of York-born Flaxman among others, who 'earnestly 'stretched forth his hand to save it;' of Stothard, (York descended); and of Sir Walter Scott again, who declared 'he would have walked from Edin-'burgh to York,' to save the Barbican,—if that would have served. Of course, the lofty and majestic Bar, shorn of its natural supplement of Barbican, or minor Bar, looks absurd: its meaning falsified, its historical value impaired, the original picturesque effect of grouping and of perspective lost. When Etty was a boy, and later, the imposing annual form of *closing* the Barbican,—letting down the heavy spiked Portcullis, and demanding toll,—was still performed: to a great shouting of boys, and scampering of rats disturbed from their hiding-places. Formidable was the aspect of Bar and Barbican, with bristling portcullis.

At the very moment the Public were in the act of expending thousands to preserve the Bar-Walls from ruin, threats of demolition continued to hang over the remaining Barbicans,—'solitary illustrations 'of what the Historian meant by barbican,'—'the 'clasps and ornaments,' as Etty calls them, 'of the 'Zone of Walls:'—nay, over the Bars themselves, as mere impediments to traffic. A stray showman's

Van, of unusual dimensions, cannot squeeze itself through; must be saved the trouble of journeying round in quest of one of the many accommodating breaches Time and neglect had effected in the Walls. At the close of 1831, a majority of the Corporation come to the business-like 'Resolution' of '*destroying* 'Bootham Bar'—the entrance from Edinburgh and the North:—did forthwith destroy the Barbican. A resolve, which excited less obtuse Members of the York community to interference, to Public meetings, and a Subscription to 'put the Bar into substantial 'repair,'—instead of carting it away. The Painter, whose peace seemed doomed to disturbance at the hands of iconoclasts, and his 'very dreams' to be haunted by their projects, was, before hearing of other resistance, aroused into an indignant letter, (*Feb.* 18*th*, 1832); which he sends his friend John Brook for the York papers: letter denouncing a 'tasteless and mischievous Corporation,' enjoining vigorous resistance, such as already had 'saved the 'noble trees of the New Walk from the barbarous 'axe of the Corporation,' had saved Clifford's Tower, had saved the Bar-Walls. The letter was to be (if needful) reprinted, and distributed as hand-bill or circular, or even pasted on the Walls: the writer cheerfully defraying all costs. The destruction of *one* Bar, '*one* of the clasps that bind the belt of old 'York together,' will, he foresees, be the 'prelude 'to destruction of the other Three,' as 'still greater 'improvements.' 'A little stir' will, he feels 'con-'vinced, save the Bar, and in saving it, save many 'more precious remains about York.'

'York is yet,' he boasts, 'with all her losses of

'Posterns, Barbicans, &c., unique in her Antiquities, 'ecclesiastic and military. Rob her of them, and 'she is "poor indeed." With all your improve-'ments, patching, and cobbling, you can never make 'York a uniform, "well-built" City. But keep 'her Antiquities, and she will always possess a 'charm, an interest, far beyond that of most other 'towns, however regular their streets or "hand-'some" their houses.' The 'paltry sum of £10,' he hears 'from good authority,' would repair the Bar. He himself offers ten guineas towards it; if none second him, 'will pay the whole sum.'—'A 'disregard for the monuments of their ancestors,' he exclaims again, later, 'is one of the strongest marks 'of an unthinking, barbarous, sordid, and even 'brutal age.'

On hearing of his proposal for a public meeting having been forestalled, he, in the fulness of his delight, despatched his friend Mr. Brook an offer, should the Bar be saved, to paint for the York people, in admiration of their public spirit, 'an His-'toric or poetic picture,' to be placed in any of their public buildings,—'perhaps the Lecture-room of 'your Philosophical Society;'—as a permanent record of his admiration, and 'of the love I bear my dear 'native city.' That offer, as somewhat rashly made, his friend suppressed, with Etty's after-concurrence. In a modified form,—some contribution towards the expenses of the picture being expected,—Etty was long willing to have made good his offer.

Subscriptions, not of £10, but of £300, were raised, and Bootham Bar 'substantially repaired,

'externally and internally:' a good Builder's Job made of it, in fact. One side dating from Charles the Second's time was pulled down, and put up *like the other:* a stupid, sterile falsification of History. That Etty should 'make an outcry'—subsequently, —about this wanton emendation, was by some considered a strong proof of his 'indiscriminate regard for 'Antiquities.'

Not only in York, but nearer Buckingham Street, his Antiquarian zeal is in request. Early in the year 1832, it had become a question whether the noble Abbey Church of St. Alban's should be allowed to go wholly to decay or not. Some £500 were wanted. Etty subscribed his money, spoke at the public meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, and otherwise exerted himself. There was more of *Restoration,* —that impudent delusion,—than of *conservation,* in the movement; far more than would satisfy *bonâ fide* lovers of Art in our day: who have learned, by fatal experience, the true meaning of that word, the treacherous spoliation and irreparable, it always implies. Etty's belief in "Restoration" was that current twenty years since, among all but a silent few, — current still, unhappily, among those having the power and opportunity to Destroy,— Architects, 'Churchmen,' and others: an implicit faith, unquestioning as baseless. To such, there is no difference, as far as Mediæval Architecture and Sculpture are concerned, between the eloquent original and the mechanical Copy, the historic, crumbling reality and the lying, brau-new counterfeit,—no difference, or, at most, one of degree, not of *kind.* The

Gothic *semblance,* more or less mechanically skilful and deceptive, is enough.

About the same time, the *Ladye Chapel* of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was in course of restoration. After ruthlessly demolishing the Norman Nave of the main Church,—replacing it by a sordid builder's-parody, at a cost of many thousand pounds,—and after wholly sweeping away the 'Bishop's Chapel,' the intelligent Churchwardens proposed carting off, also, as so much additional rubbish, the useless excrescence of a Ladye Chapel. Etty was one of those who interfered in behalf of the threatened shrine: bestirring himself and his friend Sydney Taylor, of the *Morning Herald.* The latter, at his instance, poured forth fervent 'leaders,' and still more fluent speeches against the iconoclasts.

A majority of the Parishioners, in Vestry assembled, voted, (*January,* 1832), in favour of the Chapel's preservation. And in 1833, Etty, with his friends Taylor, Cottingham, Savage, were active Members of the Committee of Restoration: busy considering whether their turrets should end in 'pyramidal or horizontal roofs,' and other debatable matters. A thorough-going 'restoration' they made of it,—or Rebuilding: such as 'architects' love; well meant on the part of the amateurs who lent themselves to the pleasing child's play, but only second in destructiveness to the scheme of the worsted Churchwardens. For a ruinous, authentic fragment, something quite different was substituted: a free translation, a consistent conjecture; not the Ladye Chapel conceived by the thoughtful heads,

fashioned by the bold and skilful hands, of the thirteenth-century Artists; but a Ladye Chapel of Mr. Cottingham's compilation, assisted by a Committee of Gentlemen; and executed to pattern by nineteenth-century masons. Such is "Restoration." Nothing less than wholly new work can display an architect's learning, or supply the Masons with a job.

At the Academy, in 1832, the sunny vision, *Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm;*—the *Destruction of the Temple of Vice;*—the lovely little *Phædria and Cymochles on the Idle Lake,* for which a pen-and-ink sketch dates as far back as 1815 to 1818; formed together, a golden contribution from one hand. A chorus of praise arose from critic and friend alike. The *Temple of Vice* had been commissioned, as we saw, and a sketch made, as long ago as 1822, before the Painter's visit to Italy; the execution of his conception being suspended during the intervening ten years. The work was to have been a *finished Sketch,* the price,—in accordance with the scale of 1822, rather than of 1832,—some sixty guineas. He now asked £120. Had the commission dated as late as the period of execution, a much more considerable sum would have been demanded. He had made an important work of it, an elaborate composition: attracting the general admiration 'of brother Academicians,' who pronounce it 'a picture, not a sketch,' and its title in the Academy-Catalogue a misnomer. A work 'into which,' asserts Etty, (*August,* 1832), 'I 'may without vanity, say, I have thrown my whole 'soul;' which has cost me months of arduous study:'

and one, 'for magnificd extent, and composition, un-'surpassed by anything I have ever done.'

Finally, he received £130. The pictures changed hands at Christie's for the first time in 1854, for seven hundred and seventy guineas; much larger sums having previously been offered in private.

Towards the close of a busy Summer, during which, Portrait had helped to improve the very moderate receipts of the year, I find him confessing (*August 6th*) to Mr. Bulmer, that his 'leaning is towards York 'always;' and 'yet indulging the hope,' about the latter end of the month, to reach that city.—'Can I go 'from it when my heart is there? I can hardly describe 'how passionately I love it; how I almost envy the 'cobbler or tailor whose destiny enables him to live 'in its quiet secluded neighbourhood; hear the 'Minster clock strike, and see its majestic towers.

'We are likely at last to have a National Gallery, 'and under the same roof, our Royal Academy. I 'am sorry the Tories have let the Whigs do this. 'They have only voted about half the sum they 'ought.'

Disparaging allusions to Reform,—'the Reform 'and Cholera, the two great Evils of the Day;'—with laments on the 'March of Jacobinism and 'Radicalism,' season Etty's letters at this period: a period of political fever, which hardly suffered any man to be without a political opinion; invading even the quiet of *Studios*, much to the discomfort of their naturally unspeculative inmates. Etty shared the Tory instincts of his class. Painters mostly take their Politics—with their Commissions,—from their

Patrons; and are (almost) to a man, staunchly devoted to the order of things as they are, whereby they get their living,—pudding and praise; and are enabled peaceably to follow their craft. '*Reform*' was a word exciting Etty's vague aversion. His confused impression of it, was as implying simply, the future ascendancy of 'Tag-Rag and Bobtail.' Towards which latter ill-deserving class, he,—as befitted one himself risen from the ranks,—cherished a just and intelligent contempt, not unallied to fear: loose old-fashioned notions, taken up on trust. The 'Lower 'Classes' are 'to be kept in their place:'—&c. Throughout the domination of this 'Reform' Bugbear, the Painter continued charged with excited patriotism, and big with melancholy vaticination: prophesying the ruin of his Country, and of the respectable members of society. In course of time, he, as others, came to find the world still roll on its axis,—*after* this invasion by Democracy, pretty much as before. But his lugubrious associations with 'Reform' outlived the occasion which gave them birth. For him, it still remained a fountain of Modern Evil, explaining many a degeneracy and mischance.

In September, he exchanged London, with its Choleras, 'physical and moral,' for York: there, to find the Repairs of the Bar-Walls duly finished and 'admirable,'—on one side of the town; inducing a wish, the remainder may secure a like fate.

To his Niece: (*Sept. 9th*, 1832).—'I was at the 'Minster one evening last week, by gas-light; when 'the Dean had a select performance of Music. But— 'like "Festivals"—I disapprove of any service there,

'that is not part and parcel of the worship. I was 'afterwards invited to the Deanery: where was a large 'party. The Dean received me very graciously: was '"proud to see me;"—"had often admired my 'works;"' &c.—'We have been out almost every night 'besides. So that will account for my partial neglect. 'But I always feel when I. have neglected thee; 'because thou never neglectest me. Take care of thy health. Thou art precious to me,—if not to more.'

The Minster he visits daily, exulting in its restoration: 'delighted to hear again in the House of my 'God His praises sung.'—

Its new Organ he thinks 'grand and harmonious, 'and sweet also. Now, it swells along the lofty Choir 'and aisles like symphonies angelical; now, rolls in 'peals of thunder,—thunder that pleases as well as 'astonishes.'—'The sun shone,' he relates to his Brother, 'through my glorious Windows, which cast 'their ethereal dyes on the lofty graceful Columns, 'springing like palm-trees to the roof.—I should have 'liked you to have seen and heard.' The 'old brazen 'eagle,—our ancient friend,—he joyfully recognises.' There, 'stand also,' other 'ancient friends: the 'Kings in the (Rood) Screen, the Altar Screen' too. And the whole 'noble Temple, our Holy of 'Holies, has risen like the Phœnix, beautiful from 'her ashes.'

Again, at a later date,—'I have been at the Minster 'this afternoon: a beautiful Anthem,—"Hear my 'Prayer," finishing with "Oh! that I had wings as 'a dove;"—most touching. A pretty little robin is in 'the Minster. And sometimes,—often indeed,—when

'the Choir is in full chorus, it joins its little voice, 'and o'ertops them all. * *

'I walked up Feasegate from Thursday Market, 'for the first time to-day, this visit: with changed 'feelings. The house where we were born,—a shoe-'maker's shop, with "Selling off at reduced prices" 'in the window; the old shop of Betty Roper appa-'rently unoccupied: changed all.'

In such York walks, it was seldom he did *not* go out of his way to look at Feasegate, and the house of his nativity: into which, during its various changes of tenancy, by shoemaker, barber, fishmonger, furniture broker, he, till the last, contrived to make his way, sufficiently often. Bare of character as it was, and sordid as it became, his affection for the house remained, as having been the home of his Parents and of his own childhood. At the antique workshop of his old 'Patron,' North, the Whitesmith, tenanted by a successor, he would look in at the same time. To all old acquaintance, humble, or not so humble, punctual visits he paid, during each year's York sojourn: to the families of both his 'first Patrons,' of Todd, the book (and print) seller,—whose shop had been the wonder of his boyhood. All 'of the old sort' were great favourites with Etty. His York Barber was one Mason, for this very reason, that he was of the 'old style,' and 'a character' to boot: an amasser, for one thing, of hand-bills and other printed ephemera; so that his dusty collection had come to be useful to litigants, at a pinch.

One or more visits never failed either, to the Mill-Cottage of his acquaintance the Acomb Miller: where,

or auld lang syne's sake, he liked to take his tea. The Miller had known Etty's Father and Mother. The Miller's own mother had been the Painter's godmother, and kind to him when he was a boy.—Nor, —among other characteristic features, for twenty years—of the annual York stay, must I forget the regular Sunday walk 'between Minster-Services,' to his brother John's at Huntington Mill, some two miles out of York: where it well pleased him to surprise the family at dinner in the 'living 'room,' and to draw up his chair and take some with them! Liking for a cottage was a trait with Etty. Its homely picturesqueness and simplicity recommended it to him as an Artist. Old associations helped the recommendation.

September 30th: (*to his Niece*).—'I shall have to 'stay a little while longer, as Mr. Atkinson wants a '*Head* of himself. I shall be glad to come back 'again to the sunshine of Buckingham Street, and 'the smiles of my dearest Betsy.—Am very glad 'J. T. has been so seldom.'—An allusion to a class of visitors, of whom Etty was not a little jealous and suspicious.

October 18th.—'I have been very busy painting 'the head of Mr. Atkinson of Lendal. Am now 'painting a little one of Mrs. Bulmer, which is almost 'done,—will be, in a day or two. * * The *Head* 'of Mr. Atkinson is much admired as a Picture, and 'as a resemblance. I have gained credit by it:'—was 'paid to-day. I have received a little commission from 'Dr. Simpson of the Minster Yard, for a design of 'some sort; and have not been idle:—painting every

'day. I am always the better for it: as thou well 'know'st; get feverish when anything keeps me from 'it, for several days.'

The Portrait of his friend James Atkinson was one of the most masterly Etty ever executed: by Wilkie declared to be one of the finest portraits in England. 'The whole power of my Art,' exclaimed the Painter, on finishing it, 'is in that picture: I can do no more.' Broad and earnest painting it is: deep in tone; the prevailing local colour black, yet rich and harmonious, and relieved by the admirably rendered hues of the flesh, in the face and hands. The character is decided and powerful. His *subject* was a favourable one: a man of intellect and originality, one of the worthies of York. Famed as a skilful operative Surgeon beyond provincial limits, a man of learning and varied attainments in his profession; he was also, a wit and a good fellow; careless whom his bluntness offended, but hearty, frank, genial. Stories are still retailed in York, illustrating his force of character and pungent ready wit. A better Joe Miller than any printed, it is said, *might* have been made of his sayings. The Portrait gives us hints of such a character. The eyes twinkle with fun and candour; their glance a frank and honest one. A free manly spirit breathes through the whole countenance. It was painted *con amore*. The Painter and the Surgeon were warm friends and mutual admirers; the high spirits, vivacity, and racy speeches of the latter ever delighting the quiet Artist.

Etty long remained little honoured in York; was never, we may say, honoured aright there. The hum-

bleness of his origin,—whereof he himself was 'never 'ashamed,'—but the contrary of 'ashamed,'—was carefully remembered in a Cathedral City, with its exclusiveness and thousand littlenesses. He was now, however, becoming more widely recognised in the world at large:—consequently, in his own birth-place also. He had risen to Fame—and the cognizance of fellow-townsmen. York Dignitaries and Respectables suddenly discover they have a Notability among them. He begins to be lionized: is 'to-morrow' (*writing October 18th*) 'to dine with the Lord Mayor, 'at the *Mansion House;* dined a week or two 'ago, with Mr. Barber, at Tang Hall; had I not 'studiously avoided it, might have been out much 'more. The first week we were out every night. 'Thank Heaven! *that* did not last. It put me in a 'fever.'

Not indifferent, however, to the *Recognition*, as far as it goes, he duly acquaints those at home, how at the Lord Mayor's, he met 'a party of forty or fifty,'—the Mayor 'in his robes,'—Sheriff, and Corporation; how his health was drunk, and he had to 'return thanks,' and make a speech; that he has been to 'an evening 'party' at the Deanery; or 'drank tea last Friday even-'ing at the Residentiary,' 'with the Archbishop's eldest 'son,'—the 'Rev. Vernon Harcourt, and his Lady.' One day, at wealthy Alderman So-and-so's, at such and such a country-house, the evening passes pleasantly away to a quartett of 'three violins and a violoncello.' The next, he breakfasts with a Sheriff; is every day but one,—some weeks,—a diner out. So pass the autumnal months of ease. He paints Portraits; feasts, makes

after-dinner-speeches, is musical; and receives the second-hand tribute,—from Municipal Personages, Deans, and 'Residentiary Canons,'—in pleased simplicity. Cheap honours suffice to make Etty happy.

After the formal purchase by the Scottish Academy of the Painter's remaining Large Pictures, a year elapsed without his receiving any instalment of the purchase-money.

Internal dissensions caused by the Council's purchase had prevailed to delay the completion of the contract. The Council construing its duty in a larger sense, and more liberal, than is common among similar Institutions, had aimed from the outset, at founding a collection of examples in the Art which should serve for study and incentive to Native Artists. The acting majority, eager to secure pictures of so noble a calibre as the *Combat* and *Benaiah*, to add to the three *Judiths*,—with which, in size, style, and treatment, they so well assorted,—concluded the bargain with some precipitancy, and without the knowledge or consent of the general body of Members. The latter accused the Council of exceeding its powers: which body, on the other hand, insisted that by the Laws of Foundation, the sole management was vested in the Council for the time being.

The Academy was a young and struggling Institution. As often happens to such, especially where there is *life*, there were two parties: who took diametrically opposite views as to the best means of promoting their common interests.

Etty—'accustomed to look on his connection' with that Institution 'as one of the proudest events of his

'life,'—hears with sorrow that an act which had given *him* 'one of the most heartfelt sensations of delight 'he had ever experienced,' should have proved a cause of strife. But he cannot, he writes, 'allow 'his Pictures to remain a source of disagreement.' He voluntarily offers, for himself and Mr. Martin, to take them back; on payment of the expenses of carriage, packing, &c.

Whereupon, a General Meeting of Members—deferring for the moment the larger question involved, —unanimously confirmed the purchase: with expressions of admiration and esteem for the Painter, and for his uniform disinterestedness.

A first instalment of the money due to himself and Martin was speedily remitted; the final and larger portion,—including interest (on both Pictures) from date of purchase,—in July, 1833.

In the following, (*December* 19*th*, 1832), to Mr. Bodley, which refers to some small commission, a Painter is recommended, who has since attained a wider repute. Since 'you left, it has occurred to me, 'that young Frost, Mr. Potts's *protégé*, would be very 'likely to do it well, and reasonably. He is a very 'clever, modest lad. * * I was delighted with your 'pop-visit, to-day. Your visits to me are as good as a 'gleam of sunshine: one of those gleams you see,— 'saluting in a particular spot the bosom of Old Nep- 'tune,—from your delightful room. Perhaps all the 'surrounding spots of his watery domain are sombre 'and grave; while *that* sparkles with silver and 'diamonds.'

Two Pictures, the only two remaining on hand

from previous years, found purchasers at the close of 1832: purchasers in the Manchester Exhibition, at low prices. The *Nymph Angling* sold for £47. The *Storm* was bought by the Manchester Institution itself, induced to that praiseworthy step by complex reasons:—the Picture's intrinsic merit; its value as an example to local Artists; finally, by way of 'encouragement' to 'first-rate Artists to contribute 'first-rate Pictures' to Manchester Exhibitions. Eighty-five guineas secured all this. The price originally asked had been a hundred.

The pleasure always caused him by the final settlement in life of his 'children,' especially after it had been long delayed, is freely expressed in Etty's familiar letters.—

'My decks are quite clear,' (*writing on New Year's Day*, 1833). 'And I *know* that I am the only His-'torical Painter since the formation of the British 'School that can say as much,—or perhaps half as 'much: most of their Pictures remaining on hand. 'For my part, I admire much more to see my Pic-'tures' backs going out into the world, than to see '*them* back. I would as soon, or rather, have kept 'the *Storm* than most of my Pictures. It was a 'favourite subject of mine:—"When the stormy 'winds do blow."'—

Feelings, not unusual among Artists: to most of whom, there is something disheartening in the sight of a work '*on hand*;'—one which has not found a protector,—disowned apparently, by the world.

Noble as were the Pictures annually produced, the annual incomings still continued small; especially,

for one of so long standing in his profession. The Painter's Accounts, innocent of the forms (or spirit) of Book-keeping,—for Etty was no Accountant any more than grammarian or logician,—are of the most desultory kind, intermixed with other matter, and set down in any place or way, as the items came to mind. From an attempt that way, a little more coherent than ordinary, his gross income in the years 1831 to 1833, can be inferred with substantial accuracy to have little exceeded £500 a year. These receipts, include £300 for pictures painted in previous years: *Pandora* in 1824, *Benaiah* in 1829.—A large deduction again, has to be made, for profes-sional outlay in Models, Studio, Artist's materials, and accessories: all which, in the case of the 'His-'torical' Painter, swell up to a really considerable *per-contra*. These modifications bring the net re-ceipts *within* £500, the net *earnings* of these years nearer £400. Fellow-Artists,—prosperous Portrait-Painters and others, alluding among themselves to the imaginative Painter of the *Judith*,—of *Hero and Leander*,—*Youth at the Prow*, and so many like, still spake of him as "*poor Etty:*" not without cause, perhaps, according to their worldly standard.

The question of pounds, shillings, and pence, often recurring even in our unworldly Artist's life, is not in his case the sordid one it may seem to a shallow observer. The interests of others besides himself are at stake.

In all matters of business, Etty put himself entirely in his brother Walter's hands. The latter had taken his Chambers for him, always paid his rent, paid his

insurances, &c. The Painter, who thought of 'Business' as of some occult science,—never having tried his hand at the same,—averse to as ignorant of it, was glad to consign the burden of such cares to one more accustomed to them: one, on whom the habit of dependence in pecuniary affairs had subsisted without interruption, since he was a youth. A habit of so old date was, with Etty, irrevocable. His Brother he made his cashier, the steward of his fortunes. To him he regularly paid over the prices, as he received them, of his pictures: often the whole, sometimes retaining an odd twenty pounds, or ten. Drawing on him for money when occasion pressed, —in sums from £5 upwards,—as needed for household expenditure; he kept no superfluous cash in hand. The practice dated from the moment his pictures had brought in money at all. At first, whatever he might receive, had been felt (justly), to belong to the Brother who had supplied him with the means of subsistence, when his Art could *not*. Long after the Exhibitions had consented to exhibit his pictures, his own modest outlay still exceeding his yet more slender receipts, the balance had still to be made good by his Brother. Gradually, the scale wavered and turned: a balance remaining in *his* favour to be applied towards liquidation of the long-standing arrears due to the firm of Etty and Bodley; for advances made during his Apprenticeship to the Art, the years of failure, of discouragement, and those of partial success; arrears, largely augmented during the year and a half's study in Italy.

After the first struggle had been crowned with

success,—to make receipts square with expenditure, expenditure always moderate, though never stinted as to things requisite for advancement in the Art,—his exertions had been directed towards lessening these arrears: often, it has been seen, however, preferring Fame to money. After defraying the fixed charges of his small and frugal household, the remainder of his income was long scrupulously devoted to repayment. Ultimately, the mutual positions of the Brothers was destined to reverse itself: 'the 'Art' proving a more profitable employment than the trade in Gold Lace. But as late as 1833, Etty's still limited recognition and low scale of prices had left him unable wholly to acquit himself of the heavy debt, and in his eyes sacred, incurred during the protracted contest occupying the first part of his career as an Artist.—And this, though he was now in the prime of his powers, and had painted the majority of his finest pictures. In his forty-seventh year, provision for old age was still far from a commencement.

Engrossed in the world of ideas, the Painter was in general, content to hear that matters had taken the right turn; that he was satisfying the just claims of his friends. Nothing pretending to a regular debtor and creditor account was kept on his part. A little prior to the present date, a communication from his Brother is noted, showing that by 'May 26th, '1831,' there having (throughout) been 'paid on your 'account' £3937, and received £3133, the balance against the Painter stood at £804: a balance speedily modified by progressive payments from Etty,—in each instance exceeding the withdrawals.

In the Spring of 1833, I find the Painter already referring to the Rheumatism as his 'old enemy,' experiencing indications of 'a return': attributable to the fatigues of the months preceding the Exhibition; to the days of long fasting and long standing.

The *Hylas and the Nymphs* of this year, silently admired by many, was cavilled at by some. Critics were not wanting, nor even private admirers, to complain of deficient finish; to hint that, Poetic as it was, the Picture,—had more care been expended in this particular,—would have proved more *saleable*. It returned from the Exhibition with the *Britomart Redeems Fair Amoret*, a Picture against which no such objection could be hinted,—being remarkable for its careful finish:—both unsold. The *Lute-Player*, a beautiful little gem, similar in subject and execution to Mr. Vernon's *Venetian Window*, was painted for his friend Bodley, at the price of a hundred guineas: the only picture of importance this year, which found an immediate possessor. The *Britomart* afterwards met with a purchaser, to the great joy of the Painter, at the Manchester Exhibition. And this time a Manchester buyer gave the Painter's price: £150.

Himself little of a picture-*buyer*, Etty would sometimes recommend to a friend an old canvas of small price that chanced to hit his fancy. A confirmed bargain-driver, he generally arranged to secure a praise-worthy performance for a trifle. The following (*to Mr. Bodley*) is a characteristic history of such a discovery and negotiation.—'When I parted with 'you last Friday, I walked through Hyde Park, to the

'extremity of Paddington. In returning, coming 'through Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, my 'attention was arrested by a Landscape in a window, 'on half of which the setting sun was shining. A 'bridge across a stream, in which the light was beau- 'tifully reflected; a Castle or Convent, to whose gate 'the Bridge led; a little figure or two *on* the Bridge; 'a nearer, consequently larger figure in the fore- 'ground, with a bundle of sticks on his back; a 'pretty retiring distance, and a most sunny, cheer- 'ful look as a whole; a tree in the left foreground, 'some beautifully scattered clouds to the right; make 'up a delightful picture,—and of the calibre, I think, 'would please you. It is just the atmosphere of the 'pretty little *Both* you have. This is also a *Both*. 'I was so pleased, I asked the price: "Seven guineas."' 'It did not lose by a second visit.'—'Saw the Mas- 'ter;'—'got him to say he would take £6.' After beating it down to which sum, he recommends it to his friend's notice: who accordingly, avails himself of the proffered opportunity.

The summer was still generally devoted, as a matter of necessity, to Portrait. During the present one, Etty was engaged on a family Portrait-Group, or conversation-piece, subsequently entitled *Preparing for a Fancy Dress Ball;* which under his hands became a picture of original power and great brilliancy of Colour, a genuine work of Art. To it he devoted, with his accustomed energy, time, thought, and labour: exacting co-operation also from the ladies,—numerous and fatiguing sittings. And thus, he 'cannot wonder,' (writing to the *Pater Familias*),

'under all the circumstances, "your ladies should 'have been delighted to have had the last sitting;" 'can only regret I had it not in my power to render 'it less tedious. A mere "likeness" may be manu- 'factured in a few sittings. If it is desirable to make 'a fine work of Art as well as a resemblance, it 'becomes another affair. *This* has led me to extend 'my attention to it, beyond the limits usually assigned 'to Portrait. I am sure, if rightly viewed, the time 'will not be deemed uselessly employed. "What is 'worth doing at all, is worth doing well."—"What- 'soever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy 'might!"'

An undated draft of Letter referring to another and earlier portrait-group, (of children), affords additional illustrations as to Etty's method of executing even task-work. The delays for which, he in this case also, apologizes, have arisen, he explains, 'partly from 'my own desire to make it one of my best, as it has 'been one of the most difficult of my pictures. I have 'tried so many different arrangements of Colour and 'effect, that even experiment is wearied. I think I 'have found one at last that will please. I have 'been at work on it all this morning.'—'Have been 'putting in with some pains, my little favourite's 'book. I was sorry to find it will not answer. A 'book is too regular in its shape to harmonize in that 'conspicuous part with the other lines of the com- 'position. You will therefore, I am sure, excuse my 'substituting some object that will. I shall want 'about one day more of the company of each of my 'little friends.'

My next excerpt supplies glimpses of domestic life.—

To a York friend; (*Jan.* 8th, 1834).—'With regard 'to the flood and high tide about which you wrote, so 'much alarmed were we about it, that I did not hear 'of its having taken place, till the best part of a week 'after. It had spoiled a great quantity of seed in a 'warehouse under the Adelphi, and got into the sta- 'bles of the coal-waggon horses. They were got out in 'time, and a fine fat pig in the stables: who, as soon 'as the doors were open, came splashing through the 'water, anxious, I presume, "to save his bacon." '* * A mild, open, pleasant winter we have 'had hitherto. So I hope we shall escape that 'which I can't bear,—intense cold. I went down 'to Brighton for a few days last week. Reform 'Billy was there, driving about, and John Bull's 'favourite Duchess of St. Alban's.'—'I left, Monday 'morning at ten; and after a pleasant ride, landed at 'Gracechurch Street. * * In less than an hour 'I was snug and warm after a cold ride, in the Life 'School of the Royal Academy, drawing from the 'human Figure.'

Etty could by this time, boast his eulogists. During the year 1832, a wandering Knight-errant of British Art had, under the pseudonym 'Ridolfi,' and as a Volunteer, been fighting Etty's battles, in the Provincial Papers: enlivening the *Yorkshire Gazette,* amid the autumnal recess, with lengthy letters descriptive of the *Temple of Vice.* The letters were afterwards reprinted for private distribution, with copious additions from Ridolfi's running pen: at the expense of

an admiring Amateur, the possessor of the picture. Additions, indeed, from so easy a writer, overflowing the limits of a Reprint, had to find another outlet in the *Yorkshire Gazette;* where, growing one upon another, they continue to be vented as long as the editorial powers will find our author in gratuitous type.

Writing 'about and about' this *Destroying Angel* and the *Temple of Vice*, in well-meaning admiration but *virtuoso* jargon, Ridolfi 'exults' in so convincing a manifestation of the powers of a 'British pencil;' celebrates the 'anatomical skill,' the 'scientific fore-'shortening' of that fine picture; dilates interminably, connoisseur-like, on the good Grammar, and spirited Language of his Master, forgetful of the real gist of the business,—the meaning expressed (more or less indeterminately), the End proposed: which attained, alone makes the beauty or eloquence of the means noticeable. 'Ridolfi' is more fervent than articulate; and the expression of his admiration, not conspicuous for literary value. The vague sense that in these glowing performances of a living Painter lay something to be admired, was laudable. Silence would, in his case, have better befitted it than Criticism: in which, as so often happens, the unconscious sense loses its way, and degenerates (outwardly) into *Non*sense. The grain of good seed is overpowered by a quick and rank growth of weeds.

To Etty, I suspect, in his then penury of literary admirers, nothing came amiss,

In *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, during 1833, was quietly entombed a briefer and more

deserving tribute, paid under cover of verse, and bearing signature, *Vandyke Brown*. The recent *Hylas* gains its niche therein. The stanzas are not, I think, wholly destitute of point or felicity. The allusion to *Hero* has even a touch of poetic feeling. I omit one or two preluding rhymes, less leavened by sense, wherein the modest Artist is adjured by name,—orthodox preliminary in all Commendatory copies of verse,—and congratulated on having 'Nothing in 'common with these later times.'—A left-handed compliment. The meaning, however, better than it looks: viz., that the Painter's 'fine spirit' is superior to fugitive Modes; a free denizen of all Time, the 'Son of his age,' (to borrow Schiller's language), but not 'its pupil or its favourite;' and, even as the German Idealist would have had it;—

* * * * * *

'Beneath far Grecian or Italian climes
Thy happy dwelling ever seems to be;
And all thy Nymphs keep their full beauty free,
As in that golden age, renowned in ancient rhymes.

'Hero, descending in the starless night
The dark sea-beaten stairs of her lone tower,
And clasping to her bosom, warm and white,
Her lover's eager cheek;—Hylas i' the power
Of the amorous guardians of the Mysian River:—
These are thy fitting themes, and these shall crown thy name
for ever.'

To these verses ensued, in the same Art-Magazine, (*February*, 1834), a prose Sketch of Etty, written, I believe, by his former Pupil: by one therefore, who had had opportunities of acquiring some knowledge of

him. Despite affectation, the jaunty, would-be smart air of the Magazine-aspirant, it contains some recognisable touches of character.

'I know him well,' it nimbly opens, 'even as he 'ponders thus,' (an ill-engraved pencil sketch accompanied the verbal one), 'on the effect of one of his 'charming pictures: ay, and with that identical 'painting-rag clenched in his hand, ready to dash 'off some intrusive glaze or scumble. There he is, 'creating a little world of his own; meditating,— 'even down to his faithful slippers.' The attitude is 'characteristic. For he is one of the few who think 'before they paint.'

* * 'A mild and modest, yet firm and enthu- 'siastic creature,—even when the thing's out of 'fashion. He does not mind singing an old song, 'if the tune is good and the words wholesome. So, 'he goes on in his own good old way, wrapt in all 'the warm illusions of an Artist's beneficent Fancy; 'without ever dreaming that he was sent into the 'world to be anything than an Artist. He is a 'social being, if ever there was one. He has a fund 'of quiet enjoyment, which is never hysterically 'delighted or rhapsodically jocose. He moves on 'within the smiling precincts of his natural mind; 'with'—&c.

His enthusiasm, we are told (truly), is 'not a 'mental *aurora borealis*,' which gleams and disap- 'pears; but a sustained flame which has cheered 'him in his arduous career:—has helped him over 'the various *styles* of Art, until he has formed one, 'peculiarly his own.

His 'rapturous perception of youth and beauty,' combined with no less 'veneration for beautiful 'Antiquity,' are traits not omitted. 'He loves old 'buildings,—above all, the Gothic,—as he loves 'human beings.'—The 'gibes and jokes of cheerful 'import' of his familiar Letters, 'his serious advice 'to his juniors,' and 'enthusiastic defence of all that 'is great and good,' are also remembered. His 'mind is a storehouse of pleasant images. He 'equally delights in the vigorous and delicate, the 'severe and the pleasing.

'He is a legitimate offspring of the Life-Academy, 'warmed into a genial existence by a judicious '*browse* upon the enamelled plains of Fancy and 'Imagination.'—'His mind is of a high order of 'delicacy:' though 'the study in which he has 'centred all his energy and happiness, one calculated 'to appeal forcibly to unprepared tastes.'

'Within the walls of the Life-Academy, he is 'equally at Home as an upper Student, or as a '"*Visitor.*" In the former capacity, he stimulates 'his brethren; in the latter, carefully ministers to 'their necessities. Without him, the *Life* would be 'forlorn. Without his dexterously shuffling mode 'of working his brush, (and such a brush!), who 'would feel that there was a model? The Life-'Academy may be said to be embodied in Etty. It 'first roused his latent genius, and now sustains its 'fervour. He has beheld generations of Students 'pass before him, to be heard of no more. Yet, '*there* he is, night after night, the *chief model* for 'his emulous brethren. He is the landmark to the

'upper Students. They can trace the steps by which 'he has mounted to Academic honours. And there is 'not one who can afford to lose sight of the friend 'in the halo of the Academician.'

All which is accurate enough,—itself a picture from *life*: a record of what the writer had *seen*, therefore, acceptable.

The following on Etty's *Art* is admiring, if somewhat confused; and what the writer *means* to express, not wholly unintelligent.

'His Style is one of exquisite subtilty and deli-'cacy,'—'a successful effort to graft the beauties of 'the Italian on:'—&c. 'He has endeavoured, whilst 'emulating the excellences of the Venetian style, to 'divest it of the anachronisms and laxities, which'—'&c.; and to perpetuate the magic of its sun-lit colour, 'allied with a purer style of Drawing. His deep 'devotion to the beauties of Nature, and accurate 'observation of the human Figure, in all its varieties, 'have enabled him to imitate the delicacies of Form 'and Colour which blend into one harmonious whole.' '—He has, whilst indulging in the ample graces of 'Rubens, kept a retentive eye on the purer models 'of Antiquity.'—'A style of peculiar charm: stately 'and impressive in his larger works, bland and luxu-'rious in his cabinet pictures.'

Criticism, which straightway, proceeds to hurry down toward the Limbo of the vague and inane: but, in the main, above the average of writing on such topics.

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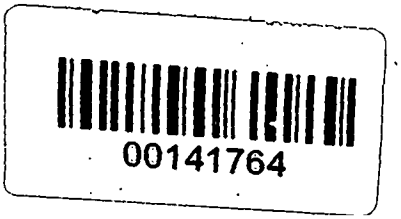
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